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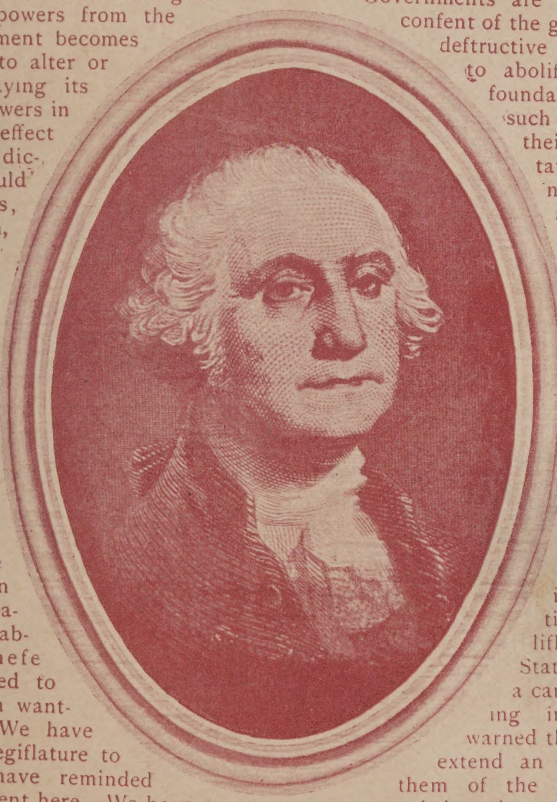
DONAHOE'S

The Declaration of Independence.

When in the Courfe of human events, it becomes neceſsary for one people to diſsolve the politica' bands which have connected them with another, and to aſsume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent refpect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the cauſes which impel them to the separation.

We hold thefe truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among thefe are Life, Liberty and the purſuit of Happineſs. That to secure thefe rights Governments are inſtituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the conſent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Government becomes deſtructive of thefe ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolifh it, and to inſtitute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem moſt likely to effect their Safety and Happineſs. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long eſtablifhed should not be changed for light and transient cauſes, and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more difpoſed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themſelves by abolifhing the forms to which they are accuſtomed But when a long train of abuſes and uſurpations, purſuing invariably the same Object evinces a deſign to reduce them under abſolute Defpotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of theſe Colonies, and such is now the neceſsity which constrains them to alter their former Syſtems of Government The hiſtory of the preſent King of Great Britain is a hiſtory of repeated injuries and uſurpations, all having in direct object the eſtabliſhment of an abſolute Tyranny over theſe States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world



Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our Britiſh brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legiſlature to extend an unwarrantable juriſdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumſtances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native juſtice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to diſavow theſe uſurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correſpondence They too have been deaf to the voice of juſtice and of conſanguinity We muſt, therefore, acquieſce in the neceſsity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the reſt of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends

We, therefore, the Repreſentatives of the united States of America, in General Congreſs, Aſsembled appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of theſe Colonies, solemnly publiſh and declare, That theſe United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States that they are Abſolved from all Allegiance to the Britiſh Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally diſsolved, and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, eſtabliſh Commerce and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor

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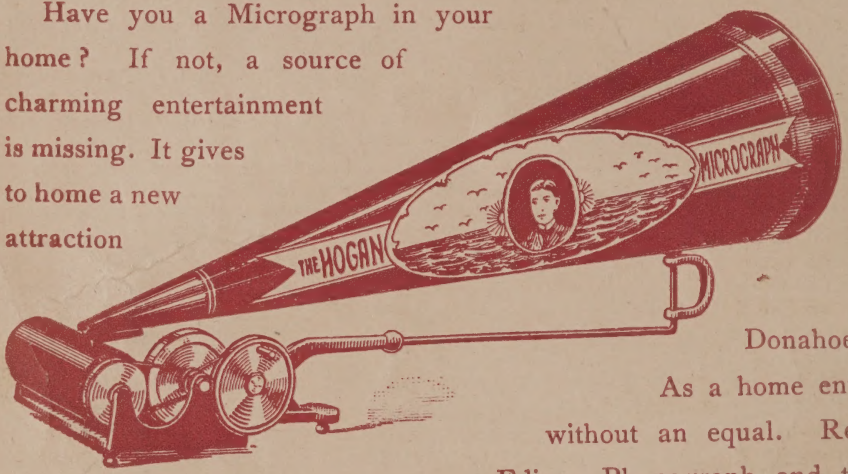

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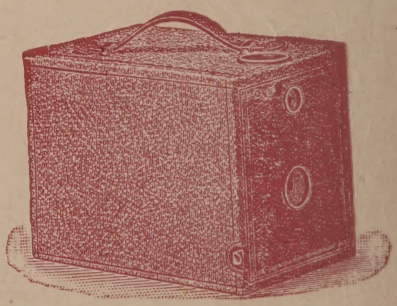

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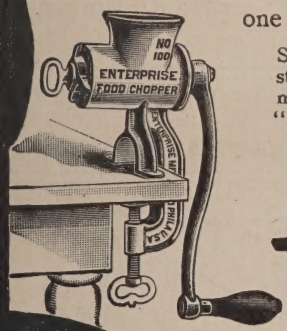

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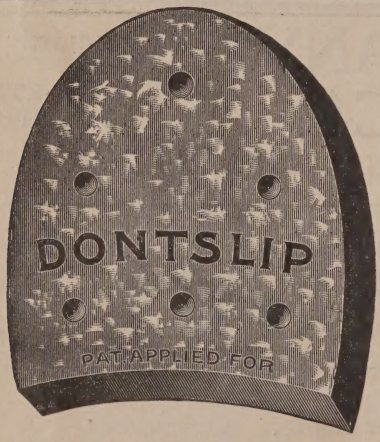

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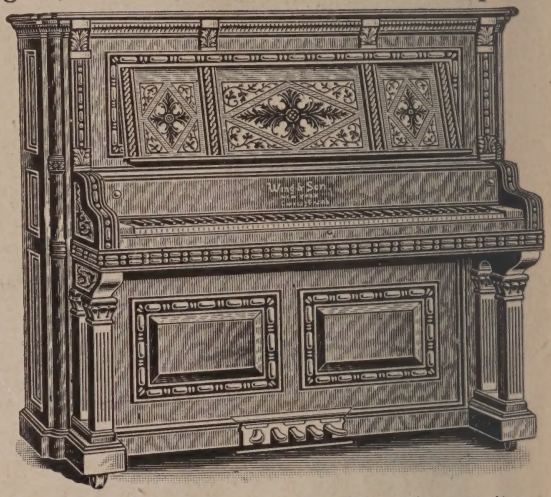

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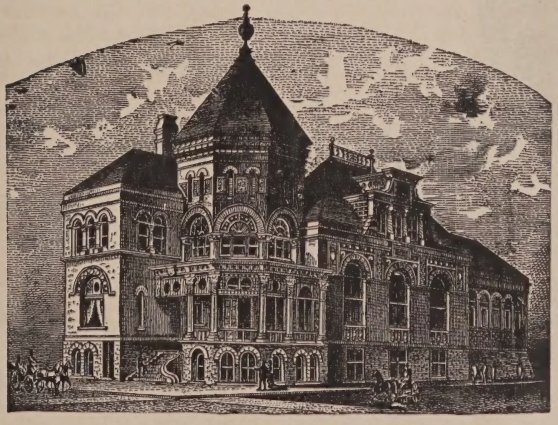

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LIMA, IND., Jan. 8, 1898.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have read so much about your great kindness to suffering women that I thought I would write and tell you of my troubles. In the first place, I have a blood disease which the doctors call dry eczema. I have taken a great deal of medicine but received no permanent benefit, so thought I would try your medicine. Menses are irregular, and I am troubled with leucorrhœa. Bowels are constipated; sometimes have sharp pains; cannot sleep at night; have such shaking spells I cannot be still. Suffer with pain in lower part of back, in my side under left breast, and through my chest; also troubled with shortness of breath and dizziness. Please give me your advice.

MISS MARY MECUM.

LIMA, IND., July 5, 1899.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: When I wrote to you some time ago I was feeling very miserable. I followed the advice you gave me, and must say that I think your remedies are the greatest remedies on earth. I took both **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and Blood Purifier, and they have done me more good than anything I ever took. I cannot express my thankfulness to you, and I shall always recommend your medicine to others.

MISS MARY MECUM.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. She advises women free. Miss Della M. Hittle has given permission to print her two letters, showing how easy it is to get the right help.

MILTON, IND., March 3, 1899.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I have noticed your advertisement and feel that your medicine will do me some good. I have been suffering several months with womb trouble. The womb swells and it feels as if something was gathering on each side. Some days I can hardly be on my feet at all. It makes me very nervous, and I also have a discharge of leucorrhœa. I am getting tired of suffering so much and want to try your medicine. Please advise me and answer as soon as possible.

MISS DELLA M. HITTLE.

MILTON, IND., Nov. 8, 1899.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Words cannot express my gratitude for the good I have derived from the use of your remedies. I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I was completely run down and my condition was very serious. After reading of the good your medicine had done for others I concluded to write to you for advice. Upon receiving your reply I took a course of your medicine and am now well. The **Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound** also cured me of the awful headaches I was subject to. I shall never be without your medicine. I cheerfully recommend it to all and firmly believe it capable of curing any female sickness.

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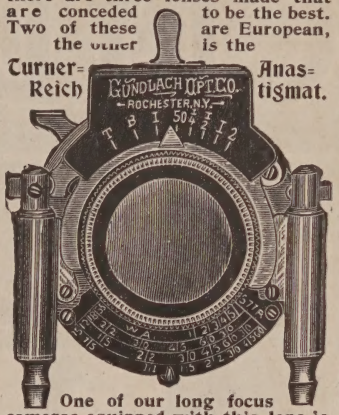

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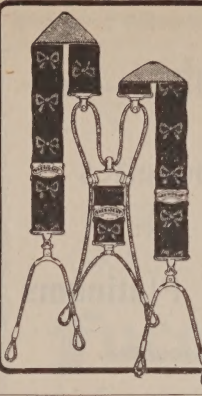

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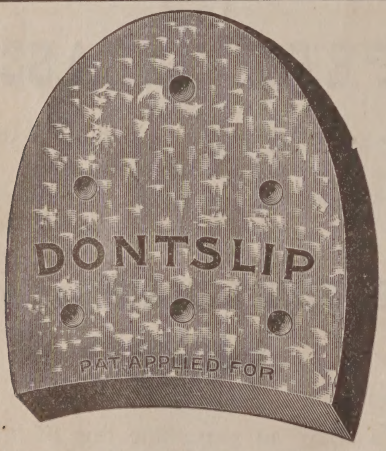

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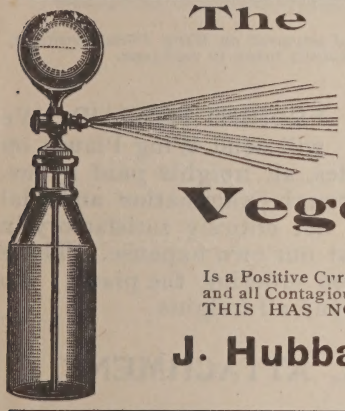

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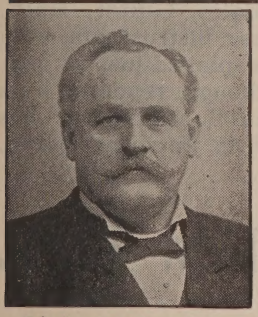

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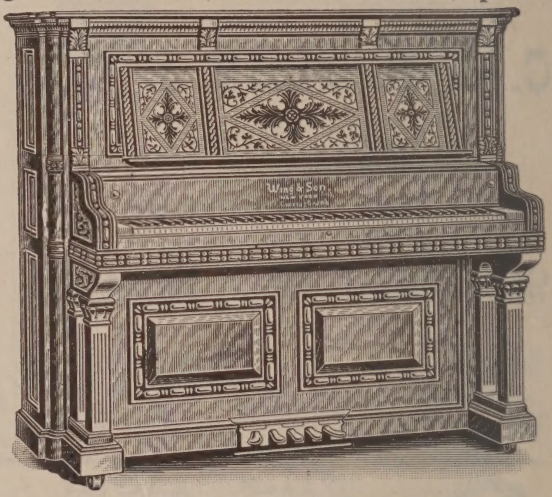

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THE TWO SISTERS.

"ONE LOVE, ONE HOPE, ONE DUTY THEIRS! NO MATTER THE TIME OR KEN,
THERE NEVER WAS SEPARATE HEART-BEAT IN ALL THE RACES OF MEN!"

See Page 65.

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OBERAMMERGAU.

THE FULFILMENT OF A VOW: OR, THE PASSION-PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

For several years a resident in the Austrian Alps.

Nestling among the hills of the Eastern Alps in Bavaria, lies the little village of Oberammergau. It is 2600 feet above the sea, at the head of a long stretch of meadow land, which is perpetually watered by a dashing mountain stream, called the river Ammer. The entire Christian world is

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IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL.

drawn, during the present months, to this lovely spot, because its inhabitants enact, on stated occasions, the solemn scenes that cluster around the Saviour's suffering life and around the awful tragedy of Calvary.

The play owes its origin to a vow made by the Oberammergau peasantry nearly two hundred and seventy years ago. In 1633 the mountain districts of Bavaria were laid waste by a terrible plague which spread, with alarming rapidity, disease and death everywhere. To protect their village home, the inhabitants of Oberammergau enforced a vigorous quarantine against the outside world, and thus for a time escaped the pestilence. But these precautionary measures were suddenly rendered ineffectual by the action of Kaspar Schuchler, a day laborer, who belonged to the village, but who had been working in the neighboring plague-

FRESCOED WALLS.

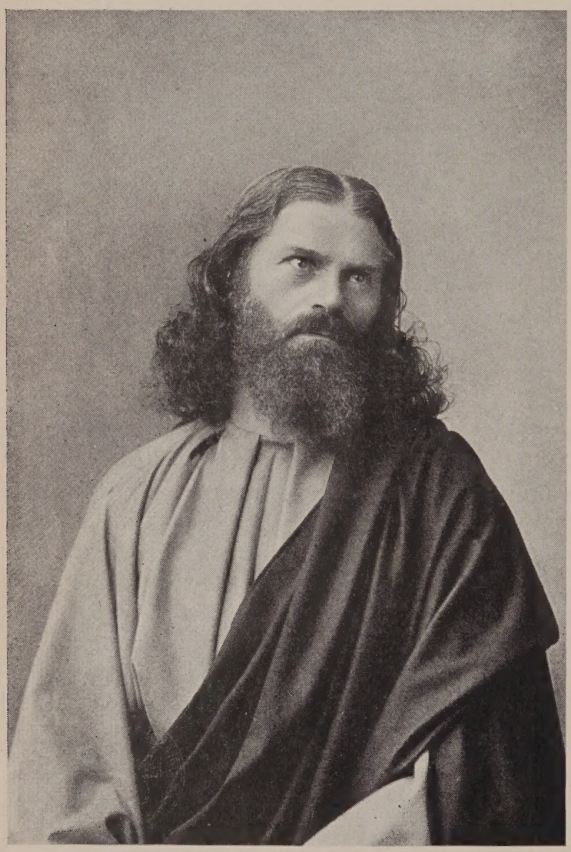
A STREET IN OBERAMMERGAU.

stricken district of Eschenlohe. Yearning to see his wife and children, Schuchler came over the mountains and broke through the cordon of watchers. He brought the plague with him, and died soon after his return. The contagion spread, and before the end of three weeks, about a fourth of the entire population had been swept away. The survivors then met together and made a solemn vow to God that, if He removed the scourge, they would every ten years perform with deep devotion and inspiring skill the sacred scenes of the Passion. Their prayer was instantly heard, the plague ceased, and in the following year they set about the fulfilment of their vow. The play has been given since at intervals not greater than ten years. In 1680 the time was anticipated to bring it to the even decade.

To form a picture of Oberammergau you must imagine a mountain village, unchanged for centuries, with tall, rugged mountains hedging it in on every side except by the pass through which the road leads to it. To the south-west of the village you can discern the stern outline of a peak upon the summit of which is set a large cross, which stands out against the sky with an awe-inspiring solemnity. This peak is called the Kofel, and

RAISING THE CROSS ON THE KOFEL.

is regarded almost as a guardian spirit by the people. The village is built without any apparent plan, and irregularity marks the direction of the few streets or lanes. In a field nearby is a magnificent marble group of the crucifixion, presented to the inhabitants by King Louis of Bavaria.



JOSEF MAIER AS THE CHRISTUS.
(1890.)

The theatre has stood since 1830, in a meadow at the far end of the village, and the stage is so arranged that from all parts of the auditorium you see, through the open space, a background of vaulted sky and of well-wooded mountain slopes. Formerly, both auditorium and stage were entirely uncovered; and as a natural result, when it rained, the audience was drenched, and when the sun shone brightly, the audience was baked. An improvement was made in 1890, when part of the auditorium was covered, and this year the entire building has been roofed in. The stage is about 75 feet square and open to the sky, except a portion at the back of the centre, which is roofed in for the arrangement of set pieces. The number of actors engaged is usually not less than four hundred, nearly seven hundred being required for all the parts, the chorus, and orchestra. The theatre seats a little over four thousand.

The play takes place every Sunday during the whole of the summer months, and on some few other days. It begins at 8 A.M., and continues until nearly 6 P.M., with an intermission of about two hours at mid-day for luncheon. The stage seems to be made up of many parts, each one of which has its own use. First is the large front stage, a platform open in front to the sky. Set angle-wise to the front platform, with balconies approached by flights of steps, are two houses,—that on the right, the house of Annas, that on the left, the palace of Pilate. Adjoining these, but fronting the spectators, two fine Roman arches give entrance to two streets, open like the front stage to the sky, and very realistic.

The first play was prepared to a large extent under the Benedictine monks of Ettal, a hamlet two miles distant, who composed both text and music. Since then, many alterations have been made, and the present form is the work of good old Father Daisenberger, for many years parish priest of the village, who went to his reward in 1883. The play is divided into eighteen representations of scenes of the Passion, the majority of which are preceded by tableaux typical of the scene about to be witnessed.

ROSA LANG AS MARY.
(1890.)

To explain the meaning of the tableaux and to aid the drama, the interludes between each scene are filled up with singing by a chorus of Schutzgeister or Guardian Spirits. The leader of the chorus first recites some verses, then the chorus bursts into song, accompanied by a concealed orchestra. The song is always an explanation of the tableau. After the song, the singers draw back at a signal from a bell and unfold to view the tableau, during which they sing again. During the acting they retire, half to the right, half to the left. There are fourteen women and ten men in the chorus. Their dignity and grace are astonishing. They are clad in long under-robes of white, closely fitted round the neck, and fastened about the waist by golden girdles from which hang massive tassels. Over these they wear rich cloaks of varied color, embroidered at the edge, hanging from the shoulders, and secured across the chest by loops of golden cord. A golden diadem, surmounted by a cross, binds their long hair and finishes a costume striking and artistic. Their action is so perfect and so graceful that you would take them to be trained opera singers, instead of artisans and dairy-maids.

The following synopsis gives perhaps the best possible idea of the play:

ADORATION OF THE CROSS.

OUTLINE OF THE PLAY.

Prologue by the leader of the chorus.

OPENING TABLEAUX:—(a) The Banishing of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden.

(b) The veneration of the Cross.

(These tableaux place before the mind the two main facts of the drama of the Passion, namely, man's fall through sin and his redemption by the Cross. They thus form a fitting introduction to the Play.)

PART I.

ACT 1.—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

ACT 2.—The meeting of the High Court of the Jews and the debate against Christ.

Tableau.—The sons of Jacob conspire against their brother Joseph.

Fulfilment.—The high priests take counsel how to bring Jesus into their power.

ACT 3.—Christ bids farewell to His Mother in Bethany..

Tableaux.—(a) The youthful Tobias takes leave of his aged father and mother.

(b) The loving bride laments the absent bridegroom.

Fulfilment.—Christ at Bethany. He is anointed by Magdalen, whereat Judas murmurs. Christ parts from His Mother and His friends at Bethany.

Act 4.—The last Journey to Jerusalem.

Tableau.—King Assuerus dismisses Vashti and chooses Esther.

Fulfilment.—Christ goes with the disciples again toward Jerusalem, weeps at the sight of the sinful city, sends two disciples to prepare in advance the Passover lamb. Judas conceives the idea of betraying his Master. The two disciples come to Jerusalem.

Act 5.—The Last Supper.

Tableaux.—(a) The fall of the manna.

(b) The grapes carried home from Canaan.

Fulfilment.—Jesus partakes of the last supper with His disciples, washes their feet, institutes the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and discloses the traitor.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

Act 6.—Treachery of Judas.

Tableau.—The sons of Jacob sell their brother for twenty pieces of silver.

Fulfilment.—Judas comes into the Sanhedrim and promises to deliver his Master into the hands of the Pharisees for thirty silver pieces. The latter accept the traitor's offer and decide upon the death of Jesus.

Act 7.—The Agony in the Garden and the Betrayal.

Tableaux.—(a) Adam compelled to earn his bread by the bitter sweat of hard toil,

(b) Joab, pretending to give Amasa the kiss of friendship, stabs him with a dagger.

Fulfilment.—The agony of Christ in the garden. Judas betrays Him with a kiss. Christ is bound and led captive to the city.

(At this point, where the events of Holy Thursday end, there is an intermission for rest and refreshment.)

PART II.

ACT 8.—Jesus before Annas.

Tableau.—Micheas, the prophet, is struck for telling Achab the truth.

Fulfilment.—Jesus brought to Annas, in whose presence he is buffeted in the face.

ORDERING THE PASSOVER.

ACT 9.—Jesus before Caiphas.

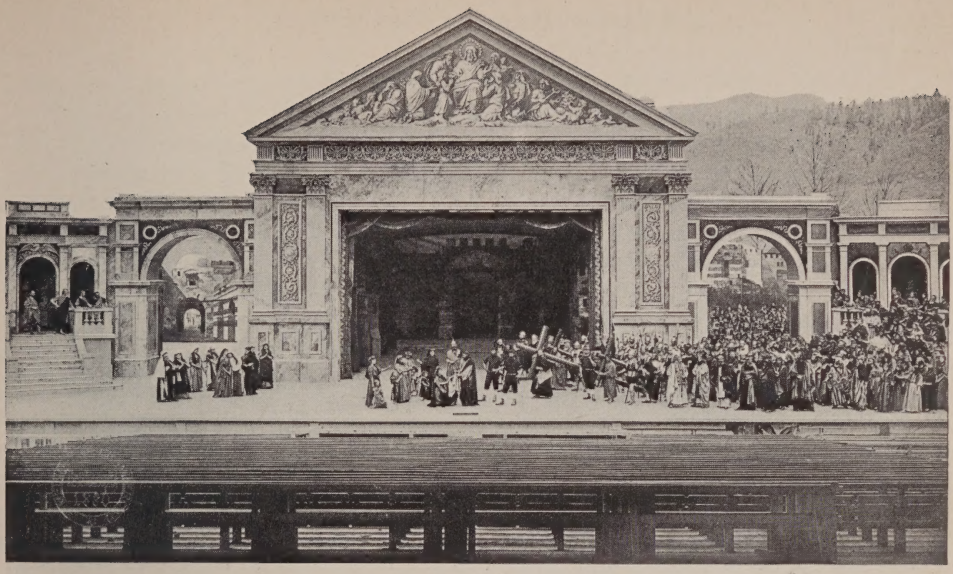
Tableaux.—(a) The innocent Naboth stoned to death on the testimony of false witnesses.

(b) The sufferings and patience of Job.

Fulfilment.—Christ is led to Caiphas, tried by him, and declared worthy of death. Judas' remorse and anguish. Christ is denied by Peter, reviled and maltreated by the servants.

ACT 10.—Despair of Judas.

Tableau.—Cain, the murderer of his brother, tortured by conscience, wanders over the face of the earth.



THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS.

Fulfilment.—The despair of Judas, the ratification of the sentence of death in the Sanhedrim; Judas, filled with remorse, enters the council chamber, dashes the thirty pieces of silver at the feet of the members of the council, and in agony of conscience, hangs himself.

Act 11.—Christ before Pilate.

Tableau.—Daniel accused of impiety by the princes before King Darius, condemned, and cast into the lion's den.

Fulfilment.—Christ is led to Pilate, accused by the priests, declared innocent, and sent to Herod.

Act 12.—Jesus at the court of Herod.

Tableau.—The imprisoned Samson, brought to make sport before the princes of the Philistines, pulls down the temple upon them.

Fulfilment.—Christ, after being mocked by the soldiers of Herod, is sent back to Pilate.

Act 13.—The Scourging at the Pillar and the Crowning with Thorns.

Tableaux.—(a) The blood-besprinkled coat of Joseph is brought to Jacob.

(b) Abraham on Mt. Moria sees a ram entangled in a thorn-bush.

Fulfilment.—Christ is led again to Pilate. The latter's attempt to save the innocent fails, and he orders the Saviour to be scourged.

Act 14.—Jesus condemned to be nailed to the Cross.

Tableaux.—(a) Joseph is presented to the people as their ruler.

(b) The scapegoat set free to wander in the wilderness.

Fulfilment.—Pilate presents the scourged and thorn-crowned Christ to the people; at their demand he frees Barabbas, and, while washing his hands, delivers Christ to the rabble to be put to death.

PART III.

ACT 15.—The sad journey to Calvary.

Tableaux.—(a) Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice.

(b) Moses lifts up the brazen serpent in the wilderness.

Fulfilment.—Christ, carrying the Cross, is led to Golgotha. Simon of Cyrene is compelled by the soldiers to assist Christ in bearing His heavy weight. Our Lord falls three times. The women of Jerusalem weep over Jesus. Christ meets His heart-broken Mother.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ACT 16.—Calvary.

No Tableaux, but a Prologue by the members of the chorus, who now wear black garments over their white tunics.

The Scene.—Jesus is fastened to the Cross, which is raised. The seven last words. The arrangements made by the Jews to watch the grave. The taking down from the Cross. The burial of the body of Jesus.

ACT 17.— The Resurrection.

Final Scene.—Alleluia. The Ascension of Christ.

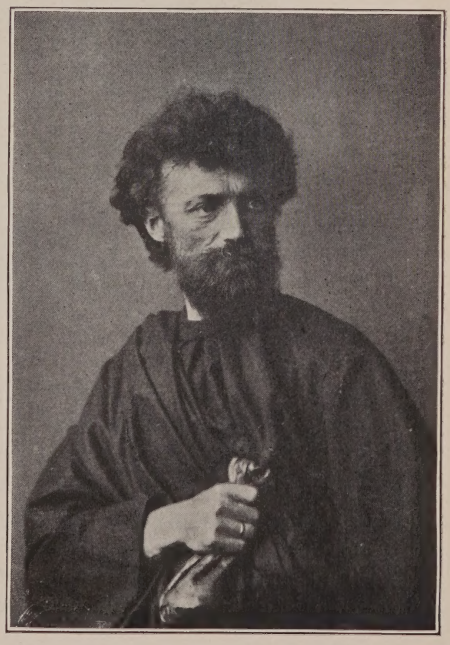
The closing tableau shows our Lord taking leave of his apostles and ascending into Heaven. As He reaches the centre, the curtain falls and the Passion Play is over.

PILATE.

With regard to the actors, the chief interest naturally centres about those who take the parts of Christ and Mary. The part of Christ was taken for the last three times by Josef Maier, and his acting was truly marvelous. His gentle dignity, his unaffected simplicity, his mild sadness, his humble bearing could only spring from the deepest faith, the tenderest devotion, and a profound study of the life of our Lord. Maier's age and a sad accident rendered him unfit for the leading rôle this year, and it has been assigned to Anton Lang, who makes an excellent Christus, although he lacks the calmness so characteristic of his predecessor. In acknowledgment of Maier's past services he has been given the important duty of reciting the prologue.

The part of Mary in 1890 was played by Rosa Lang, who is now serving God in Vienna as a lowly religious. She has been succeeded by Anna Flunger, who is said to lack the pathos of Rosa Lang, although otherwise a remarkably fine actress. The part of St. John is again portrayed by Peter Rendl, while Johann Zwink appears for the second time as Judas. Zwink is probably the most dramatic of all the players; his intensity and vehemence border at times, it seemed to me, upon exaggeration. Sebastian Lang is an ideal Caiphas, and Gakol Rutz, the village blacksmith, is the same majestic chorus leader as in 1890.

It would be a serious mistake to consider the Play as a dramatic pro-



JUDAS.

duction, in the ordinary acceptance of the word. The actors, the people, and the simple-hearted peasant spectators, for whom alone the play was originally intended, look upon themselves as taking part in an act of devotion; and transported back to the days when Christ walked among men and dispensed His blessings, when the very stones of Jerusalem re-echoed to the clamors of a frenzied people demanding the blood of an innocent victim,

ST. JOHN.

their fervor, their sympathy, their sobs and their grief, bear witness to the depth of their sincerity. Even frivolous tourists are moved to tears, when they behold the unaffected piety shown throughout the entire performance. The present vanishes in the midst of these scenes, and we are and when the awful world-tragedy was enacted.

The fine, open faces of the young men, the refined, modest behavior of the young women, the well-formed and expressive features of the old people, and the frank, beaming countenances of the children show conclu-

sively the beneficent results of a religious training that moulds the every-day life of a people. The acting of plays has been from time immemorial the only recreation of the Oberammergau villagers. To be assigned a part in the Passion Play is the earliest craving of the child's heart, to be deprived of it, the greatest punishment. When we reflect that all the actors are peasants, engaged for the most part in wood carving, in farming, or in tending cattle, it must fill us with admiration to find those solemn scenes portrayed with a majesty, a grace, a sweep of dramatic expression that would do credit to a world-renowned tragedian. Only intense religious conviction and unfaltering loyalty to God, could produce such results. The true-hearted people of Oberammergau have but one desire, aptly expressed in the final words of the chorus:

"All its deep places and its heights unfolding
The Life of lives before Thee we unroll,
That Thou, the mightiest scene of earth beholding,
Mayst gain new riches for the inmost soul."

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

I cannot forbear uttering a note of regret at the tendency shown in 1890, and in 1900, to place Oberammergau in such direct communication with the world at large, as to break down the barrier that has been so effective in keeping the artless and tender piety of these people in all its freshness. The entire policy is a sad mistake, and although it may, for a time, secure

additional financial returns, it must finally lead to severe stricture upon the performance of the play, if not to the complete suppression of the same. As Father Molloy so wisely says: "I am no advocate for the more frequent repetition of the Passion Play, nor for its extension beyond the village of Oberammergau. The peculiar combination of circumstances which, in the course of many generations, has brought it to its present perfection in this mountain hamlet, could not, I think, be found elsewhere in the world; nor could they long subsist anywhere without the protection which is afforded by its rare occurrence. The curiosity of visitors would easily degenerate into irreverence, and the simple piety of the people would inevitably suffer from frequent contact with an ever-changing concourse of tourists. The most that I can venture to hope is that the Passion Play at Oberammergau may long continue to be surrounded by the safe-guards which have hitherto protected its religious character; and that as each ten years come round, it may still be repeated in the same earnest spirit of devotion, and with the same artistic taste from which so many thousands have drawn edification and instruction."

THE ENTOMBMENT.

BUSINESS AS A VOCATION.

BY T. B. FITZPATRICK.

In my own limited experience in business connections, employing help, and watching the progress of young men who engaged in mercantile life, I have seen so many failures and so comparatively few successes, that the question naturally arises—What are the causes for this unhappy condition?

Should any one receive a ray of light, or a suggestion toward a wise use of his talents from these considerations, I shall feel many times overpaid for the humble part I take in presenting them.

First of all;—What is a vocation? Emerson answers it by saying—"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness." Not a mere incident or happy condition, but a "crowning fortune" is the great thinker's interpretation of what a man enjoys in the knowledge of his alloted place in life. Surely, if this ensures to him employment and happiness, it is no idle term to call it a "crowning fortune."

Not less forcible is the admonition of Sydney Smith, when he says: "Be what Nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times less than nothing." The Philosopher thus properly regards Nature as an unerring guide, whose suggestions if followed, would result in a young man's choosing an avocation in life for which he had some inborn fitness. This would mean that successes in every calling would be multiplied, and the number of failures correspondingly lessened.

Wise men of every age have zealously counselled the following one's natural bent, and the importance of discerning it as early in life as possible. Upon such a choice depends not only a man's success, but, as has been said, much of his own happiness and usefulness in the community. Not only do his active qualities find agreeable expression in congenial work, but his temperament and peace of mind are secured against the unsettlement which invariably results from the selection of a vocation for which he has not the natural aptitude.

In this connection, Dean Swift says: "It is an uncontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." The understanding of one's talents, as herein considered by Swift, is indeed the key to the whole situation. To a want of it, much of the misfortune and lack of success which men meet with in life, is traceable. This shows how important it is for parents and guardians to study, and discover if possible, what is the natural bent of their children, and prudently nurture it, by supplying every encouragement for its development.

Here let me warn parents and their boys against a very common and serious error. It is in allowing their fancy for some particular pursuit to direct their choice, regardless of whether the young man has any natural qualities for it or not. As an illustration of this, a parent may have an ambition that his son become a clergyman, a doctor or a lawyer, and yet the boy may be lacking in the natural qualities which should be his real recommendation for any one of these callings. This boy might be a success as a farmer,

a mechanic, or a business man, but while one of these places loses perhaps a valuable exponent, the professions are saddled with another failure.

It is such a disarrangement of one's talents that no doubt prompted the apt sarcasm of Lessing, when he wrote:—

"Tomkins forsakes his last and awl
For literary squabbles;
Styles himself poet, but his trade
Remains the same — he cobbles."

The professions are full of this class of cobblers, who, like fishes out of water are a burden to themselves, and what is more serious and sadder still, they become a demoralizing force upon the community.

Referring to these mistakes, Prof. Mathews writes: "Above all, the notion that the Three Black Graces,—Law, Physic and Divinity, must be worshipped by the candidate for respectability and honor, has done incalculable damage to society. It has spoiled many a good carpenter, done injustice to the sledge and the anvil, cheated the goose and the shears out of their rights, and committed fraud on the corn and potato field. Thousands have died of broken hearts in these professions — thousands who might have been happy at the plow or opulent behind the counter. The result of all this is, that the world is full of men, who, disgusted with their vocations,—getting their living by their weakness rather than by their strength, are doomed to hopeless inferiority. "Getting their living by their weakness, rather than by their strength."

What a terrible sentence to pass upon a large share of the representatives of the learned professions, and terrible because it is true. Such men are misfits, because they have usurped the places which belong to others, and for which they possess not the proper talents. Consequently, they do not act out the best part of their nature in the performance of their duties, but on the contrary are inclined to resort to negative forces, which call into action not a conscientious, masterly ability, but the cunning and duplicity of the pettifogger in law, the quack in medicine, the bankrupt in business, the bungler in mechanics, and the fraud whatever his name or station. We will join with these classes,—the clergy, the doctors, the lawyers, the teachers, the artisans, the mechanics and the agriculturists in glorying over their triumphs and mourning over their mistakes, but our province at the present time is to deal specifically with one vocation—that of Mercantile or Business Life.

I have tried to make it plain from the opinions of the able thinkers whom I have quoted, and from whatever experience I have had myself, that in order to succeed in any given calling, one must possess some natural adaptation. Important, however, as this is, I do not take the position that it requires marked talent to make a creditable success in almost any of the ordinary pursuits. The trouble in most cases is, not the want of talent, but the proper development and exercise of the talent possessed. Were the professions, mercantile life, and other callings, represented in the main by men of marked genius, we might then say that success in these pursuits would require extraordinary natural gifts, but since the contrary is manifestly true, it would be misleading to claim such a requirement. Consequently, in nearly all pursuits, and certainly this is true of Business Life, we have only these ordinary men to compete with, and if this is the case, it does not require a giant in intellect

nor a giant in force or skill to win ordinary success.

What then does it require? It requires more than anything else—good common sense and industry. Industry, it may be said, is the motive power which develops and utilizes nearly every quality of mind and body. The opportunities which genius discovers, industry applies; and this constant harmony of the intuitive mind unfolding the duties of the present hour to willing hands, is a characteristic of strength and success by whomsover possessed.

Business employers would vastly prefer boys of ordinary natural ability and a great deal of industry, than boys of marked genius, but lazy. It is the worker who wins, whether in business, in law, in medicine, in mechanics, or on the farm. Success is more than half won by him who knows how to think and act, and utilize time. If this quality of industry is shown in the school boy, it is one of his strongest recommendations for a business position. Merchants are finding it to their advantage to seek graduates of the High School when in need of boys to learn the mercantile business. And why graduates of High Schools? Let me explain, for I know there are many to whom this appears an inconsistency.

I know it to be true that many able and successful business men never attended high school, and I do not represent it by any means as a necessity today. It is true, however, that if these same successful men in years gone by were favored with such opportunities as are everywhere afforded to the young men of the present day, they would undoubtedly in the main be the first and most earnest to avail themselves of such helps for their future progress. I think you will agree with me that it is a serious undertaking to learn any kind of a business, trade, or profession. To plan one's life work intelligently can hardly be regarded as the province of a boy fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen years of age. There is such a thing as elective studies in High School and College, and many a boy is puzzled to know what to elect. When it comes, however, to the more difficult problem of applying the elective principle to the adoption of a particular pursuit for life, it calls for more serious thought and judgment. The average boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, can hardly be expected to possess this.

To take him from school during these years, and place him with an employer at any permanent occupation, is, I believe, in the greater number of instances, a cruel wrong and a grievous misfortune. These are the years when he should be at his books and at his play, developing mind and body through the agencies of healthful home and school environment. They are the years which God evidently intended as the Holiday of a boy's or girl's lifetime,—years for joy, and games, and freedom from care. Do not then stifle the boy's growth,—moral, physical and intellectual,—and dwarf his future possibilities by putting him in the harness too young, and shutting out from his youth forever a chapter in his life which God and Nature intended should brighten and ennoble the years of his manhood. I do not wish it understood that the spirit of this recommendation is observed by the parent, who, while encouraging his boy to attend school or college, yet is indifferent or helpless in the moral training of the boy, allowing him the society of the street for his entertainment, rather than wedding him to the atmosphere of the en-

lightened Christian home. Proper home influence and training have, I believe, more to do with the development of a boy's character and success in life than all other agencies combined. Although church and school are powerful factors to supplement home influence and training, yet parents deceive themselves and victimize their children by believing that either or both of these great agencies can supply to the boy or girl what belongs to the function of the parent and home to give.

During, or directly after the grammar school age, boys are not, as has been stated, sufficiently mature to select wisely the occupation for which they might be best adapted.

Even if happening to make such a choice, they are too young to appreciate the requirements of their position. To learn a business means something more than to go into a store or office, sweep the floor, ply the dust brush, and perform duties in a perfunctory manner.

I believe, therefore, that a boy who intends to learn a business, should be, first of all, of a sufficiently serious age to warrant serious application. This should be about his eighteenth or nineteenth year, or the age when a boy usually gets through the High School. Aside from being the proper age to commence the routine of business life, employers reason that a boy, who has the ambition to get an education and compete for an honorable place in the class room, is made of the fibre that usually develops into the successful book-keeper, salesman, buyer or manager of a department. If he possess the qualifications that will insure to him any of these responsible positions, he will necessarily come in contact with merchants, manufacturers, bankers and others in good social and commercial standing. In these relations he should be so equipped as to do credit alike to his own personality, and to the firm he represents. To do this properly, he should have as a basis, at least, a High School education.

Like the ambassador, who represents his government at a foreign court, the salesman traveling on the road, or at home attending to the store trade, is the ambassador who represents the firm when dealing with the customers. The buyer, in a still more responsible way, manages a department, has charge of help, and makes contracts in the firm's name for important purchases of merchandise. In these representative capacities, he signs the firm's name to correspondence and contracts, and his action becomes the action of the firm.

It will be seen, therefore, that their positions are to a great extent positions of trust. They buy and sell in behalf of the firm, and its good name and good will are largely in their hands. It is fitting, accordingly, that such responsibility should not only call for the qualities of honesty and sagacity, but to a reasonable extent, those of culture and refinement as well. The basis for this is training and education at home and in school.

Let me present another forcible reason why it is injudicious to send boys of a premature age to learn business. We will assume that a parent, after his fifteen-year-old boy graduates from the grammar school, seeks to get him into a mercantile house to learn the business. Finding an opening, the boy starts in at the stereotyped salary of two or three dollars per week for the first year. He sweeps, dusts, runs errands, assists in opening bundles and cases of merchandise and placing the goods in stock. He helps to care for this open stock, and is fre-

quently called upon to assist salesmen with their customers. If he remains, this is his routine work for at least three years, and the average boy does it in a most mechanical manner. So mechanical in fact, that he learns but little about merchandise, and little about the business way of doing business things. As I stated before, he started in too young to be serious, and does not make the progress that he would if he had a well-trained, logical mind. Each year for the first five or six years he receives from one to two dollars a week advance in pay. Thus he will earn nine or ten dollars per week when he is twenty or twenty-one years of age, but here his salary is likely to remain stationary for a longer time than usual. The fact of the matter is, that neither his age nor his capabilities entitle him to other than very moderate pay.

Another young man who entered the employ of the firm at the same time, but who had the advantage in point of age and educational equipment, is far less likely to have any such drawback to his position or salary. Therefore, I will again strongly emphasize the recommendation that boys be of a suitable age, and equipped with reasonable educational advantages before engaging in business occupations.

Here it may be proper to say that there is unquestionably very great injustice done boys by many business employers, in the class of work they are required to do. For instance, it was the custom for many years, by the Wholesale Dry Goods Trade to oblige boys who entered to learn the business, to work a year or more in the packing room, to carry heavy bundles and to do other manual labor, and all this for two dollars a week pay. This is not boys' work; it is men's work, and should command pay accordingly.

The boy who engages to learn a business—wholesale or retail—should be dealt with in good faith by the firm employing him, and the firm should honor its part of the contract, by giving the boy the opportunity to accomplish the purpose mutually understood at the time of the engagement. He works for small wages, not enough to pay for his dinners and car fare, and therefore, at the end of the month or year, unless he has gained something in actual business knowledge, he has absolutely nothing to show for the investment of his time.

Proprietors and Department Managers have in this connection a very serious responsibility, and boys have a right to expect and demand of them reasonable instruction in the classes and qualities of goods they handle, and in business methods as well.

In the great department store of today, this personal supervision and direction of employees by the proprietor is very much less than it was in the comparatively small store of twenty years ago. Consequently under these changed conditions the responsibility of instructing and directing help naturally falls to the manager of the department. It is fortunate for those under him, if he properly appreciates this responsibility.

The department store, as its name implies, is substantially a great trading mart, made up of many departments, each one complete in itself. It emphasizes the fact that this is an age of specialties; not only in business, but in the professions and mechanical pursuits as well. It is not therefore the versatile man who is in demand today; it is the man who concentrates his energies upon one line of work, and does this well.

In the evolution of business meth-

ods, nothing is more noticeable than the increased demand for female help in many kinds of work and a corresponding decrease in the demand for male help. The great retail stores of Europe and America are equipped in large part with women instead of men. The department or specialty system is no doubt largely responsible for this. Women readily and successfully adapt themselves to department work in selling, buying, book-keeping, stenography, etc.

Therefore the Business Vocation is not without interest to our sisters as well as to our brothers. The good pay and responsible positions which many of them command is an evidence that superior talent, whether male or female, is in demand. In fact, it is safe to say that in nearly every business establishment there are more responsible positions than there are men or women to fill them. Notwithstanding this fact, however, there are those who assume to believe that they are shut out from the possibility of advancement. This is characteristic of the croaker, who has neither the brains nor the disposition to succeed himself, and is envious of the success of others. He will try to cloak his own weaknesses by underrating his opportunities, and misrepresenting those under whose authority he is placed. If he is discharged, perhaps through some glaring fault of his own, he will at once resort to the weapon of the weak by charging his employer with favoritism, race or religious prejudice. Whether Catholic or Protestant, employer or employee, he is an insidious pest in the way of business progress.

The two great essentials requisite for success in business, or in any calling, are natural aptitude and sound training. And, first of all, what is business success and by what standard shall it be measured? Is it by the amount of money a man makes, regardless of the principles and methods employed and the character of the men engaged in it? If it were, then the art of doing business could no longer claim an honorable place in the great pursuits of life.

The business man by the very nature of his calling is necessarily an important factor in the composition of the community, and is accordingly as responsible to society for the influence he exerts in it, as he is to his customers for courteous treatment and honest dealings. So general is his sphere and so broad the field of his operations, that he comes in personal contact, almost daily, with individuals of all ages and stations, and it is reasonble to assume that the result of this contact must be healthy or otherwise. He buys, he sells, he measures, he weighs, he superintends storehouse and counting room, insurance and banking, and it is his manner of doing these things, as well as the financial result of his services and investments, that determines whether he is a successful business man or not.

I once heard the Rev. Phillips Brooks deliver an able speech before a company of two hundred business men. He stated that while it belonged to other ages to become prominent in the development of literature, art, painting, and sculpture, it belonged to the nineteenth century to be known as the great mercantile age.

Not only is there a universal tide of trading in merchandise going on between towns, cities, and states, but the ocean is white with sail, bringing nations into closer relationship, by a constant and ever-increasing system of interchange. The sphere of the business man may be measured according-

ly, and while it thus reflects the greatness of his opportunities, it should not fail to impress him with a sense of corresponding responsibility. This responsibility cannot be met by men devoid of natural and acquired fitness.

First among these qualities I would mention honesty, temperance and industry. Without the possession of the first, it would be a contradiction in itself to suppose that a man could acquire the character of business success I have heretofore briefly outlined. Honesty is not only a strictly indispensable quality for the assertion of one's manhood, but it is also absolutely requisite for success in business.

Regarding temperance as another important essential, let me quote one whose word will have much greater weight than anything I could say on this particular. I refer to Amos Lawrence, the most illustrious, and perhaps the most successful merchant Boston has ever had. He writes thus to a young friend upon the necessity of temperance habits in connection with business life: "In the first place take this for your motto at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going just right, or a little wrong, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in Groton stores for some years before and after myself, no one else to my knowledge escaped the bog or slough, and my escape I trace to the simple fact of having put a restraint upon my appetite."

This is a terrible verdict from an honest, truthful and experienced business man, and unfortunately reflects a condition which could be testified to by men all over our land. If Mr. Lawrence were alive today could he speak less forcibly of the necessity of temperance habits to business success? The frightful extent of human wrecks and woeful failures in the mercantile community is the answer. Only a fraction, some say ten, others admit only five, in one hundred of the men engaged in business in our large cities succeed. The names of insolvent firms are posted on the black list of every mercantile house. That there is a large number of these traceable to the habit of drinking among our business men cannot be denied. The inconvenience and loss of business interests, which every mercantile firm and every manufacturer suffers on account of drinking employees, is almost incalculable. Indeed, in some departments, it is almost disheartening to try to do business, so difficult is it to get men who can be relied upon to keep sober. One sequel to these deplorable results is found in the fact, that parents send their sons to the cities to learn the mercantile business, little dreaming how weak they are to resist temptations. A healthy home training would have fortified them against these shoals, and not only have proved a blessing to them and their employers, but the strongest guarantee of their future success in business. They are sent out weaklings in moral character and industrial force, rather than strong, virtuous, temperate, and determined young men. Thus before they enter upon their business apprenticeship at all, they are lacking in the elements most essential to their success. Under these conditions, it is next to impossible to build a superstructure where a foundation does not exist.

Notwithstanding the large number of boys and young men constantly seeking opportunities to "learn business," yet the great trouble merchants

find today is to get young men who are not only possessed of the natural business tact, but are also well grounded in virtuous, temperate and industrious habits before starting in. To illustrate this, advertisements appear in one of the daily papers to the following effect:—"Wanted; a boy, seventeen years old, to learn the dry goods business." Another calls for a boy to learn the grocery business, and still another for a boy to assist in an office. One of the young men who answers is a farmer's son, who looks upon the tilling of the soil, and the prosy life of the agriculturist, as too monotonous for his advanced notions. He will not be victimized the way his father was by confining himself to a quiet life in the country, bending his back hoeing corn, driving a mowing machine, marketing his produce, raising cattle, and in the winter chopping and sledding wood. This is all well enough for the old folks, but it will not do for a young man of his progressive type. He writes to the business house in question—not a concise, grammatical, well-written letter, but an ill-worded one, that is at once consigned to the waste basket, without having received even the compliment of a formal answer. The business firm advertising instantly detects in this letter the evidence of defective training and education, and rightfully concludes that this young man has neither the natural nor the acquired introductory fitness, which may be regarded as the corner stone of a successful business career.

This is all the more reprehensible in these days of free schools, free libraries, numerous churches, and multiplied opportunities for enlightenment and even refinement. These great avenues of knowledge were open to him, but he neglected to avail himself of their benefits, and his parents who failed to guide him intelligently, now justly share with him a merited humiliation. He sat upon his mowing machine and heard the merry clicking of its rapidly adjusting knives as it levelled the acres of grass before it, but he never took a lesson from the genius of the inventor who made his work easy, and even this great practical illustration of labor saving machinery, was incapable of supplying his sleepy brain with an inspiration to make the best use of his own thought and undeveloped talents. He worked on the farm to be sure, but he did not work with a will, and his parents neglected to inculcate, as he in his turn neglected to apply, that fundamental principle of throughness so necessary to success in any calling. Accordingly, the young farmer was out of the race for business honors. But he was not alone in this predicament. Fifty other letters were received from young men in the city and out of town, in which were represented the sons of professional men, business men, mechanics and laborer, and thus the young farmer had at least that comfort which misery gets from company. Added to these were fifty personal applications at the office of the firm. Some were the sons of poor men, others, the sons of the rich; some had received a common or grammar school education, while others were graduates of high schools or colleges; some had never worked anywhere, while others had had an experience with several masters already; some were neatly, not extravagantly dressed, others might be taken for walking fashion models whose tailors' bills would evidently bear a sad disproportion to the two dollars a week salary of the advertised position, while a third class were slovenly in dress and manner, and

their very exterior, before even a word was spoken by them, invited that sentence of unfitness which is invariably given to such unthinking and unworthy aspirants. In every case, however, they were well supplied with that cheap and extremely common article called "letters of reference." I speak thus of letters of reference, for no matter how undeserving a person may be, he can find someone who will give him a letter of reference. Consequently, the average written recommendation, or letter of reference, counts for but little.

The experienced merchant who intuitively judges of character and fitness, quickly disposes of the greater number of these applications. He appreciates the aptness of the truism, that, "The boy is father of the man," and his aim is to select a boy of such promise and capability, as will improve with his opportunities, and who will finally become a successful business man. He selects the boy with an honest, intelligent face, whose well-defined purpose shows that decision of character that is always an element of strength, and whose manly personality is unconsciously asserted in his looks, in his manner, and in his well spoken words.

Now follow this boy's course in his new field of labors, and notice in his manner of performing them, a substantial proof that he has made a wise choice in that of business as a vocation. He is prompt in attendance, polite, yet unobtrusive in his manner, readily and graciously accepts instructions, anticipates what he may or can do rather than waits to be constantly directed in even minute details, takes an interest in his employer's business and does the part assigned to him intelligently and conscientiously, whether his master's eyes are upon him or not. He realizes that during the years of his business apprenticeship, that he, like the young man learning a trade or profession, receives but little money compensation for his services. Accordingly, it is all the more important that every hour of his time be regarded as an investment to add to his business knowledge, that by-and-by, he may be enabled to command an adequate return for it. Thus he goes on from day to day, and month to month, combating difficulties as they present themselves, and growing stronger by his successful conflict with them, until by his evident natural fitness, his industry and tact, he soon anchors himself firmly in the respect and confidence of his employer.

He remembers, and now puts into practice, the frequent lessons which his father and mother gave him at his own fireside, to be faithful to duty and thorough in his work, and to repudiate the voice of the weakling in the store or out, who would counsel insubordination on his part, or endeavor to create in him a spirit of discontent towards his employers or his work.

Years roll by and his successful business career vindicates the action of his first employer in selecting him from so many others, and also proves the necessity of possessing not only the requisite natural qualities, but also that industry and correctness of habit which make these qualities available. Such a combination, even in these days of competition, cannot fail to succeed, and may well encourage young men so equipped in selecting business as a vocation.

[Mr. Fitzpatrick's paper is commended to the careful study of young people about to enter on business life. His words are applicable to all, no matter what the occupation chosen by or open to each one may be. His advice on honesty and other sterling qualities should be stored in the memory of every candidate for honorable place in the world's work.—EDITOR.]

THE BLUE-EYED IRISH LASS.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

I walked along the mountain side
  A morn in early spring;
I saw the hawthorn blooming white,
  I heard the thrushes sing;
The breeze was soft upon my face,
  The dew was on the grass;
And, tripping blithe along the way,
  I met a blue-eyed lass.

The rose was on her cheek; her brow
  And throat were lily white;
The rowan red was on her lips,
  And in her hair the night.
Then from the path I stepped aside
  And turned to let her pass;
Her modest glance was on the ground,
  That blue-eyed Irish lass.

A sudden ray illumed my soul
  Like lightning in the night;
I looked upon the maid and felt
  My heavy heart grow light;
For virtue shone upon her face
  As light upon a glass:
"God keep and guide your feet," I said,
  "O blue-eyed Irish lass."

I watched her as she held her way
  Along the mountain path,
"No lady in the land," I cried,
  "A nobler bearing hath."
She sang of love as on she went
  Across the dewy grass,
No lark was happier in her nest
  Than that sweet Irish lass.

She sang of love as on she went,
  And from my soul I prayed,
"God send your heart the manly love
  That you deserve, sweet maid."
And sure the man will happy be—
  No joy can his surpass,—
Who with strong heart shall win her love?
  That blue-eyed Irish lass.

WHICH HAS THE GREATER INFLUENCE ON PUBLIC LIFE, THE SELF-MADE MAN OR THE COLLEGE MAN?

ANSWERED BY
MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, MICHAEL CUDAHY, AND JOHN M. SMYTH.

On closing his paper on "Development of Character in Students," published in the May number of DONAHOE'S, Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., said:

"I have not the presumption to believe that this paper will settle any of the disputed points or lead to substantial agreement; all that I can hope for is that it may lead to some profitable discussion."

As a result of such discussion the question that forms the title of this symposium was raised, and such varying opinions were expressed in private circles that it was decided to have it publicly discussed, presenting the views of men whose names stand for success in the life-work they have chosen. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, of the Catholic University of America, ably represents the college side of the question, and business life has its representatives, Mr. Michael Cudahy and Mr. John M. Smyth, prominent Irish-American Catholics who stand at the head of business life in Chicago.

Mr. Cudahy, who recently gave $50,000 to the Catholic University of Washington, is a native of County Kilkenny, Ireland. He came to this country at a very early age, and by hard work, close application, and sterling grit and integrity has acquired a fame that is widely known both in the New World and the Old.

Mr. Smyth, another important factor in the business life of Chicago, was born in Newfoundland in the early forties, his parents being emigrants from Mayo. Beside his business prominence, he is one of the Republican chiefs in Illinois politics.

"Self-Made Men Make our Colleges Possible."

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The Editor of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE asks me to give an answer to the question: "Which Has the Greater Influence on Public Life,—the College Man or the Self-Made Man?" Of course no answer can be definitive. All any of us can do is to give the results of our observation and to discover if possible the reasons for these results. As a man brought up among books, suffering perhaps from too much direction as to the intellectual side, and prejudiced by the constant association with men who look on the college training as essential to real success in any walk of life, I am, I fear, somewhat inclined to be narrow in my views, or, at least, one-sided.

A college education, in our country, does not mean the same thing as it means in England,—where Oxford and Cambridge give the key-notes to public life. A college training is something very definite over there; and its value lies, not in its turning out scholars or specialists in knowledge, but in

its production of what is called an English gentleman. It does not fit him to earn his living, although his degree may help him to gain a vantage point for doing that; it simply gives him that point of view which every English gentleman is supposed to possess. From the "Union" at Oxford have come the men who have moulded, not only the policy of England, but the policy of the world; and Cambridge has furnished its quota. So fixed is the English idea on this point, that a self-made man is looked upon as a badly-made man,—not because he may not know his classics or mathematics or be lacking in culture, but because he has not had the advantage of the training which comes of association with one's equals, under direction, during the receptive time of life.

With us, it is different. Emerson says somewhere that the real worth of a college education is to show men how little value it is. And, with successful men,—self-made men whom I have known,—I have always felt like quoting this,—for the regret that haunted them,—the doubt that sometimes paralyzed them,—was that they had never been at college. A college training might have stood in their way of growing rich,—because, as a rule, they had laid the foundation of their wealth when college men are only beginning to enter life. Again, a college training—of the best kind—helps no man to be a multi-millionaire. It takes too much time, and it prepares him for better things. Nevertheless, knowing this, your multi-millionaire always gives his son a college education, if the son will take it, because he is determined that his son shall know to the full what he missed. If success in life means the gaining by a man of what he wants and ought to have, a college training will not drag him back; but it will not help to make a better politician of him (in the narrow sense), or teach him to "loot" Wall street.

The impression among the ignorant is that the college man, in life, is the porcelain pot trying to swim down stream with the ruder and cruder vessels. One reason for this is probably that a college man does not proclaim himself until he fails. "Here am I," he says, "running a motor car badly—and yet I can read Homer!" And the chorus begins,—"There are college students who can read Homer running motor cars!" "Thank Heaven," says the virtuous farmer, looking at his improved reaper, "I never wasted my time over Homer!" The reasoning of the people represented by the happy and virtuous farmer is bad: all college students do not read Homer and college life does not develop the porcelain, the "kid-glove" qualities, in young men. The reading of Homer makes the right sort of mind more of a great kingdom to itself, it gives a fine intellectual taste,—but it does not help a man to meet his fellow men as enemies in business or teach him to control a caucus. It will assist him to be broad, tolerant, serene and noble; and, if he ever attain to high public place the reader of Homer will have greater safeguards against pettiness and dissensions than the uncultured man. At college a man learns to measure himself with other men; he learns, too, the difference between his rights and his privileges; he learns practically the value of law; he learns to give and to take, and of how little importance he is in the world unless he make himself so. In any good college, he is taught by contact with his fellows the value of prudence, as well as sincerity. He

learns to admire,—the faculty of admiration being one of the most necessary qualities in a well-ordered man,—and he learns why he admires; and of this, he makes a criticism of his own life. And thus he discovers what he can do and what he can not do. And, if there be capability in him, he learns the value of loyalty; and he can not fail to find that his reputation will depend even more on character than acquirements. Moreover, as college life exists in our country, he will test the place of organization in any plan of government. Whether he be taught to cultivate the spiritual sense or not, —a teaching shockingly lacking in American college life,—he must learn that public opinion is not finally led by lower motives. As to learning itself, all his studies will tend to make him think clearly—and to force him to control his mind while looking beyond it. He will learn from past history while essentially sensitive to every movement in modern life. The college, like March, makes the sap in him to circulate; or, rather, it begins to do this;—life does the rest; but, unformed as he is, he will grow symmetrically, because the lines of symmetry have been drawn for him.

You may quote the names of men who have influenced public affairs marvelously,—all self-made men in America. They were self-made men because they lived in very new parts of the country. There was no system of colleges, to speak of, until recently, outside the Colonial States. They had to make themselves, for there was nobody to make them. It is an unpopular thing to say,—since Democracy seems to call it wrong not to hold up the self-made man as the ideal,—but Abraham Lincoln would not have been less great, had he gone through college. He would have perhaps been greater with more ease. There was no strong point in his character which a college education would not have accentuated; but, to make any education effective, you must, first, catch your man. I may be narrow; but it seems to me that we have had few broad-minded statesmen since the old-fashioned college man ceased to be prominent in politics. New England and the South moulded public opinions through the college men; and, when the clash of these opinions came, the New England opinions triumphed. Your self-made man is more likely to be an Opportunist than your trained man. And Opportunism is a dangerous thing in great crises.

At present the college man is affecting public life more than the self-made man. For instance, he is beginning to control the newspapers. Some of us remember the late Horace Greeley's hollow laughter when he first appeared. Now it is a matter of course that there should be bachelors of letters on the staff of all the great papers. Then the Law Schools are demanding more and more that their aspirants should have been reputably graduated. In Washington one meets, at any college or university dinner, more and more collegians in official life. Besides, the colleges themselves are coming out of their caves. They do not waste so much time over the niceties of prosody or the pedigrees of the gods and goddesses,—and the man who makes a Latin quotation in a public speech now is only less amusing than he who is misguided enough to tip a sentence with Greek. They have for some time awakened to the fact that the political and social problems of this year of grace are more important than those of the time of Solon or

Augustus. They have learned that, while it is no disgrace for a man not to know the code of Draco, it is a disgrace for him not to know the genesis and meaning of the constitution of his own country; and that, while a gentleman may not know Theocritus, he must know Washington Irving.

The other night when Georgetown College overthrew Wisconsin in debate, the city was surprised that the subject was not "Academic." If the question had been on "Idealism versus Realism," or "The Fundamentals of Kant's Philosophy," or "The Siege of Troy," there would have been no surprise. As it was, the debate was on the question of municipal ownership of gas-plants, etc. What could have been more astonishing! Rollin's History must have trembled in its hermitage and the ghost of Xerxes felt that he was indeed a shade!

The college man comes out prepared to interest himself in public questions; and he is ready to consider them from a higher view than that of expediency. He has many ways, too, of getting a hearing, and he gets it, for he is no mere dilettante. Athletics have made him quick of eye and alert of ear. He is well-balanced, and then he has been taught to know how he may measure himself with other men. He will not over-rate or under-rate the worth of his opponent's ability. And, provided he is normal and not a fool, he knows just how far, in public life, a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another.

The conditions of all public life in our country are dependent on public opinion. Who are the men in the Senate that are listened to most respectfully, even when they are wrong? The men from the colleges. The college man practically controls public opinion because he knows how to make use of ideas, and he has been taught that ideas, ultimately, rule, and that ideals are laughed at only by the unwise.

A glance at the prospectus of the Chautauqua Summer School shows me that this great educational concern is now in the hands of self-made men, with one of the best of all the self-made men in this country at its head, Mr. Clem Studebaker. And why? Because these men would have education spread wide. "No man is too old for culture," one of them said to me, "and if Chautauqua gives him only the superficial, he will want the thorough for his children." It is the self-made men who make our colleges and universities possible. And, as this is so, I must conclude that they, so supremely interested in the progress of this nation, must regard them as safeguards of public spirit and the best in public life.

"There Are No Self-Made Men."

BY MICHAEL CUDAHY, CHICAGO.

It seems to me a rather ambiguous question—Is the self-made or college-bred man the better equipped for business, and which exerts the greater influence on public life? Experience is an excellent thing, and so is education, and I believe that when both conditions are combined they make the best business material, produce the best business man. Self-made? I do not quite like the term. In the full sense of the word

there are no self-made men; the man who calls himself so is in a large degree foolish and egotistic. It is God that gives the talents that make the so-called self-made man, and without them it would be impossible to climb the ladder of success. If, having received those talents, a man neglects or buries them, college can't help him any, and he is doomed to failure. The successful man is he who minds his opportunities and devotes his faculties to his business. I would like to go deeper into this question and, with the aid of personal experience examine its complications, but unfortunately I have not the time. But, "self-made" or college-bred, the talent that commands success must come from God.

"It Depends on the Man."

BY JOHN M. SMYTH, CHICAGO.

It depends almost entirely on the man. A college education will not hamper anybody in the battle of life; on the contrary it will greatly assist him if he has the talent to turn it to good account. How he can utilize it I cannot say; at the best, under present conditions, it is a rather dubious marketable commodity. In the bustle of business, in the sordid daily grind, a knowledge of Greek or Latin, or Euclid or logarithms counts but little. A man who starts in early life, say as a bootblack, and works his way by experience, tact and energy up the rugged ladder of success has certainly the advantage of a man who has spent the bulk of his young, valuable, impressionable days in college, drawling through a long and dreary curriculum. It is a question of theory versus practice, idealism versus realism, academism versus matter-of-fact. Homer or Virgil has as little to do with closing a modern business deal as ever he had to do with closing an ancient one. He whose youthful nose has been placed against the hard grindstone of life can in my opinion run anything from a peanut stand to a railroad much better than the raw college product, even though the latter may be able to write a business letter in Sanscrit, or make out a bill of goods in Runic cuneiform.

By the self-made man I mean that rather typical American product, the offspring of poor parents, brought up, almost from the time he began to speak, with the instinctive notion that he would have to do something for himself, and do it quickly, sent out into the world with his business appetite on edge, with an anxious eye and an inquiring mind to seek and seize upon every opportunity to advance his position. In many instances the child of poor parents possesses such talent and tact, executive ability and indomitable will as carries him along the road of his ambition until he passes far beyond the seeming dazzling dreams of his youth and even reaches such a high pinnacle in his chosen avocation that the ambitions of his boyhood seem as nothing when compared with the accomplished facts of his career.

I believe, however, that the college-bred man, or the highly educated man, has—all things else being equal—by far the better opportunity to succeed in life as compared with the so-called self-made man. If the former would do what the latter must do or has done

to win, if the young man from college has the talent, courage and determination to face the battle of business, to go through all the drudgery, rough work and general initial unpleasantness, just as the grammar-school graduate does, he would speedily out-class and out-pass the latter. But this the average college-bred man won't do, and therefore he is handicapped in the race. He must work from the bottom rung up if he would finally utilize the advantages of a college education. Granted that the colleges are pouring forth more brilliant and accomplished young fellows than the country has any particular room or use for, that the professions are overcrowded, and the newspaper offices — their favorite dumping ground—seriously embarrassed, nevertheless, let the collegians come, and keep coming. They tend to elevate and refine business life. Learning, like water, finds its own level; and the tendency is upwards. A sensible, educated man will work his education for all it is worth. He will start out surprised, mortified, discontented—and discontent, in a strong man, is the foundation of success. The "sharp spur of adversity" will act on him. He will select his object and attain it, or, equipped with the dignity of wisdom and philosophy, failing, try and try again. He may have much to unlearn and a great deal to learn, but his training makes him capable of promptly learning it. He has an armor of proof, and the earth is his, and the fulness thereof, if he only properly sets about obtaining it.

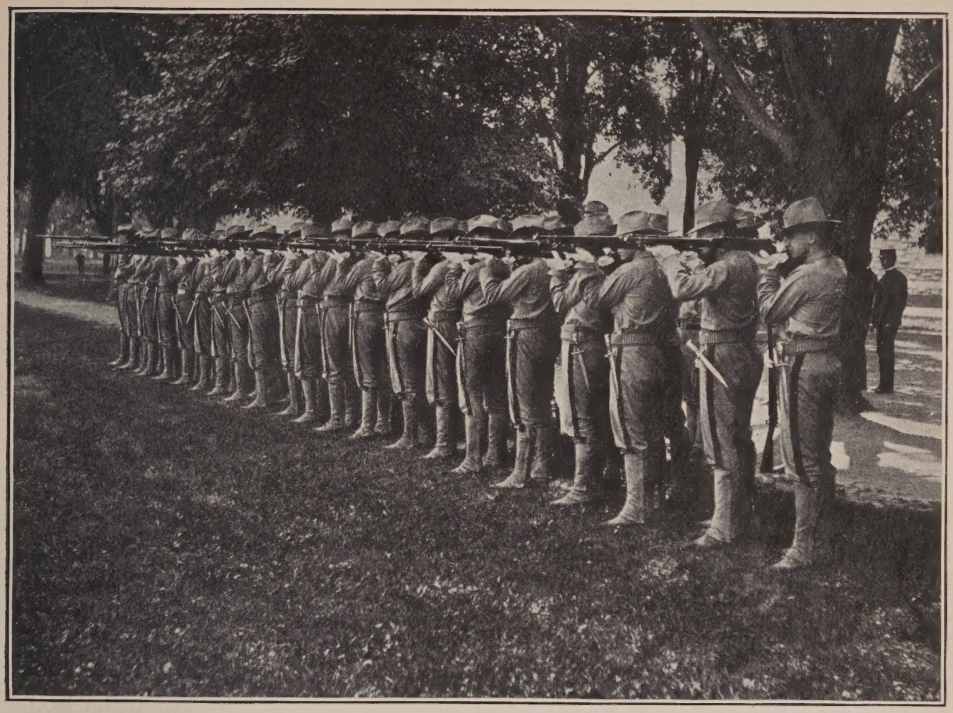
RAIN ON THE FARMHOUSE EAVES.

BY RODERICK GILL.

Oh, the hasty, hasty patter of the rain,
Every note awakes a little pulse of pain,
And the night-wind in the chimney speaks of snow;
How you feel a something heavy on your breast
As you draw up near the fire with the rest
And you struggle to keep lonely feelings low.

From the valley far beyond, you just can hear
The long rumble of the freight trains, and a tear
Blurs your vision at the tender thoughts they raise;
Of the dear old friends and sweethearts false and true,
Those you loved and trusted, those who cherished you
In your lost and now half ghostly boyhood days.

But light the lamps and close the window shutters fast
Ere old falsehoods and unkindness of the past
Get a chance to waken in your heart again;
Have the old wife read her letters from your boys,
Or your daughter at the organ drown with noise
All the old years tapping, tapping on the pane.



AIM!

THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.

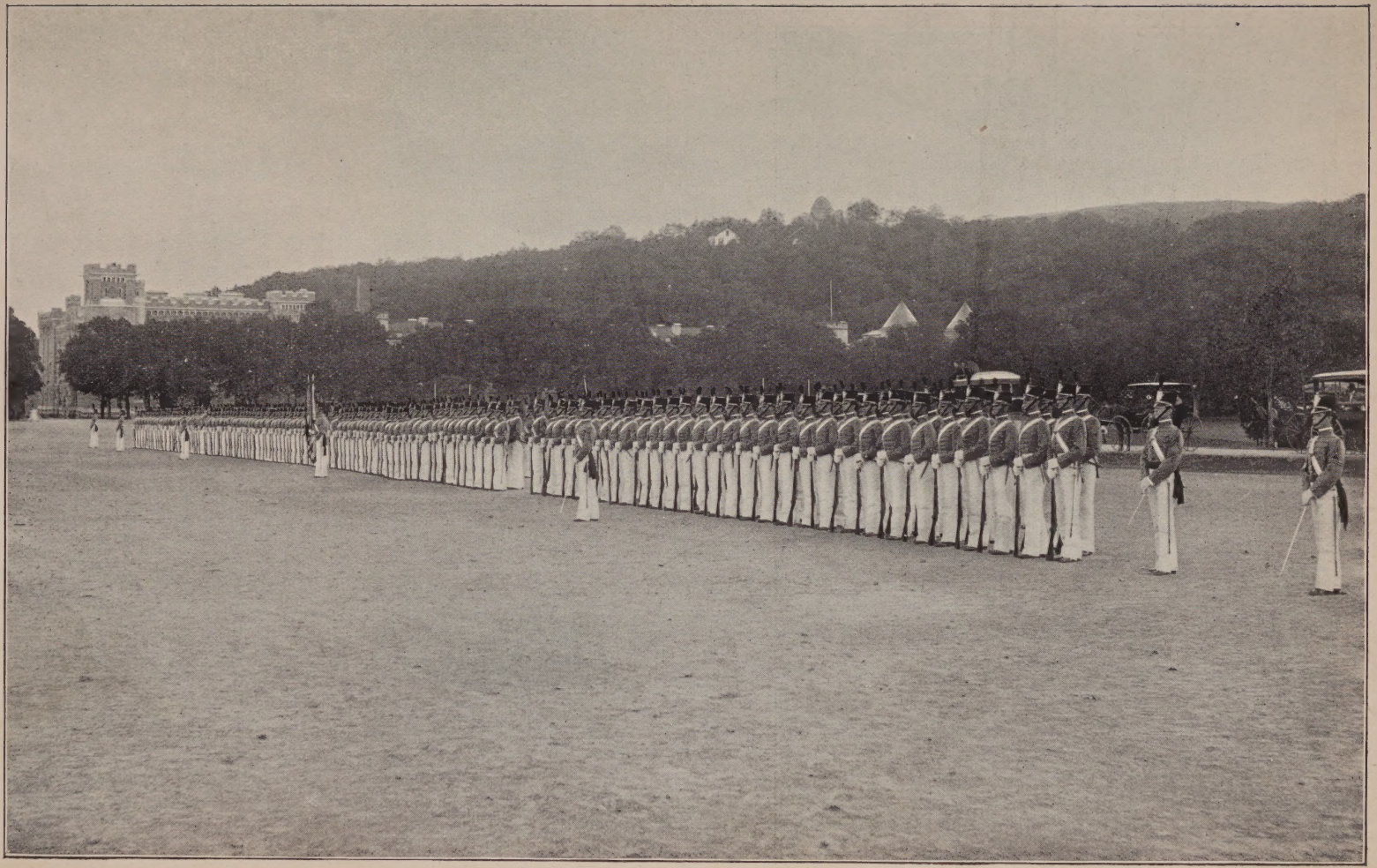
BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

A distinguished officer of the Italian navy once inspected the national school for the training of army officers at West Point, and was so impressed that he declared it the best school of its kind in the world. He was a man of experience, and his opinion is worth remembering; because any observer, though without his knowledge of other military schools, would be inclined to the same opinion, after a study of methods and results at West Point. The educational work which has been accomplished there in the last fifty years, and the system built up by the labors of upright and clever superintendents and teachers, are too little known. When they do become better known, their influence will be felt in schools and colleges whose progress so far has been too one-sided to merit any praise. It is a little discouraging that, with so fine an example of what can be done for the American boy in a course of four years, the number of its imitators should be still so few; one reason for which is the impression that the splendid results at West Point are obtained by an expenditure of money beyond the power of ordinary institutions.

The Military Academy is located in the loveliest spot among the Highlands of the Hudson. From the river

little of the place can be seen except the roofs of buildings, the place used by the soldiers of the garrison, and the beautiful memorial hall, which is perched on the very edge of the cliff over the river. When one mounts the picturesque road from the river landing, a very different scene presents itself. A spacious plateau several acres in extent forms the great parade-ground, where the reviews and military exercises of the school take place. Two sides of this parade-ground are open with a clear view of the river east and north, and the noble mountains beyond: the third and fourth sides are occupied by the library, the chapel of the post, the cadets' quarters, the gymnasium, and the residences of professors. Back of all rise the tree-crowned highlands. A road running south, lined with private residences and public buildings for a mile, leads to the town of Highland Falls, where many of the civilians connected with the military post reside; a second road running northwest out of the parade ground leads to the cemetery and the place set apart for barracks, storehouses, workshops, and the homes of married soldiers. Conspicuous on the parade-ground is the column and statue of winged Victory, and conspicuous above it is the new Catholic chapel, built for the Catholic officers, cadets, soldiers, and civilians, by the labors of the pastor of the Post, Rev. C. G. O'Keefe, whose personal popularity among military men, and whose graceful tact secured the permission to erect this building in spite of much opposition outside. The chapel is a beautiful Gothic structure in stone, from whose porch can be seen the finest view of mountain and river that the Hudson provides. It was dedicated in June with splendid ceremony, and handed over to the government free of debt for the use of Catholic army people forever.

It is a delight to walk about the grounds of the Academy, but to the stranger the supreme delight is the first view of the cadets on parade. During the fine weather this ceremony takes place nearly every evening shortly before supper. The fine band turns out to perform an important part in the function, ladies and gentlemen flock to the grounds, the cadets and their officers in all the glory of their best uniforms go through the evolutions peculiar to the ceremony. But that which catches the eye of the stranger, and most impresses the experienced educator, is the fine physique of cadets and officers, their splendid bearing, and graceful movement. It is their distinct attribute. You will find it nowhere among any other body of men. It is the result of their fine training, and a result which remains with them through life. One meets on festival days at the Academy officers upon whom time and circumstances have worked their will, the fat and the lean, and other extremes of appearance, but not one has surrendered the erectness of carriage and fine bearing secured to him in his cadet days. How has this been accomplished? The question opens up the method of training peculiar to the Academy. The requirements for entrance into the Military Academy are very simple, but their simplicity is backed by a demand for thoroughness, which makes the matter of entrance really difficult in detail. A high school graduate should find it easy to pass the examination were his training exact. As a rule, candidates spend much time learning how little they learned in the high school, before they present them-



PARADE REST.

GENERAL VIEW OF WEST POINT.

selves to the examining board. The physical examination looks into the condition of the candidate's hearing, sight, teeth, shape, and general health. This ordeal over, which happens somewhere in March of each year, the successful ones put on their brass armor, and are turned into camp on the parade-ground, in the company of the third-year cadets. The fourth-year men, being the graduating class, have gone on their vacation before taking up work in the army, and the second-year men are also on vacation, the only vacation allowed a cadet during his career. To the kindly care of the seniors the new class is consigned, and the raw recruit begins life in a military camp. One can see them marching about in the first agonies of their training, shoulders squared and arms carried backwards to correct the ridiculous stoop of the civilian, a set expression of face which means "I-grin-and-bear-it," a profound, and reverential terror in their manner toward the senior class. Three months' training works a surprising change in them. I have seen them at entrance, fair examples of the average, gawky, shuffling, high-shouldered boy; and three months later, in their well-fitting uniforms, with very little trace of the earlier awkwardness. In a year the last trace is gone, and the parade shows as graceful a boy as can be found in the world.

The gymnasium and its faithful teacher have done their work. The cadet is measured, his defects noted, and his work mapped out. Nothing is left to the caprice of him or his teacher. He is well-fed, well-housed, and well looked after. He cannot be ill many hours ever so slightly without being reported to the physician who is constantly on duty; his sight, his hearing, his teeth, are subjects of constant

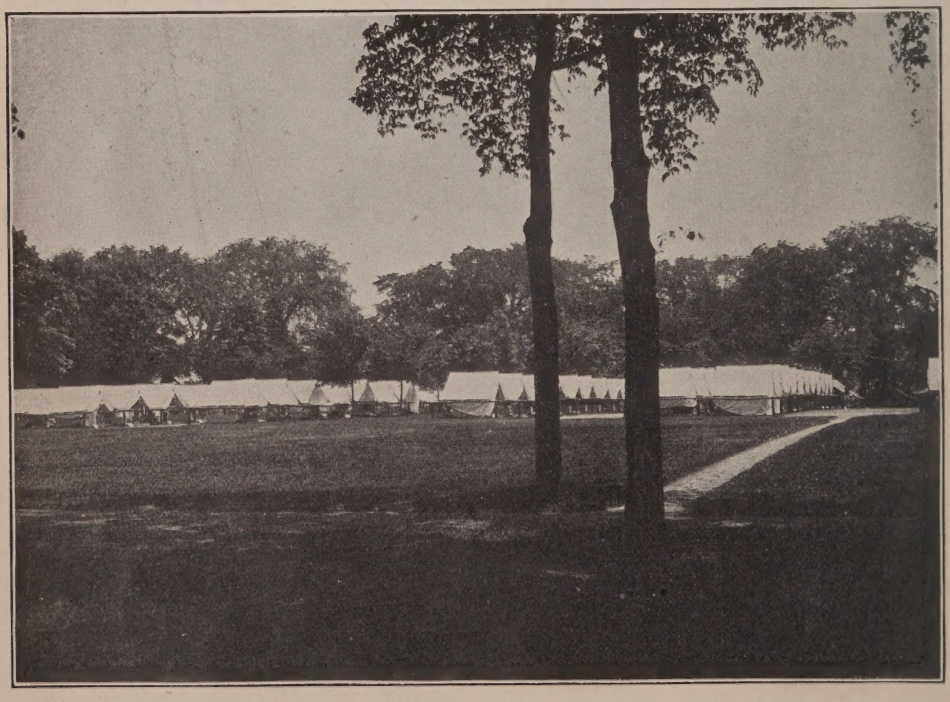
care. He may be as prudent or as careless by nature as the average boy, the authorities take no account of either, but follow him up with an interest as admirable, if the motive be

THE NEW CATHOLIC CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

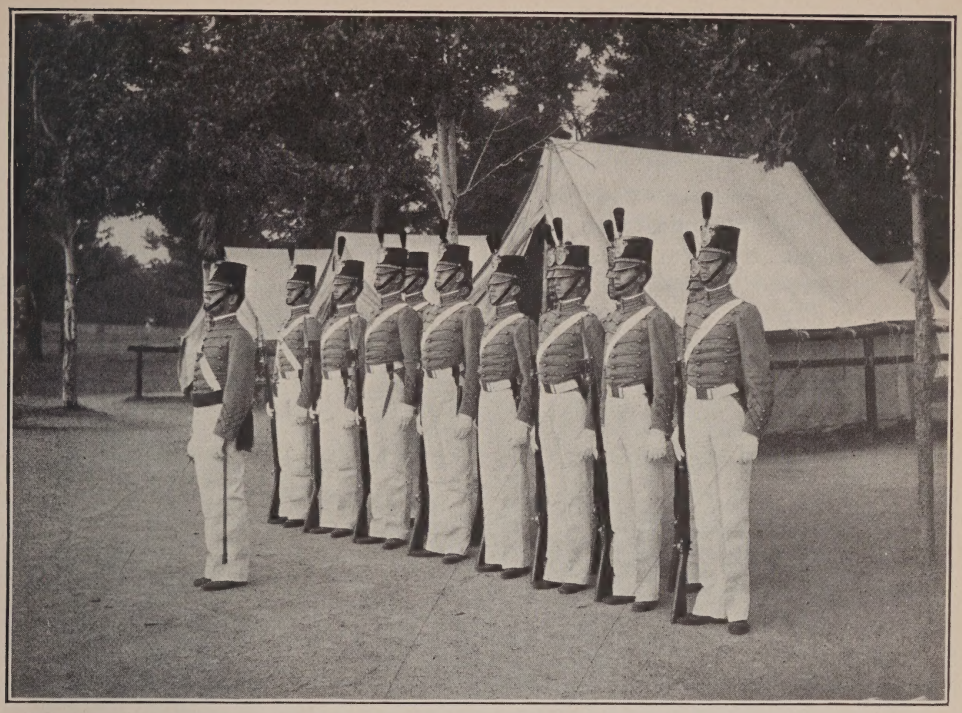
different, as he could enjoy in his father's house. Nothing is left to chance. His mental training is quite as remarkable. In most schools and colleges education is administered to the multitude; in West Point each cadet is taught by himself. That is, his progress in each study is marked day by day, he never takes a step forward until his previous step has been taken, and retrograde movement is checked at once, laziness is discovered very soon, and inefficiency is punished by dismission. Of course, it is absolutely necessary in the Military Academy that a method of this kind should be followed. The studies are peculiar to the military profession, the hardest is the study of engineering; and therefore such inequalities as occur in the training of civilians cannot be permitted. There can be no gaps. The point to be made here is that the teachers secure the object of their teaching: a well-trained military man

in every cadet graduated. The training of the body and the mind is supplemented by a social training of great merit. The cadet learns dancing, is entertained at the homes of the officers, has a visiting-list, and does a little entertaining himself on certain occasions. He is bound to enter into this life by the rules of the Academy. Thus he acquires the social graces, and upon his entry into active military life can make an impression worthy of his rank and his training. He has learned the difficult art of dressing with good taste as far as his army costumes are concerned. If his manners are not good it is his own fault.

The great deficiency in the training at the Academy is the deficiency of the time. Religion has no place in the curriculum. A recognition is given to it indirectly in the existence of the two chapels, one served by the government chaplain, a Protestant minister, the other at his own expense by the Catholic priest. On Sundays the cadets under command of their respective officers are marched to either of these chapels. This is the beginning and the end of religious training. Neither is morality taught formally unless in the wishy-washy fashion of text-books. One cannot but dream of what a place religion would hold in the lives of men so cleverly trained, if it received a tithe of the attention given to mind and body. There is, however, a principle of honor highly cultivated among military men, which for some things takes the place of morality. Lying, deception, trickery, fraud in the smallest matters, are banned by this principle with a ban of the darkest dye. Things dishonorable, mean, and vulgar are ranked by it with the viler sins. To be convicted



CADETS' CAMP.



THE GUARD TURNED OUT.

of anything forbidden by the principle of honor is to be ostracized. A tradition has grown out of this principle, and a spirit has been formed, which deeply impress the cadet as he witnesses their united action in many a telling incident throughout his career. Some attempt was recently made, I believe, to bring religion more directly under the attention of the cadet, and to give him an opportunity to exercise his taste and inclination in that direction more frequently and more thoroughly, but with what success I have not heard.

The discipline of the Academy is much severer than the long-complained-of discipline of our Catholic colleges, as the work demanded of the military student is severer than that of other colleges. The cadet rises at five o'clock the year round. From that moment each hour of the day is regulated with the exactness of a Trappist monastery. Not a moment is lost. The limits of the reservation are the cadet's world. He cannot go out of bounds without permission. In the four years of his residence at the Academy he enjoys one vacation of two months, which happens at the close of his second year. Smoking is not allowed. There is no espionage in the ordinary sense of the word. During the hours of recreation the cadet may wander about the reservation at pleasure, and violate as many rules as he pleases, if he wishes to take the risk of being caught. He can even take the supreme risk of leaving the limits. No doubt the foolish and the daring take all risks, but the examples made of them are so fine that a wholesome fear of irregularity possesses each cadet. However, the regulation of the time, the varied duties of the students,

are the safeguard of discipline. To keep himself up to the mark the cadet has to move on with celerity. His personal appearance is a matter of such importance that he must spend upon it at least twice the time taken by a careful civilian. From top to toe, at every hour of the day, he must appear

rades, who are responsible for their behavior, their appearance on parade, and their conduct in barracks. Thus a public opinion is brought into play which has a very marked influence on their conduct.

It would take too long to give a full description of this admirable training,

THE BARRACKS.

the gentleman; and as a result it is a pleasure to meet a cadet on duty or off, so pleasantly do his dress and manner contrast with those of the average boy. His respect for his superiors is so profound that he carries it with him into ordinary life: and from a cadet the aged, women, clergymen, receive a deference as surprising by its sincerity and courtesy as it is charming in the young man. The students are officered by their own com-

and its beautiful results in after life. As a rule the boy brought up in a good home is a graceful lad when no one is studying him; in a public place his gawkishness is stupefying, instance our boys on graduation day. The cadet is so drilled in graceful carriage that his public appearance is naturally his best. In after life as an officer of the army he makes a fine impression upon most people. The experience of the world has widened his horizon,

which is narrow enough at West Point owing to the purely technical character of his studies. The gentleman is prominent in his disposition, and the military insolence of European officers is entirely absent in his dealing with civilians. It is the ambition of the West Point officers to have the terms 'gentleman' and 'officer' synonymous. From my experience they have reached that degree of excellence where the exceptions are few enough to prove the rule.

The number of Catholic cadets is, on the average, about one-eight of the whole number, and their standing is fair. The number ought to be increased, and now that the demand for officers is large it is likely that the number of cadets, and perhaps the number of military schools, will be increased. This provides a fine opportunity for our clever Catholic boys, with a taste for the military art and a mind for mathematics. The advantages of a training at West Point are evident. The difficulties may seem formidable, but they are easily overcome by the average boy, who has the quality of sticking to it. After examining the system, and talking the matter over with the cadets themselves, I came to the conclusion that average talent, with more than average application, will carry any boy through the Military Academy. He graduates then with a splendid physique, an official position, a fair salary, and a social standing not to be obtained in the civilians' world, unless born into it, but by years of success and effort. Our boys should be encouraged to try this opening into an honorable and sure career. There is no danger to their faith. Army people are the least bigoted, and among them the Catholic religion has the respect which military men pay to an organization more admirable in discipline than any army known to history. Moreover, the position of Catholic cadets has been much improved by the kindly feeling of the more recent superintendents, and by the erection of the new chapel at the Post, which brought the public services of the Church from a wretched chapel, used in common with the sects, to a building worthy by its site and architecture of the Divine Mysteries.

For boys who have the ambition of entering West Point it is well to know how to proceed wisely about the affair. The candidate must not be younger than seventeen nor older than twenty-two. His first step should be to discover the date of the next vacancy in the Military Academy relating to his district. Each congressman has the appointment of one student every four years, or oftener, if death, or inefficiency, or resignation, should remove a student. As a rule, the members of congress leave the appointment to be decided by a competitive examination in their district. This gives a fair opportunity to all. The President has the power to appoint ten students at large. If a boy can bring the proper influence to bear, he may win such an appointment; and there is no need to suppose one may not have the influence, for I know a little chap of sixteen who is studying hard at this moment with a fair hope of an appointment from the President, and he does not belong to any of the first families of Ohio. When the appointment has been won in either way, the work of the candidate really begins. Many boys make the mistake of supposing the hardest part over with the winning of the competition,

and are rudely disappointed when they fail to pass the rigorous examination for admission before the West Point board. They had one year in which to prepare for this searching trial, but failed to profit by the time. The second move of a candidate, therefore, will be to have himself carefully examined by a good physician at home, who will determine if he has the constitution and the physical qualities required by the rules of the Academy. The vital organs, such as the heart and stomach, must be free from injury and strong, eyesight perfect, teeth all there and sound, hearing certain, height over five feet, shape without deformity, chest capacious, and varicose veins, with other external diseases, absent. A year of physical training will bring any boy of fair condition up to the standard with ease. And let the candidate take note of the straightness of his legs and ankles, and the turning out of his toes in walking, and the uprightness of his spine; for while these defects do not debar from entrance, they expose the lad to much annoyance in the correction of them by the senior cadets.

The examination of studies is severe, and one rule should prevail in the preparation of the candidate: he should study each subject so as to be fitted to teach it in any school. In English he must know the grammar well, spell perfectly, write a good hand, and understand punctuation. This sounds simple, but the examination paper at West Point would terrify a schoolteacher on these subjects; not because of its profundity, but because it asks the questions which nobody learns or remembers. The ordinary school history of the United States, such as a high school would use, is the text-book in history; but what a surprise to the student of such a book to be asked the difference between the royal, the chartered, and the proprietary colonies. It is the same with geography, and with the art of reading. The candidate must be able to read at sight, intelligently, with good taste, anything in English. Arithmetic is the study upon which most emphasis is laid, and it is a difficult matter to pass in. In fact, it may safely be said that the candidate must be able to compose an arithmetic of his own when he stands up for examination. The reason of this strictness is that the Academy has nothing further to do with Arithmetic after that examination. The student takes up at once the elements of higher mathematics, and goes on through the terrible region of the calculus. Therefore the candidate must know arithmetic as a teacher knows it; must be able to explain every word used in the science, and to give clear explanations of every rule for every arithmetical process. Very few students acquire this knowledge, simply because it is necessary only to the teacher and the collegian striving for a degree. Still fewer teachers demand so much of a pupil. Hence the number of astonishing failures on the part of West Point candidates, even after special preparation from teachers who were not aware of the character of the examinations. Therefore, I repeat: the rule of preparation for West Point should be to study each subject as it is studied in a normal school, as if the student were to teach that subject immediately after his examination.

When the young Catholic has brought himself up to the standard physically, and is ready to stand the mental examination, he reports at the Academy on or about the first of

March. If he passes a successful examination, he reports again to the Superintendent before noon of June 15, and is at once turned into camp on the plain, where he receives his first lessons in the military art. He has deposited one hundred dollars with the treasurer of the Academy, out of which he is furnished with a set of uniforms adapted to his new duties. Until the end of August, he remains in camp, as it were moulting; for perfect as he may be from the civilian's standpoint, compared with his seniors he is a most inelegant bird; and most of his two months is passed in shedding one set of feathers and putting on another, with the somewhat strenuous encouragement of the seniors. Towards the end of August he goes into barracks, and begins his studies. The government pays him five hundred and forty dollars each year, with which he pays for his clothes, his board, and the simpler necessities; teaching, and whatever is required for it, the hospital and the physician are provided by government free. He is not allowed to receive money or presents of supplies from anyone, his parents included, without the sanction of the Superintendent. He must learn to live on a fixed sum, and to practise a little economy, if he never practised it before. And he lives well, all hardships allowed for; for there is no pleasanter school life, none more beneficial mentally, physically, socially, than that of a West Point cadet.

The young Catholic may find in it special advantages. His religion is respected at the Post, and he can practise his religious duties without hindrance, and with some encouragement, for every cadet must attend chapel on Sundays by command. The moral surroundings are very favorable, the perfect discipline and steady work are a help to right living, and the appreciation of manly character so prompt and deep that religious natures find themselves free to develop without fear of ridicule. It was at West Point that General Rosecrans became a Catholic, and the Paulist superior, Father Deshon, with him, although at that early period Catholic students were very few. I mention this matter because an impression prevails in some parts of the country, and among some boys, that the Military Academy is a very Protestant institution, with little or no favor for Catholic students, and that to get along there with comfort and success the student must be of anything but the Catholic faith. This is a false impression, and the sight of the Catholic cadets marching to Mass under command of their officers, serving the Mass, and frequenting the Sacraments would satisfy the scrupulous or the timid on this point. At the same time owing to the false impression just named, some lamentable cases of apostasy have occurred; not always as culpable as might be thought, the result of a first false step, not easily retraced, and finally adhered to out of pride. It would be worth a parent's trouble to send word to the resident priest of his son's entrance into the Academy, and commit the boy to his fatherly care.

JERPOINT ABBEY.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD. (Sliav-na-mon).

Sad Jerpoint, by the crystal Nore,
Thy fissured walls yet strongly stand,
Thy sculptured portals high and grand
Proclaim the pride was thine of yore.

The wind and rains have furrowed thee,
For long thy pillared chancel arch
Hath viewed the hurrying ages march,
Athwart the plains of Ossorie.

Dark ivy springing from the sod,
Thy steadfast stones doth fondly clasp,
To cloak them from the wind's rough grasp
And guard the hallowed shrine of God.

Green meadows flank thy hoary walls,
The solemn kine for shadow throng
Thy nave when midday sun is strong
And high the undazzled sky-lark calls.

The Angelus with prayerful tone,
Rings from the chapel far away,
Recalling thoughts of other day,
When that blest summons was thine own.

Alas, gray Jerpoint, now no more,
The humble Brethren tread thy halls,
All empty now their carven stalls;
The last sweet Vesper-chant is o'er.

Yet dreaming here methinks I see
Their olden places filled again,
The solemn hymn, and deep "amen,"
Thrilling with fervor sound to me.

But changèd now each form and face!
A splendor gilds the robes of gray,
And fairer than the flashing day,
Upon each brow God's joy I trace.

Glad moment!—now the vision fades,
Sad Jerpoint,—and we are alone;
Thy wind-swept cloisters dreary moan,
And fall the chilling evening shades!

THE PRIEST-NOVELIST.

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

Should a priest write fiction? Certainly, if he can. Fiction in its broad sense is an element of varied writings. It has pervaded the epic and the drama. Homer and Virgil, Racine and Shakespeare have used it with marvelous effect. It has been to the author of Don Quixote and to the readers of that genial and stirring book an inspiration or a delight. Old is fiction, new in its received and general form of today, the modern novel. So again to the question: Should the priest write novels? Surely, if he can.

From the day since Richardson in answer to the wish of friends put the letters to Pamela into the form of story, English fiction has been developing, sometimes in quality, always in quantity. Today the output of novels is over great. The number who read these books is second only to the number who read the magazines of the month. Any man or woman who has a message to deliver to the world knows that no method can be more efficacious for communicating such message than a popular novel. The question is not here of those writers who see in the publishing of novels, as they see in any form of writing, simply and solely a source of gain. There is a class to whom higher motives appeal, and who earnestly desire to use any legitimate means for the improvement of humanity. Dickens effected many improvements by the vivid portrayal of abuses, because he knew how in the characters of his novels to stir the feelings of his legionary readers. Charles Reade with deliberate purpose set out to remedy evils in society, and with vehemence of style equal to the energy of his labors, he brought about many reforms through the impressions made upon the readers of his fiction. Other writers have maliciously sought to propagate evil through novels; they have succeeded. The novel is a power. In the hands of one gifted as a story-teller it is a great power, a power for good or for evil. As the priest's mission is to promote good, and to remove evil, he has the right, if he chooses, to use the novel to the triumph of virtue, to the deposition of vice.

So few are the priests who have ventured upon this path, that it would seem the great number either lack, not theoretically, but personally, the knowledge of its utility or the skill to use its advantages. Of the few who have ventured into the walks of fiction, some have met with success, more with failure. The results have not been towards the great encouragement of the onlookers. Many who realize what good may be accomplished through novels, and what harm is being done, are awaiting the advent of the true story-tellers (we possess a very limited number) to do that which they desire to see done, while they may not themselves enter into a work for which they lack somewhat of natural aptitude and present leisure. For there are certain elements whose possession is required to the successful telling of a story.

The first and most imperative condition is the ability to tell a story. To place this line after the preceding one may look superfluous. But not so. This first requisite is what many a

would-be novelist lacks, and the result is failure to please the public. The story-telling power is a gift. The gift is Nature's equally with the poet's. Like the poet's faculty, it is capable of much perfection. But unless nature has been bounteous, the art cannot be acquired. Some there are who have believed in themselves, and who have written stories as they supposed. Their readers have discovered only mouthpieces, phonographs wound up to the speaking of essays. A story lives and thrills with its own emotions and powers: a phonograph is listless and not stirring the pulsations of life.

The gift being considered as an indispensable beginning, much must be added to it: a thorough acquaintance with human nature in its general laws and its individual characteristics; the knowledge of men and affairs that only observation and experience can give; the practical intercourse with life in living beings, which will make the printed page absorbing with a reality pervading the fiction and the painted characters. And all this is still but the preparation. Qualities and knowledge and observation and experience with life will not exempt from the application of the conquering force, labor. Here is the test. "It isn't a mere novel," said a statesman speaking of a new book, "it's a section cut out of London life, and presented to the reading public."

And the earnest writer, the man who aims to present the true, the beautiful, and the good to the betterment of his fellow man will give more than a mere novel. He will give of his own force, intelligence, energy, will and labor, and if he have the story-teller's art, the book will be a section cut out of life. And the living readers will of necessity be influenced. Labor is necessary. The novelist must enter into his subject as the man of science into his deep problems. Imagination must abound, but study no less. Reason must be at the helm. The serious mind must hold the imagination and weighed and weighty results of investigation must strengthen the pages that fancy adorns. Devotion to a cause, enthusiasm in the pursuit of an object bring forth all the vitality of a man's nature, establish him the master against every obstacle, stir up all his physical and spiritual enterprise, and make him live in his study and pursuit. When Charles Reade "had some particular subject on his mind, he got into his possession every evidence bearing on it of which he could lay hold. He collected Blue Books, newspapers, pamphlets, treatises, statistics, he ransacked far and wide for documentary evidences and opinions; nothing came too heavy or too light to be stored up as part of his material. He compiled great ledgers of extracts, he filled tome after tome of them, carefully selected and pasted in according to their order; and he thus had made for himself a little library of reference books before he set to work at the story which was to be made up out of all this raw material. No permanent official in a government department could have worked harder to construct a satisfactory case by means of which his chief might meet an elaborate party attack, than Charles Reade labored to accumulate and arrange the material for a single novel, which had for its purpose the exposure of some evil in the legislative or social system." Such labor is admirable. It is not needed to so great a degree on every subject. And it may at times weigh down the story, and hold it in check, rather than spur it into smooth action.

Against the elements requisite for success, there arise for the priest-novelist elements that tend to failure.

He is likely to be no gifted story-teller. Even if there has been originally some natural aptitude in this direction, his ordinary occupation as a counsellor or a preacher is of a nature to make him too discursive, too explanatory, too didactic, too dramatic even.

Of necessity, even when he is a gifted story-teller, this difficulty must arise: shall I put only good people into my books, or shall I be true to life as I see it? He will write to be read, and neither publisher nor people, he is assured, will welcome a story that deals solely with good characters. He may fume and fret against the public taste; he may try to prove that troubles and distress throw shadows enough about virtuous persons to serve as a contrast to their goodness, without the introduction of evil persons; he may deplore the fact that we are ever meeting with evil characters in real life; and he may contend that we should rejoice in consequence when fiction spares us such acquaintances. But in practical results, what shall be his course? In very rare instances he may succeed even while he eliminates the study of evil from his printed page. But in general he will be content if only he can mete out due punishment to villainy, and lead virtue to its fit reward. Due punishment, indeed! For he will ever fear for the effect on his weak-minded readers, to whom the wicked become an admiration, and whose final chastisement is unnoticed, or greeted as the necessary homage of the novelist to virtue. As in life, so practically in all literature, the evil and the good grow together and in the same field. Great is the skill required that in the presentation of life's evils, harm may not come, but good impressions, to the mind and heart of the reader.

The priest finds in his work an obstacle to the writing of fiction. He is so surrounded with the awful and the stern realities of life, that he often fails to realize how their presentation will awaken interest. Much that has grown to him familiar and commonplace would be of absorbing power to hosts of readers, if well presented. And he does not know this, until some one with the hardihood of venture has proved the truth. The priestly author of "My New Curate" has done good work in this, as he has in many other ways, by this story. He has shown that the presentation of what comes under the daily observation of the busy priest will be read by an eager public. No doubt his charming style and his splendid sympathy for the people have been great elements to the success of Father Sheehan's story. But many a priest has the story at hand, and some may succeed if, like this priest in this book, they do not obtrude scholarly attainments, but with the simplicity of truth yield to the genius required for the telling of the story. The novelist must not preach: let him write his story: let the story do its work, and it will, if he knows how to tell great truths and convey useful lessons, while speaking through the words and lives of his characters. The priest when he preaches to the people, is often explaining the familiar truths of the catechism. He does not tell his hearers: "What you need is the catechism. I'm going to expound it to you." He knows too well the antagonism that would arise from the vanity of human nature in those whom he would treat as children.

Honor holds the priest aloof from the writing of fiction. So intimate are the relations of the priest with the inmost lives of the people, so perfect the knowledge he must attain of their frailties, so accurate his acquaintance with their trials, that he is apt to hesitate in putting into type the understanding he has of the ways and doings of the human family. But again here, all depends upon the writer: his tact, his skill, his powers of generalization even while making his individuals real and living. Again, look at "My New Curate." There is a solution of this objection.

On many of our great rivers, the early spring-time witnesses a scene of activity and danger. The ice is breaking up, the running waters are visible, and whatever floats upon the waters is in movement. Now the hardy forestmen have laid aside their axes, their horses are sent abroad, their wagons and sleds lie idle. The hands that wielded the ax now hold the long staff of wood with the bent hook of iron; instead of horses, logs are being driven, and the secure seat of the winter-sled gives way to insecure footing upon the rolling trees. The great boom is started on its course, the currents and the bends of the river, the freshets, and the breaks in the chains upon the logs add danger to work. Labor and excitement control. Shall the river in its whims and its anger break the boom, strand the logs on either bank, make useless the work of the winter woodsmen, or shall the men guide and save the results of their labors?

On the river of life the priests must be workers. They cannot bring the mill to every tree. They can go forward themselves with the onsweep of the river, and they can with life and energy, with activity and peril, direct the great burdens upon the waters of life. To deplore the base evils of fiction is not enough. To encourage the production and the diffusion of excellent novels will bring practical and beneficial results. And to the priest who has the ability, the industry, and the time necessary, the field is broad, over which he may scatter the seed of stories, good in conception, good in presentation, good in the stirring up of noble thoughts and a holy enthusiasm. Because some have failed who were gifted as essayists and scholars, must not discourage him on whom the story-telling gift has been conferred. If he degrade that gift, pity and even scorn await him: if he exercise it well, the great reward of the priestly heart is his, the knowledge that he is doing good.

THE SONG OF A DREAMER.

BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

I am a dreamer. Scorn nor gold
  Allure my eyes from vasts I see;
Hates that loud-hissing serpents hold
  Turn not my face from dawns that flee
  Down thro' wide springtime glades, a-leaf perpetually.

I am a dreamer. Seas and skies
  Rain me rare visions where I stand;
White mornings quivering to their rise
  Speak me; and lo! sometimes His hand
  Blessing new day I glimpse across the adoring land.

Stars that enpharos night, and moons
  That orb in heaven far sanctities,
Storms kindling, and fierce suns at noons—
  In spirit I inhabit these;
  Hearing the dewdrops lift, betimes, low litanies.

I hear, in sighs of leaf and rose,
  Low, murmurous flute-tones warbling clear;
And storm-strung forests high disclose
  Hoar dithyrambs to my listening ear;
  Majestic thunders chant Gregorian chords severe.

From land to land, glad, youth-immersed,
  I fly a free, exulting soul;
Heaven's brooks ofttimes refresh my thirst;
  His prophet, urge I nations whole;
  But O, I hear life's sad pain-cries a priest in stole!

I am a dreamer. Night to me
  Is a dead kingdom of the past;
Dawns of the future—these I see
  Deep-widening to Him, fair and vast,
  Whence He shall build, far on, the morning that shall last.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CANONIZATION.

BLESSED JOHN BAPTIST LA SALLE AND BLESSED RITA OF CASCIA.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

A brilliant Roman summer-sky overhead, a steady tramp of marching feet resounding through stony streets, and a roar of modern traffic—these were the conditions which ushered in the Canonization Day of 1900. Every point of the city was instinct with life—the vigorous life of the peoples of the world, once more assembled within the walls of the world's Mistress to celebrate a Roman triumph; not the triumph of a Cæsar but the eternal triumph of the Church the Cæsars persecuted. As a needle points to the compass the multitudes crowded to St. Peter's; and when sunlight succeeded the gray dawning renewing the daily wonder with which St. Peter's springs upon the world in new youth and beauty, it fell in floods of brightness on a mass of humanity seldom seen assembled together in one place. Soldiers' brilliant uniforms described a graceful curve as they wheeled around the square to form the guard, their arms flashing back the light in a thousand points of brightness. Princely carriages thundered along the rear of the colonnades to the side-entrances; and across the piazza, in solid phalanx, stretched the vast seething crowd of human beings—strangers and pilgrims, Romans and foreigners, religious and laymen, who were presently to fill the mighty temple, emblematic of the Catholicity of the world. Pilgrims were there from every land—pilgrims in costumes curious and beautiful, as well as pathetic and commonplace; but nothing individual stood out discernible in the black conglomeration—more like flies than human beings—that represented some forty odd thousands of souls.

It was but the first of the series of impressionist pictures into which the day was divided; standing out in my recollection like soft-toned acquarelles,—the scene in the square in the early dawning, the scene in the church, the papal procession and the evening illumination—their living,

These photographs were reproduced in the special number of the "Voce della Verita" of Rome.

moving, human interest filled in with a glory of light and color and a background of noblest lines of architecture befitting the occasion they celebrated. But to descend to details. The side-entrances of the church (through which the Tribune seats were reached) were likewise crowded with an eager throng; and the sacristy door under a picturesque archway, leading to the staircase of Pius VI. fairly blocked with people, calling out to the inexorable guardians entreaties to open, in various languages. Every moment the numbers increased, until it was impossible to move hand or foot; and one pictured with horror what the rush would be presently when the doors were opened. It was a well-dressed crowd too; black-veiled ladies and frock-coated men mingled with white-robed, snowy-veiled children looking like miniature brides; Americans, English, French, German, Spanish, Portuguese; but already the list grows too long and the crush more perilous. Seven o'clock struck. There was a movement at the gateway, a creak of the iron hinges as the door slowly swung outward, followed by a stentorian exhortation of "piano" (gently) from the "guardie" and an impetuous rush from the crowd. "God help us!" fervently ejaculated a little white-haired Irish lady near me; "for no one else can in this crowd." Each one thinking his last hour had certainly come, was crushed along without volition towards the central whirlpool and squeezed through the portals till, with a sense of unreality, he found himself once more master of his own actions in the long, cool corridor leading from the Sacristy to St. Peter's. After passing various groups of picturesque gendarmes and papal chamberlains, a quiet coign of vantage corresponding to the Tribune ticket was discovered at last, and I was finally at leisure after the long waiting and the "Purgatorio" on the entrance, to survey the truly marvellous scene spread out in matchless vistas before the sight. It was a scheme of color-harmonies difficult to surpass; so complete being the "ensemble" that one almost failed to realize the amount of separate attention necessarily bestowed on each detail. Not without infinite labor was the herculean task accomplished; and those circles of starry light, those graceful draperies, the standards of the miracles, the Tribunes, and in short the whole architectural arrangement represented weeks of patient labor. For the first time in the history of St. Peter's electricity (provided from the plant in the Vatican gardens) was called in to add its quota to the brilliancy of the decorations. Central-point of the glowing mass of crimson brocade with which walls and tribunes were covered stood out the papal throne in the apse, under the chair of St. Peter; studiedly rich, yet severely simple in effect. The light of the pictured windows above it, with their delicately-colored transparencies, fell full upon the seats reserved for the hierarchy grouped around the Sovereign Pontiff and on the velvet-covered Tribunes of the Royal guests, the Diplomats, the Roman patriciate, and the dignitaries of the papal court. The apse was one blaze of light; from the picture of the Holy Trinity framed in circles of electric light, to the rows upon rows of candles above the mosaic lettering, and the graceful candelabra standing on the window cornices. All through the vast church the radiance was continued, in thousands of candles following the lines of architecture, and rows of lights encircled the dome,

where rosy curtains tempered the sunlight pouring through the windows. Garlands of crystal chandeliers were suspended from the arches; between each one of which from apse to door, hung magnificent tapestry standards representing the miracles of the saints to be canonized, alternated with symbolic figures of the "Virtues." These pictures are one of the characteristic features of a Canonization. Here I noticed the life-like representation of a boy cured of a mortal illness by invoking the aid of Blessed La Salle; there an old man arises from a bed of suffering; the vision of Blessed Rita hovering over his head—the living proofs of the impossible made possible through means of those by whom God manifested His power.

A vista of crimson velvet tribunes filled to overflowing, occupied the space beneath the pilasters of the Dome, leaving the centre around the Tomb of St. Peter and the aisle in the middle of the church free for the passage of the papal procession down as far as the Portico. Every other portion of the vast Basilica was peopled with the ranks of the faithful; and as one looked around from the radiance of the walls to the faces of that far-reaching multitude one realized indeed that this was an occasion unique in our generation. Humanity, an army of humanity everywhere, far as the eye could reach. If their numbers had seemed imposing outside in the great piazza, how much more so here inside the limits of one of the few of the world's edifices capable of containing them. Everything rich, splendid and gorgeous in the treasury of the Basilica was displayed to solemnize the Canonization morning. The statue of St. Peter was clad in the pontifical vestments,—the papal tiara on the head, jewelled clasps glistening on the brocaded cope, and the ring of the fisherman flashing from the bronze hand uplifted in blessing. Cellini's priceless cross and candlesticks surmounted a frontal of embossed goldwork on the papal altar, and soft-toned masses of natural flowers wreathed the balustrades; for even flowers—a rare object in a Roman basilica—were not wanting to this feast of richest color. Incessantly the human picture in its splendid setting changed before us. Now a picket of Swiss guards marched up the aisle with a resounding clash of steel, their uniforms dazzling as a ray of sunshine; then a detachment of the Palatine guard, and the magnificent Pontifical gendarmes, towering like giants above their fellows. Finally, in a flash of splendid accoutrements the officers of the Pope's noble guard excited general admiration as they took their stand on guard around the papal throne. Still we waited. The clocks chimed out the hour of eight, then its quarter; and then came the sounds of chanting. The procession had started from the Sistine Chapel and was traversing the "Scala Regia" and the Portico. All eyes turned instinctively to the open doorway of the church, but as the chant went on, slow and measured, the singers still remained invisible, till at last, almost unexpectedly, the forerunners of the great procession entered St. Peter's. The familiar habits of the Christian Brothers led the way, walking two by two with lighted candles, and bearing before them a plain wooden cross. "I carissimi!" murmured the crowd as they passed; for under the familiar title of the "most beloved" are the black-robed sons of

La Salle, known by the Roman people. among whom they have long made their home. Surely every country in the world must have sent its representatives of the Order to share in the triumph of their saintly founder; and joy and satisfaction were clearly visible on the good Brothers' faces. For this day alone the papal procession had changed its order of precedence, and the Religious Orders of Penitence had yielded the place of honor to the Christian Brothers and the Augustinians. One order after another followed in long array: Capuchins, Franciscans, Carmelites, Servites, Minims, Conventuals, Recollects, Passionists, Dominicans, etc., in their beautiful picturesque habits, the candlelight illuminating the downcast faces and tonsured heads as they slowly pass along to the strains of the "Ave Marie Stella"; white-robed Cistercians and Olivetanes, Trappists, Canons-Regular of the Lateran, forming a startling contrast to the black-robed Benedictines; they come and still they come; the secular clergy following the Regular—The College of Parish Priests, Canons belonging to the Collegiate Churches, the clergy and chapter of all the Basilicas, the Vice-gerent of Rome with his staff of dignitaries, and the members of the Congregation of Rites—a mass of glowing violet and purple, of snowy surplices, of jeweled crosses and basilica standards; for each basilica carries its distinctively beautiful standard. As the defile passed through the church to the apse, each order, basilica and chapter took their places in the seats reserved for them; those of the Augustinians and the Christian Brothers being especially near the altar. At last an exclamation ran through the crowd of "Y Santi" (The Saints), and in the doorway appeared two splendid, almost colossal banners exquisitely painted—the standards of the new saints. The first is that of Blessed Rita of Cascia, surrounded by the Augustinian Monks. Their torches shed a strong light on the pictured presentment of the humble religious, kneeling before her crucifix in prayer; a thorn from the crown-pierced Head striking her brow with the supernatural wound the saint carried till death; groups of child-angels scatter above her fruit and flowers,—symbols of the roses of eternity to replace the earthly thorns. One longs to know more of the life-history of this holy woman, so comparatively unknown to our busy world,—a life spent for God in the retirement of the Umbrian hillsides amid a people whose decendants now walk so proudly behind the banner of the "Saint of the Impossible." On the other side of the standard is portrayed another miraculous occurrence in the life of Blessed Rita; her reception into the Augustinian Convent through the heavenly intervention of her patron saints, St. Nicholas, St. Roch and St. John the Baptist. The two saints of to-day's ceremony were wonderfully illustrative of the variety of sanctity in the Catholic Church—one the type of the contemplative and the other the type of the active life. None the less beautiful in its conception and execution than the standard of Blessed Rita, is that of the Founder of the Christian Brothers, borne by his spiritual children. The well-known benevolent features of the Blessed La Salle stand out prominent in the painting among the group of attendant brothers. On one side of the banner St. La Salle is represented as making his solemn vows; on the other in the midst of the

young souls he loved to instruct—this last picture splendidly embodying the whole life-work and spirit of the saint, and of the Order which has done such marvellous educational work in many generations and many lands. The cynosure of all eyes was the Duke La Salle—the representative of the saint's family, who bore the gold cords of the banner. As the tall military-looking gentleman passed us by, we looked curiously to see if we could trace any resemblance between his well-cut features and those of the saint on the banner above him.

Slowly the heavy standards passed out of sight but still the ranks of the Church incessantly advanced; Papal Chaplains, Papal Chamberlains, Procurators of Religious Orders, Pontifical Cantors, Prelates of the Papal court, the Auditors of the "Holy Rota" and of the "Segnatura," Penitentiaries of the Basilica, the Master of the Sacred Hospice, the prelates Mitre and Tiara-bearers, the mitred Abbots; all in robes and vestments producing such color-combinations as fairly to dazzle the eye. Only one somber hue struck the note of contrast—the papal preacher in his Franciscan habit and the papal confessor in the black robes of an Augustinian. One began to think the cortege must be nearly at an end when the first detachment of bishops set foot within the portals—the beginning of the four hundred episcopal dignitaries of every land who walked before Leo XIII in the Canonization procession of 1900. At that moment only, when the Bishops commenced to enter the Church, did the Pope assume the pontifical vestments in the Sistine Chapel, preparatory to descending into the Church. To give an idea of the length of the procession, it is enough to state that it took more than an hour and a half for all to reach their places around the altar.

Two by two, in cope and mitre, the pastors of the Church defiled before the Tomb of Peter, from whence they receive their Pallium of office, Eastern Patriarchs in vestments of Oriental magnificence contrasting with the simpler, yet rich raiments of the Bishops of the West. Orientals, Latins, Anglo-Saxons; racial types under the snowy mitres widely varied as the nations they represented; as for example our American Archbishop Corrigan or Bishop McDonnell, seen side by side with a Portuguese Patriarch, a Polish prelate or an Armenian bishop. America's hierarchy was well to the fore in the imposing defile; and one heard many a patriotic American pilgrim pointing out with pride to their foreign neighbors, their respective bishops with their attendant priests. The long array of cardinals followed the bishops, then the immediate members of the papal court, and then the crown of all the splendour that had gone before—the golden canopy of papal state covering Pope Leo XIII. Only a worn aged form, with a pathetic sadness of feature and expression, leaned against the stately gestatorial chair. By rights it seemed as if the tiara, the gold vestments, the crimson-clad bearers, and the rich court uniforms of his entourage, must have overwhelmed and eclipsed the personality of the frail venerable figure; Pope Leo XIII stood out above it all; majestic in spite of frailty—the fit successor of a long line of sovereign Pontiffs. The realization of this, as well as human sympathy for the Holy Father's isolation, reached the heart of the people; and a muffled roar of the forbidden enthusiasm crept

through the multitudes; to be merged as the injunctions to silence were remembered, into the cadences of the "March of the Silver Trumpets," which rang through St. Peter's with such a triumphant, yet rejoicing note, as the cortege passed up the Church to the throne. In silent prayer the Pope knelt before the altar, then ascended the throne to receive the homage of the hierarchy; while the choir sang Palestrina's beautiful Ascension Day mottett "Ye Men of Galilee."

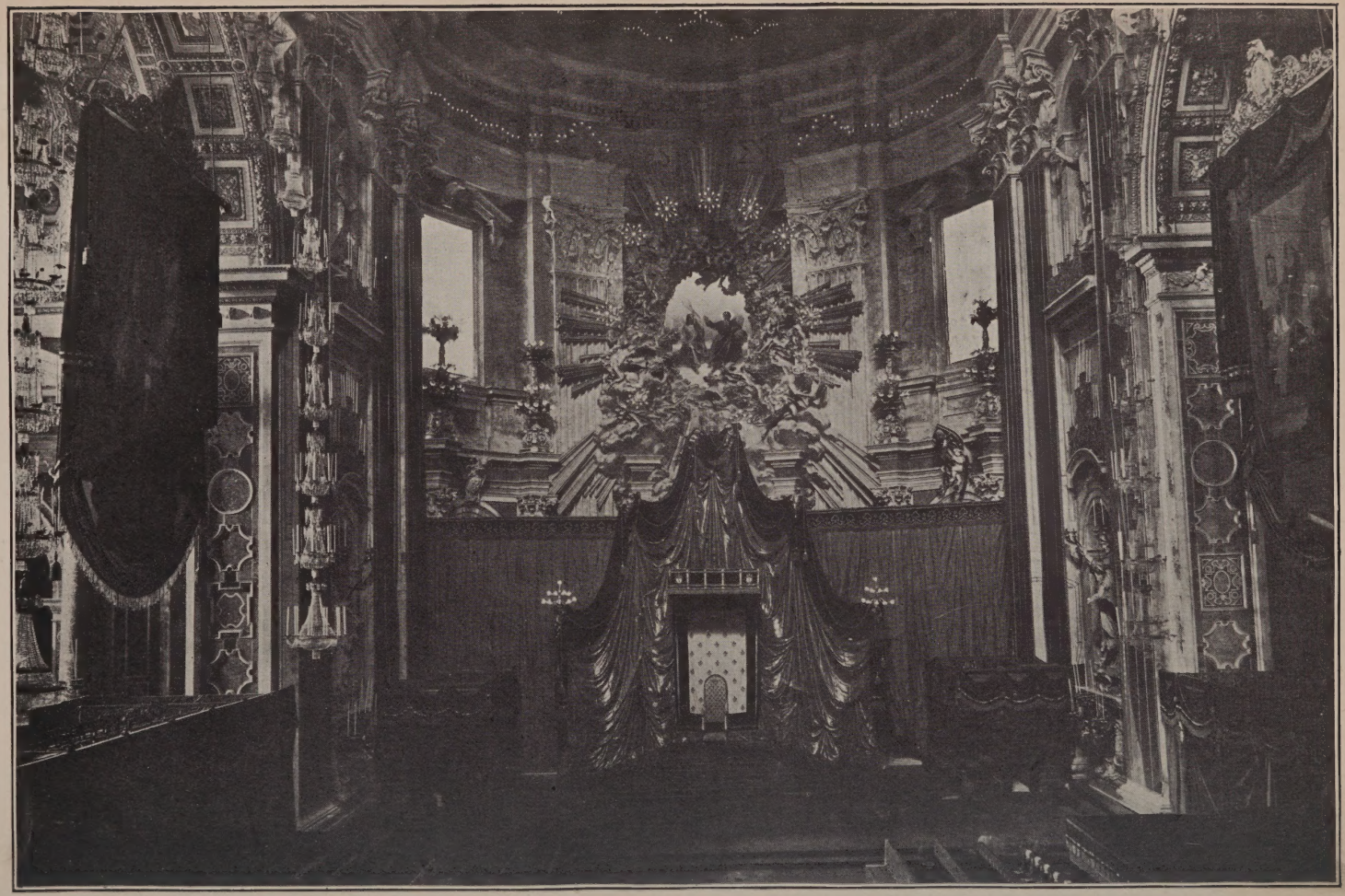
Then ensued the solemn rite of canonization. The Sovereign Pontiff in cope and mitre remained seated on the throne; and the first "Instance," or demand for the Canonization of Blessed Rita of Cascia and Blessed John Baptist La Salle was made, by the Cardinal Procurator of the Cause and the concistorial advocates, escorted by the pontifical Masters of Ceremonies. The Secretary of Briefs standing by the throne responded in the name of the Pope, and declared the desire of His Holiness to implore the aid of God and of the saints before deciding upon an event so important in the Church; though altogether realizing the heroic sanctity and virtues of the candidates for canonization. The Litany of the Saints was then entoned, and at its conclusion the Cardinal Procurator's procession again approached the throne, and bowing low made the second request for the Canonization; upon which the Pope, still deferring the final decision, descended from the throne, to kneel at the foot of the altar surrounded by the hierarchy, when His Holiness entoned the "Veni Creator" to beg the light of the Holy Ghost; all joining in singing the hymn. When the Pope had returned to the throne again on the conclusion, the Cardinal Procurator made the third instance, which is curiously varied in the three applications by the formula of words,—the first time the word "Instanter" being used, the second time "Instantius" and the third time "Instantissime."

A short pause, and all the Cardinals, Patriarchs, Bishops and dignitaries arose in their places to listen, standing to the papal decree of Canonization, pronounced by Pope Leo XIII with unspeakable solemnity, reverence and authority. Blessed Rita of Cascia and Blessed John Baptist La Salle, after long and serious deliberation and the imploring of Divine help, and the counsel of the heirarchy, were defined and decreed to be of the number of the saints; in honor of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, for the exaltation of the Christian religion and by the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and by the papal authority. Their names were inscribed in the catalogue of the saints, and in all the Church it was established that their memory be celebrated with devotion on the anniversary-day of their birth. The assistants advanced and removed the mitre from the head of the Pope, and Leo XIII stood at the throne, bareheaded, his voice vibrating as he entoned the "Te Deum," to bid the Church rejoice that two new confessors had gained their crown. The bells of St. Peter's burst forth in a joyous peal for the Canonization ceremony accomplished. Then a tumult of bells awoke over the whole city of Rome, unheard and unnoticed in St. Peter's alone; for there the human voice of a "multitude of tribes and peoples" sang the "Te Deum" in a mighty roar, overpowering all other

sounds. Begun by one feeble quavering voice, the chant rose and fell, powerful beyond description; words and harmony one grand act of faith, "Tu te Domine speravi non confundar in aeternam." The final ceremonies were accomplished; the Postulators of the Cause had thanked the Sovereign Pontiff for the decree; the Protonotaries-Apostolic, called upon by the concistorial advocates, witnessed the deed of canonization. The new saints were invoked in the responsary and prayer; and after the recitation of the "Confiteor" by a Cardinal-Deacon, mentioning the names of the newly-canonized; the Sovereign Pontiff, first pronouncing the absolution, arose and solemnly imparted the Apostolic Benediction to terminate the rite. Then came the celebration of Pontifical High Mass by the Dean of the Sacred College. After the Introit (until which he recites the prayers at the altar) His Holiness assists at the Mass from the throne; rising at the gospel and descending to kneel at the altar at the time of the consecration. But not even during the course of the Mass are the ceremonies peculiar to a canonization over; for at the offertory a series of symbolic gifts are offered to the Sovereign Pontiff. These gifts are the offerings of the Procurators of the Cause of Canonization, presented to His Holiness by the Cardinal Procurator, and carried in procession to the foot of the throne by a Cardinal-Bishop, a Cardinal-Deacon and a Cardinal-Priest. The presentation was one of the most striking ceremonies of the rite, like an old-world picture of solemn pontifical state, taken from the pages of some illuminated missal. The crimson robes of the Cardinals, borne behind them by purple-clad attendants, the violet of the masters of ceremonies, and the contrast between the religious habits of the Christian Brothers and Augustinians, and the velvet and lace of the gentlemen-in-waiting who carried the gifts, were in themselves a study,—the centre-point of the picture being the figure of the venerable Pontiff, as he bent from the splendor of the throne to receive the gifts from the kneeling Cardinal. These were great painted wax candles, which signify Our Saviour enlightening the world; beautiful gilt and silver cages, containing respectively snowy doves and turtle doves, emblems of the peace of the fidelity of the souls of the just; gold and silver loaves of bread, in token of the heavenly nourishment of saints on every virtue; gold and silver barrels of water and wine, which mystically represented baptism and sanctifying grace; and finally, most beautiful of all, a large gilded cage full of various song-birds, the fluttering of whose tiny wings denotes the eternal heavenward aspiration of sanctified souls.

Seldom, on the occasion of any papal function, has the music of the papal choir, severe yet beautiful, been more perfect, or more in keeping with the most solemn of ecclesiastical rites. Boy-voices in the Dome, clear as those of the birds escaped from their golden cages, struck a gladder note than that of the Gregorian severity of the choir; and all through the Offertory and at the "Sanctus," the singers wove their intricate harmonies. Then came silence—the unbroken silence of the Consecration—followed by the presentation of arms at the Elevation. Seen through the faint haze which pervaded the church, as the smoke-wreaths mounted slowly upwards from lifted censers the scene was not soon to be forgotten in its solem-

STANDARD OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST LA SALLE CARRIED AT THE CANONIZATION.



THE PAPAL THRONE, THE PICTURE OF THE TRINITY, AND THE STANDARDS OF THE SAINTS AS THEY APPEARED AT THE CANONIZATION.
Showing also the electric lights used for the first time in St. Peter's.

THE TOWN OF CASCIA, IN UMBRIA, WHERE ST. RITA WAS BORN.

nity—the Sovereign Pontiff and the multitude in adoration; the saluting army on bended knee; and above it all the throbbing of the invisible Silver Trumpets, wailing in tremulous staccato the pathetic measures which are an embodiment of homage and adoration. It seemed as if one awoke from a dream when the Mass had ended and the Pope once more appeared on the gestatorial chair in the midst of the returning procession. A smile dwelt on the Pope's features as he moved slowly along; and this time the enthusiasm went unchecked. The religious rite was over and Leo XIII was in St. Peter's for only a few brief moments more; soon to be hidden from his people's view within the gateways of the Vatican; so they cheered incessantly in a very thunder of "vivas." "Il Santo Padre" is ninety years old, God bless him, and we may never see him again in St. Peter's" said a veteran Roman in the crowd; and probably that was the sentiment that moved the thousands, and made them follow the chair with their eager gaze, unmindful of the hierarchial pomp around him. The great event was over; the rainbow hues of moving color had faded from the picture, and we turned reluctantly away; from the candle-radiance of the interior to the noonday sunshine of the piazza, where the crowds unable to assist at the morning celebration took our place; thronging the brilliantly-lighted Basilica till twilight, and drinking in with their beauty-loving eyes, the splendor of the church that is their proudest boast. The heart of the "popolo" is with St. Peter still; and all sorts and conditions of men, as well as equipages, came and went over the Bridge of St. Angelo on that memorable day. The humblest peasant's cart from the country and the shably hired "vettura" of the stand jostled the bril-

STANDARD OF ST. RITA OF CASCIA, CARRIED AT THE CANONIZATION.

liantly enamelled state-coach of Prince Massimo with its powdered footmen in gorgeous liveries (only used on pontifical state-occasions), or the quieter though no less elegant carriage, bearing the heraldic device of the historic "column" on a single shield—the motto of the Hereditary Prince Assistant of the Holy See. By evening, when night began to fall over the Church, and the Piazza with its throngs, another picture, illuminated by the soft light of thousands of torches and lanterns, stood out revealed to view; facades and colonnades of St. Peter's gleamed through the darkness jewelled in airiest architecture; and the night-picture rivalled that of the day. The hum of a great multitude filled the air; coming and going; nay even resting on the steps of the colonnades; in loving familiarity under the shadow of the Dome which has been theirs from childhood and has sheltered them like a mighty mother. Those who have seen Rome on the occasion of a solemnity like the present have seen the city's heart; and in spite of the discouragement, disheartenment and weariness of the "things that be," one feels the triumph of the eternal over the temporal, even under conditions adverse. Few are the celebrations whose gladness finds an echo in the furthest ends of the earth; but the Church's heroes know no place or country; and the poorest chapel of the Catholic world rejoiced with Rome on Ascension Day, in the spirit of the Communion which marks the universality of the Church.

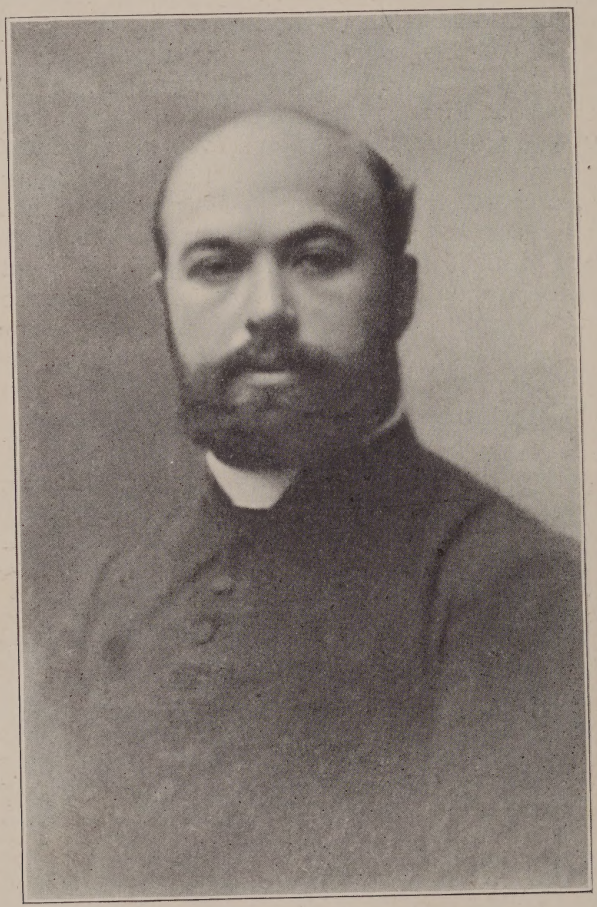
THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S, DECORATED FOR THE CANONIZATION.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The new bishop of Tucson, Arizona, the Rt. Rev. H. Granjon, D.D., is a very scholarly churchman. He speaks French, Spanish, English and Italian, and during his missionary work in various parts of the world he has found these linguistic attainments to be of the highest service. His missionary zeal is of an extraordinary character. It was with the utmost reluctance that Dr. Granjon accepted the promotion to the see of Tucson, and he only submitted when made to realize that efforts to decline were vain and would have no effect.

His consecration took place in the Cathedral of Baltimore, Sunday, June 17.



RT. REV. HENRY GRANJON, D.D.

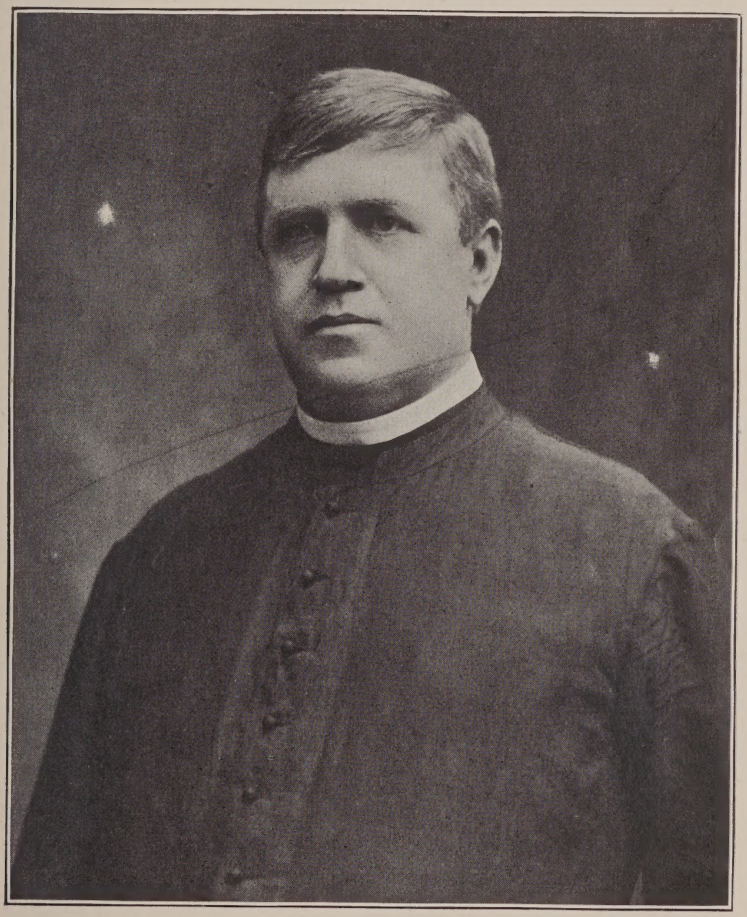
Bishop Granjon was born in France, at St. Etienne, Loire, June 15, 1863, his father being an architect in that city. He made his classical studies in the college of the Marist Fathers, at St. Chamond, Loire, at the close of which he spent one year traveling in Europe.

In 1882 he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and in the fall of 1887 was sent to Rome to finish his theological studies. He was ordained a priest in Lyons, Christmas, 1887, and graduated from the Universities of "the Apollinare" and "the Minerva" in Rome, as Doctor in Divinity, and Doctor in Canon Law, in 1889, and as Doctor in Philosophy in the spring of 1890. The young

priest volunteered to go as a missionary to the Vicariate Apostolic of Arizona upon invitation of Bishop Bourgade, the Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, who was in Europe recruiting missionaries, and left Europe in the fall of 1890 for his new field.

Under his administration the receipts of this Association rose from $30,000 to $70,000.

The priest in whose charge are the Catholic officers, cadets, and soldiers of the military post at West Point may be



REV. C. G. O'KEEFE.

He was at once appointed pastor of Tombstone; later transferred to Flagstaff; then to Prescott (Arizona). He built several chapels in those various missions.

Bishop Granjon is especially interested in work among the Indians, who number 25,000 in the diocese of Tucson.

In 1897 he was requested by the Sulpician Fathers to take charge of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, to be reorganized in the United States.

considered a national character, and the position which he holds cannot but be of considerable importance. Whatever doubt might fall upon these statements, the present pastor of West Point has completely set aside by his achievements during the past ten years. Rev. C. G. O'Keefe is today of national fame. Single-handed he carried on a struggle which secured for Catholic army people at West Point a handsome chapel. His sociability and tact first won the per-

mission of the military authorities to build, while his courage and persistence defeated the bigots who tried to hinder the erection of the chapel.

The history of this chapel is instructive reading, as it affords an insight into American conditions, with which all earnest citizens ought to be acquainted. When the military authorities granted to Father O'Keefe permission to build, and also a particular site on the parade-ground, the condition was that the Catholics should build a handsome edifice at their own expense and then hand it over in perpetuity to the Government for the use of Catholic officers and soldiers. The condition was accepted. As soon as it became known to certain of the sects that the chapel was to be built, a howling crusade was started in some of their journals against this attack of Rome upon the bulwarks of American liberty. Letters poured in upon the President, denouncing him, threatening him, and abusing him for his consent to this impious transaction. The wires were

VERY REV. DR. KEANE, O. P.

pulled out of shape in the endeavor to get all possible influence to bear upon Mr. McKinley. He yielded to the outcry, and instructed his Catholic attorney-general to find a legal reason why the chapel could not be built. Judge McKenna, with promptness, found the reason, and the fight was transferred to Congress, where a bill was introduced to empower the Catholics to build their chapel. The struggle in Congress was so bitter and determined that at one time it looked as if the matter would have to be indefinitely postponed. In this emergency Father O'Keefe sent a circular letter to all the pastors of the country, asking them to appeal directly to their immediate representatives in Congress in behalf of the bill. A large number of priests complied with the request, and finally a majority was found to support it, the President signed it, and the bigots were routed.

While this struggle was going on, Father O'Keefe kept up the work of collecting funds, soliciting help in the various parishes of the diocese, and interesting the wealthy. In this way he secured the whole sum required, about $30,000. and was able to turn the chapel over to the government on the day of its dedication. Father O'Keefe is now in the prime of life, being about forty-five years old. He made his college course in Emmettsburg, and his theology in the Roman Seminary, where he was ordained about twenty years ago. On his return from Rome he volunteered to found a church in the Bahamas, which was successfully done. For the last ten years he has been in charge of West Point.

Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P., Prior of St. Mary's monastery, Tallaght, is regarded in Ireland as the successor of the immortal Father Burke, and his services as a preacher on great occasions are in constant demand. Doctor Keane is still a comparatively young man, having been born in county Waterford in 1851. When but twenty-three years of age he took his degree as doctor of divinity, and forthwith became professor in the seminary at Clonliffe. After a period of traveling on the continent he became a Dominican in 1884. Sir Edward Russell, editor of The Liverpool Daily Post, was so struck with Doctor Keane's oratorical powers that he made the great Dominican the subject of a special article in his influential paper. Describing the man and his manner, Sir Edward Russell wrote: "Garbed in white flannel and black serge, which even among those who know little of Roman Catholic preaching, is associated with memories of pulpit power, there stood up on Sunday at St. Vincent de Paul's, in St. James street, a Dominican friar more like Hugh McNeile in voice, manner and effect than any preacher that has been heard in Liverpool for many years. The magnificent voice was as fine as McNeile's, and we all know what that means."

There is a possibility that American Catholics may have a chance before long of listening to this eloquent successor to Father Burke.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY AND THE COLORED RACE.

O, blood of the people! changeless tide, through century, creed and race!
Still one as the sweet salt sea is one, though tempered by sun and
place;
The same in the ocean currents, and the same in the sheltered seas;
Forever the fountain of common hopes and kindly sympathies;
Indian and Negro, Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Latin and Gaul-
Mere surface, shadow and sunshine; while the sounding unifies all!
One love, one hope, one duty theirs! No matter the time or ken,
There never was separate heart-beat in all the races of men!"
"There is only one test of contract: is it willing, is it good?
There is only one guard of equal right: the unity of blood;
There is never a mind unchained and true that class or race allows;
There is never a law to be obeyed that reason disavows;
There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster,
The master shall drop the whip, and the slave shall enslave the master!"

—From "*Crispus Attucks.*"

"If I were a colored man I should use parties as I would a club—to break down prejudices against my people. I shouldn't talk about being true to

any party, except so far as that party was true to me. Parties care nothing for you only to use you. You should use parties; the highest party you have in this country is your own manhood. That is the thing in danger from all parties; that is the thing that every colored American is bound in his duty to himself and his children to defend and protect.

"I think it is as wicked and unreasonable to discriminate against a man because of the color of his skin as it would be because of the color of his hair. He is no more responsible for one than for the other, and one is no more significant than the other.

* * * * * *

"I spent two days in Nashville, and every hour I saw things that made me feel that something was the matter either with God or humanity in the South; and I said going away, "If ever the colored question comes up again as long as I live, I shall be counted in with the black men."

"Social equity is based on principles of justice; political change on the opinion of a time. The black man's skin will be a mark of social inferiority so long as white men are conceited, ignorant and prejudiced. You cannot legislate these qualities out of the whites—you must steal and reason them out by teaching, illustration, and example."

* * * * * *

"At worst, the colored American has only a century or so of degrading civilized tradition and habit to forget and unlearn. His nature has only been injured on the outside by these late circumstances of his existence. Inside he is a new man, fresh from nature—a color-lover, an enthusiast, a believer by the heart, a philosopher, a cheerful, natural, good-natured man. I believe the colored American to be the kindliest human being in existence. All the inhumanities of slavery have not made him cruel, or sullen or revengeful. He has all the qualities that fit him to be a good citizen of any country; he does not worry his soul today with the fear of next week or next year. He has feelings and convictions, and he loves to show them. He sees no reason why he should hide them. He will be a great natural expression if he dares to express the beauty, the color, the harmony of God's world as he sees it with a negro's eyes. That is the meaning of race distinction—that it should help us to see God's beauty in the world in various ways."

* * * * * *

"As I said in the beginning, so long as American citizens and their children are excluded from schools, theatres, hotels, or common conveyances, there ought not to be, and there is not among those who love justice and liberty, any question of race, creed, or color; every heart that beats for humanity, beats with the oppressed."

[From an address delivered by John Boyle O'Reilly to the colored men of Massachusetts.]

THE COLORED RACE AND THE RECENT CONFERENCE.

"Bourke Cockran in Alabama."

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

An encouraging sign of the times, amid many discouraging ones, was the reception given by the Northern press to the address delivered in May, before the Southern Society for the Promotion of the Study of Race and Condition Problems in the South, at Montgomery, Alabama, by the Hon. W. Bourke Cockran. Surprise, dissent and condemnation have been everywhere expressed. Even among the Southern papers earnest protests have found utterance.

Aside from the inconsistency of the orator who, fresh from his magnificent appeal in Faneuil Hall, for justice to the outraged Filipinos, could yet plead for the oppression of colored Americans, the wrongfulness and futility of the plan proposed were glaringly manifest. To disfranchise any citizens of a republic is to disarm them of their most potent weapon of defence and reduce them to practical servitude. For how can men maintain their personal and political rights when deprived of a voice in their own government?

In the full text of Mr. Cockran's speech, printed in the Montgomery Advertiser of May 12th, amidst the advocate's cloud of words which befog and obscure the principles at issue, there are certain propositions laid down destructive of self-government. It would be cruel to contrast them, side by side, with his glorious declarations in Boston, but the sophistry of his main contention may be pointed out in the brief space allowed your contributor.

The sole object of Mr. Cockran's pilgrimage to Alabama was to advocate the repeal of the 15th amendment to the constitution. By this just and memorable enactment the political disability of color was removed from a long-suffering and oppressed race. Its members had never betrayed the Union nor raised violent hands for its destruction. On the contrary, they were faithful and essential aids in its salvation. To have denied them the suffrage while bestowing it upon the men who fought for years to destroy the government and perpetuate human slavery, would have revealed the monumental ingratitude of a people toward their saviors. For without the help of the colored men of the South, the empire of Jefferson Davis would have arisen on the ruins of the republic.

Not only was the 15th amendment just, but wise. Disregarded and violated as it has been in many states, it is yet the palladium of liberty to the colored race of the country, and to the whites as well. When that is lost, the freedom of the land is gone, and justice is a lifeless figure. It is justified by wisdom. Under it, in spite of the conspiracy to defraud the negro voter of his constitutional rights, it has been an essential and valuable aid to progress.

It is the fashion for those who have lost faith in democracy to assume that a mistake was made in giving the franchise to the freemen. The true democrat knows that suffrage is the most necessary school for the poor and ig-

norant. Better that the door of every school-house in the South were closed, than that the ballot should be wrested from black hands. With the ballot sacredly guarded, school-houses will, in time, take care of themselves. With its surrender the elemosynary support of southern schools will be made perpetual.

And chivalrous Mr. Cockran, moved with pity and pathos at the wrongs of the brown races in the Philippines, and the burgers of the Transvaal, goes south, the emotions of his Faneuil Hall speech still palpitating, and makes a lawyer's argument to keep in subjection his colored fellow-countrymen! sad and pitiful revelation of blindness or lack of principle! When he lent himself to this service he stabbed, with the same breath, his clients in the Orient and in Africa, not less than the downtrodden in his native land.

He justifies himself by affirming that the colored people in the galleries applauded him. He does not venture to say that they applauded his proposition to repeal the 15th amendment. After such treason to justice it is to be regretted that their self-respect did not suppress every sign of approval when the orator dealt out his rhetorical treacle to beguile them. On the point at issue his reasoning was shallow and unworthy.

Listen to him: "Citizenship does not carry with it the right of protection. What government owes all men is protection, and not a voice in its control." This from the lips of a democrat! Why does citizenship carry with it the right of protection and not of suffrage? Can Mr. Cockran cull from history an example of a disfranchised people who were protected. The United States owe protection to the Indian and the Chinamen. Have these disfranchised races ever received it? To ask the question is to answer it?

"Government owes all men protection." What is government in a democracy? The power that rules by the consent of the governed. If all citizens have not a voice in its control, it is a sham democracy. Self-government is simply the government of the people by themselves, wherein rights and duties are co-equal. Burke Cockran puts the instrument of the people in the place of the master; but governments live by sufferance of the people, not the people by permission of the government. In his travesty of democratic principles the cart is put before the horse.

The Montgomery Conference was not held in vain. It has demonstrated the fact that the 15th amendment is not to be assaulted with impunity, and, sorrowfully be it said, has also revealed to us in a friend whom we trusted as the champion of democracy, a soothsayer and aristocrat.

"The 15th Amendment is a Dead Letter."

BY PATRICK FORD, EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORLD, N. Y.

The result of our Civil War made freemen of four million slaves in the Southern states. The act of freedom, which was military, did not clothe them with the right to vote. That was done by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and reads as follows: "The rights of citizens of the United States shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of

servitude." This act is known as the Fifteenth Amendment.

And now there is a movement in the South looking to the repeal of the 15th amendment, and to limit the franchise to those who shall favorably respond to such conditions as shall be submitted to them. Three States (Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina) have already taken action by imposing educational and property qualifications. Georgia has decided to let the negro retain his vote.

In the examination of this subject two questions present themselves: One is purely legal, and the other is of a practical character. The legal and technical may be left to the lawyers; but the practical consideration of the matter concerns us all, and we should all, with sober minds and honest intentions, endeavor to form intelligent views respecting it.

It is a serious matter, certainly, to talk of disfranchising any class of men, or any individual, not convicted of crime. If the black man is deprived of the vote to-day, why may it not be in order to abridge the political rights of white men to-morrow? Prejudice should be subjected to reason. The denunciation of the "nigger hater" should be allowed to pass as the idle wind. We cannot do wrong without paying the penalty soon or late. Now, what is the right thing to do in the circumstances? If the working of the 15th amendment answers the question affirmatively, it ought to stand; if it includes a just principle, but is defective in its makeup, let it be amended, but if its operation has not resulted in good, and is not likely to do so, but on the contrary, is harmful, why, then, it is clear that the 15th amendment ought to be repealed.

I am of opinion that the 15th amendment ought to be repealed. It does not work satisfactorily, nor has it ever worked satisfactorily. A generation has passed since the negroes of the South were enfranchised by law; but to-day the status of the black man, civil and political, cannot be said to be materially improved. Certainly the relation between the races has not been improved, and until a better feeling shall have taken the place of the existing bitterness, the negro's future promises but little hope. The 15th amendment is a dead letter.

The 15th amendment was conceived in a partisan spirit and for partisan ends. It was a blow at the South when the South was down. Those who put the ballot into the hands of the negro masses, grossly ignorant as they were, at the same time disfranchised thousands of educated white men, the former masters of those negroes. The insult rankled in the heart of the white man of the South, and its memory is bitterly treasured in the South to this day. The 15th amendment was ratified with the assistance of twelve Southern States, under such conditions, when their legislatures were run by "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers" from the North, who flocked thither, not in the interest of the colored brother, but to loot and pillage under cover of law for themselves. The reign of the carpet-bagger is over, but the evil legacy he has left behind, the enmity he sowed between the negroes and the whites, has not yet passed away. But it is passing.

A brighter day, we believe, will dawn for the South, a better feeling will grow between white and black, without intermeddling from outsiders. God speed that day!

"The Southern Man in the Open."

BY BUTLER R. WILSON.

A prominent lawyer, and one of the leading colored men of Massachusetts.

The Montgomery Conference was productive of two good results. It showed just what the Southern white man thinks of the black man, and it gave some evidence that the former is awaking to the fact that if the race problem is to be solved right it cannot be done by the white man of the South without some help.

It was hardly to be expected that the hatred, prejudice and injustice of centuries would give way and make the Montgomery platform one of free speech and fair representation. But it is a distinct gain to have the issue clearly defined and to have the Southern white man come into the open and be willing, for even a single occasion, to lay aside the bowie knife and lyncher's rope and state his case to the public. For both of these results the negroes' "all hail" is hearty and deep, and with serene confidence in the outcome he is ready for the most searching investigation, and replies to the Montgomery platform "turn on the light."

The negro has been sweet-tempered, patient and long-suffering. He has been consistent in his desire and effort to return good for evil. In his short, and sometimes ludicrous career as a lawmaker, he removed not a single penalty for anything the world calls a crime. He removed no safeguard from society. He never attempted to abridge a single right of the old master class. His inauguration of the public school system of the South, the first in its history, was equitable and just to all classes. In politics he has never attempted to limit himself to negro leadership, nor attempted to form a negro party. He has been always ready to confide in white leaders and white parties—his one requirement of both being majority rule.

How he has been hindered, wronged and vilified along all these lines is history. Notwithstanding it all his faith in his ultimate triumph is unshaken and profound because he knows that his cause is the cause of every man who loves liberty.

The faith of the negro in the face of centuries of outrage, suffering and wrong rests upon no shallow foundation of sentiment or mere hope in the fulfilment of human promise but upon all human experience that the established tendencies of civilization can never be reversed. Suffering has made him sensitive to signs. He knows that when the control of reason gives way to passion the catastrophe is sure and not far distant. Shut out from the opportunities and motives which control the shapers of government policies, he is undeterred from going straight to the mark and reasoning that a bad policy today is just as sure to bring bad results as did the bad policy of yesterday.

His misfortunes, the result of evil government, have made him a student of history. His country's history he knows, not from books and academies, but from a long and cruel experience. To him, accustomed to confide his secrets to the forests, the mountains and the stars, the history of the New England Puritan has been a pillar of cloud by day and a flame of fire by night. He has watched this man, handicapped by a sterile soil, long adverse seasons, austere manners, harsh and cruel and illiberal religious views, so often leading to tyranny and op-

pression, advance steadily and permanently, in spite of them all. He has seen, at every stage in the Puritan's progress, an abiding faith in the thorough equality in social and civil rights of all men under the influence of his order. He has seen the Puritan, led by this faith, this genius of his civilization, outgrow the practice of whipping Quakers out of his colony; cease preventing Catholic priests from entering it, and outgrow the sin of holding men in bondage. Under such an inspiration the "Platform of Church Discipline" of 1648 naturally made way for the brotherhood faith, "all men are created free and equal." Following the Puritan system of progress, came sturdy, independent manhood and a robust individuality, and the protection and development of both, which make his Commonwealth the foremost in the world in freedom and equality of rights.

Equally illuminating is that other system of which the negro has been the most outraged of all the victims.

The Southern Patrician starting on even terms with the Puritan was far more liberal, religiously, but was narrow, restrictive and illiberal in his social and civil order. He differed from the Puritan in denying to all, but a selected few coming under his order, its benefits. The corner stone of his government was slavery, the denial of human rights, and, learning nothing, forgetting nothing, forgiving nothing, he made "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect," the shibboleth of his civilization.

How very natural, then, that the inevitable headlines of the chapters of his history should be, "Patrician," "Slaveholder," "Nullifier," "Seceder," "Ballot-box Stuffer," "Race Villifier," and "Lyncher."

The negro saw these two ideas clash in 1861, as they have clashed in all ages and with the same result. It was Puritan faith in social and civil rights against the prejudice and caste of an oligarchy, the New England town meeting against the auction block, the public school against the slave pen, "government of the people, by the people, for the people" against government of the few, for the few and a denial of all rights, both human and divine, to all the rest.

These two ideas have ever carried the same unchanging lesson to the negro. He sees written in the laws and constitution, and practiced by all but nine millions of the seventy millions of his countrymen, the thorough social and civil equality—the blood and spirit of the Puritan's success.

On his bare back, written in his own blood by the lash of the Southern Patrician, he carries the always sure result of his 17th century system of oppression and cruelty which has ever been full of anguish and death to him.

Mr. W. Bourke Cockran, the gift-bearing Greek from New York, sometime defender of the rights of the Cuban and Filipino, tells the negro that the best thing for him to do is to consent to the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, not because all the South, but little more than a bare majority, and but a ninth of the entire nation, who refuse to obey it, desire it, and to trust to the generosity of the Southern white man to accord him his rights. In other words, he advises the negro to consent to have the government taken from the people and given to a few who refuse to be governed, and who boldly proclaim this to be not a country of the people but a white man's country.

In the light of the history of the government as administered in times past by this few, the negro answers, "Yield government by the Constitution for government by passion? No! a thousand times no."

BOSCOBEL.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

An hour later he met Katherine at breakfast. She was the same merry girl of yesterday, but a sweet seriousness seemed to underlie her gayety. Barrington was anxious to see more of her and he begged Madame Paget to delay her journey. But the old lady was determined; she announced her intention of sending to Williamsburg for a coach if her own was not ready in time. She was obliged to get to the palace; she said she would not have her niece miss all the delights of the capital by remaining at Boscobel. She told Barrington that his carpenters and wheelwrights were most inefficient servants. Where were the slaves taught to be skilled workmen in his father's day? She made so many disagreeable remarks that Katherine lost her temper, and going to Barrington with tears in her eyes, she begged him to hasten the work of repair.

"I cannot stay," she cried in answer to his entreaties. "I am mortified by Aunt Paget's rudeness. I will not stay."

"But you will return?" he said, seizing her small white hand. "You will return some day to Boscobel?"

She drew away her hand, and laughing lightly, said,

"Boscobel is a great attraction."

They were interrupted by Betty, who came into the room to question Katherine about a late English pattern. The two girls were soon deep in a discussion which Barrington found impossible to comprehend and so he started to escape, unnoticed, through the window. Katherine spied him as he was leaving and said resolutely, "You must have the coach brought around within the hour. If you do not I shall walk to Williamsburg."

Betty looked at her in mild-eyed surprise. The Master of Boscobel had never been commanded in his life before. He smiled and answered humbly, "Of course, if you desire it," and turning on his high-heeled shoes he stalked to the stables while Betty, who had been suffering the tortures of jealousy ever since her handsome guest's arrival, pleaded bravely with her to remain. If she was relieved in mind when she realized that her invitation was not accepted who can blame her for smiling her satisfaction behind the leaves of the pattern book?

That afternoon as Katherine was about to step into the coach which was to bear her away from Boscobel she saw a bit of paper caught on one of the neighboring bushes. She stooped to pick it up and read aloud the one word,—"Revenge."

"The beginning of a poem?" she laughed, handing it to Barrington. "Finish it and bring it to me." And bidding them all good bye she took her seat beside Madame Paget and they drove away, leaving Barrington in such a dazed condition that he did not think to mount his horse and escort them to the palace.

"A charming girl," said Father Devereaux as they reëntered the house. "I fancy her lot at the palace is not a pleasant one."

"Perhaps," ventured Betty, timidly, "perhaps the other ladies are jealous of her beauty."

"She is very beautiful," said Barrington reflectively. "I wonder—I wonder if she is betrothed to any of the officers at the palace."

Father Devereaux threw back his head and laughed right heartily. Oh! Barrington—Barrington," he cried. "Your sister has been telling me that you do not care for women. But unless a man takes orders I think a single life is a mistake, for a woman's love can spiritualize a man's whole nature, and since you have not been given the grace of a religious vocation—why not marry Miss Katherine Murry?"

Betty was displeased by the mere suggestion. She lifted her small nose in the air and walked out of the room. Barrington only smiled at the abruptness of the question and seemed willing, even anxious, to discuss the matter further.

"I thought," he said, hesitatingly, "I thought that you yourself were interested in her."

The priest's merry laugh again rang out. "Why, Barrington," he said, "where have your wits gone wandering? I am a priest with vows to keep and work to do. I was thinking only of your happiness."

Barrington took some tobacco from the table and filled a pipe, meditatively, then hnded the pouch to the priest.

"Perhaps she, too, has taken vows," he said. "She is a Romanist, like you."

"But she has taken no vows," declared the other, "and though she is a Romanist, as you term it, you would be tolerant of her creed. Do you remember those books I used to read at Oxford, before I turned 'papist'? You were interested in them, too. I think you would have followed me into the Church if you had not stopped your investigations before they were well begun."

"I do not know," said Barrington, blowing a column of smoke into the air. "The Church of Rome seems to be the only one that can withstand the centuries. I believe that its creed is changeless; that almost convinces me of its truth. But if you thought I had no prejudices why did you hesitate before speaking of your rosary last night?"

"Because I did not know what prejudices the years had brought—because I feared you might stop me in my journey. That reminds me, I must be starting. I have loitered long enough."

He got up and went to the door and ordered one of the servants, who was passing, to bring his traveling bag from the room above.

"Do not try to keep me," he said, when Barrington urged him to remain. "I must reach Hanover tonight."

He was firm in his determination and Barrington felt that it would be useless to say more.

Betty, on hearing that her guest was about to take his departure, came out upon the porch in time to see him swing himself into his saddle.

"God bless you," he said, turning to his little hostess. "I have not met with so much kindness in years." Then leaning over his horse's neck he whispered to Barrington: "I'll return to perform the ceremony."

"What ceremony?" said Barrington, not choosing to understand his meaning.

"The marriage ceremony," he answered, and, smiling, he rode away, while Betty returned to the dairy to superintend the butter making, and Barrington sat down upon the steps of the porch to finish his pipe and to think over all that the priest had said.

For the next few days Barrington was in a restless mood. Even his books proved unsatisfying. The memory of Katherine haunted him. He was half angry with himself for being in such a state of mind that he could not rid himself of her image. He saw her resting in his big arm chair. He heard her light laughter in the hallway. Now she was coming through the garden, twining honeysuckle in her hair,—again she was seated at the table and the homely meal became a merry feast. Barrington could not understand himself. He resolved to stay away from Williamsburg until his thoughts became more rational. But while this resolution was forming itself he ordered the drawing-room to be closed, and when a servant began to empty the flowers from the vases on the spinet Barrington objected. So they were left amid the half-burned candles until they withered and their petals fell, covering the place where the Lord of their life had lain.

One night Barrington was sleepless; for hours he tossed upon his high four poster. The moreen curtains of the bed seemed to stifle him. He was suffering from a feverish heat though a cool breeze from the river swept through his room. At the first glimpse of the sun he got up feeling worn, unrefreshed, and undecided how he was to pass the day. As soon as he was dressed he went to the stables and rousing one of the sleepy grooms he had a horse saddled. Leaving a message for Betty, that she was not to worry if he were not home in time for breakfast, he acted upon his first impulse and turned his horse's head towards the road to Williamsburg.

The air was fresh and brought new energy with it. The mists of the morning trailed over the tree tops and shone with opalescent tints; the grasses quivered beneath their shining burdens of dew-drops, and off in the distance came the low cry of the sky lark, an alien on these shores. It sounded a pitiful minor chord in the glad symphony of nature, for it sounded alone. The bird was dying for its nest in the meadow grass from whence ruthless hands had snatched it to bring it across the sea to give it its liberty in a land where it could not live. Its song was now only a protest whispered to the reeds in the river.

Barrington stopped his horse to listen. He had a broad sympathy with all living things and in his present mood the plea of the bird found a mournful echo in his heart, and for a moment he felt the loneliness that only the absence of those we love can bring. Then smiling at his own sentiment, he continued on his way, telling himself that he had no intention of calling upon Miss Katherine Murry so early in the morning, but living in the hope that he might see her passing down the Duke of Gloucester Street.

Two hours hard riding brought him to the little capital. He drew up his horse in front of the Raleigh Tavern, and looked with amazement down the familiar street. It presented a curi-

ous spectacle. The houses were draped in black from cellar to roof; at every window fluttered a dark pennant; funeral bells tolled dismally, and many of his friends, dressed in deepest mourning, hurried past him on their way to Bruton Church. Even the leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh, which stood above the tavern door, wore a hood of black drawn down over his blank eyes. Barrington looked up and laughed at its monkish appearance, then followed the crowd towards the church yard, determined to discover the reason for this ostentatious grief. Tying his horse to the limb of a tree, that stretched over the low stone wall, he pushed his way into the church, thinking to find Katherine seated in the Governor's pew. But the big pew, covered with a red canopy and elevated from the floor, so that all might be edified by seeing the representative of the King pray with proper piety, was empty. Barrington turned away, remembering what day it was, and that as a Royalist he had no place in such treasonable company. But before he could wedge his way through the crowd the parson had begun his sermon.

"Help, Lord, for the goodly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail among the children of men!" The voice was full of fire and followed Barrington reprovingly. The same doubts which he had entertained after his conversation with Mr. Henry in the woods returned to him with renewed force. If Lord North had carried a bill through Parliament which had lulled the colonists into a state of insensibility some years ago, why could he not use his power again to pacify these turbulent people, instead of allowing a day of prayer and fasting, which would certainly tend towards alarming them into a realization of their wrongs.

He had reached the outskirts of the crowd by this time and quickly mounting his horse he went on his way towards the palace, resolved that no one should know that he had entered Bruton church that day.

He had gone but a short distance when he saw the Governor's coach, drawn by six white horses, and there sat Madame Paget and Katherine, riding out in state. Madame Paget wore her gayest bonnet, but Katherine was dressed all in white. As soon as she spied Barrington she ordered the driver to stop the carriage. It was plain to be seen that Madame Paget objected to having her ride interrupted, but Katherine, as usual, carried her point and by the time Barrington reached their side the old lady had made up her mind to receive him graciously. Katherine's manner was bewildering. She greeted him in a tone that was almost tender, and inquired about everyone at Boscobel with such genuine interest that one would have thought she had been away a year and that Boscobel had been her home since babyhood. Later on he understood her kindness, but now he found it difficult to comprehend.

"We are going to some shops if we can find some open," she said at last. "Will you go with us, Mr. Barrington?"

"You are too forward, by far," snapped Madame Paget, turning sharply upon her niece. "Mr. Barrington doubtless has something else to do. Do you suppose he can take an interest in a roquelair?"

"Most certainly," said Barrington, laughing, "for I am sure I never saw one in my life and new sights are always interesting."

"More so than old?" asked Katherine, with a suspicion of coquetry in her tone.

"Of course—"

"Then what a pity it is that we stopped at Boscobel. I shall drive straight on and get my roquelair and put it on so that I may grieve comfortably for the loss of a friend that I thought I possessed."

"How absurd you are," groaned Madame Paget who was exceedingly literal. "A roquelair is a cloak of oiled linen, Mr. Barrington, worn to protect one from the rain, and Katherine compares her tears to a shower. She is never sensible for more than ten minutes at a time."

Katherine received this statement with a dejected expression. "One of the wisest things to do is to learn how to laugh," she said, seriously. "Half the tragedies of life can be bridged with a smile."

"Yes," he said, "humor destroys some of our lesser emotions."

"Don't get epigrammatic," she cried. "I did not expect you to agree with me."

"Why not?"

"Because—because I do not believe in my own statements half the time. I bring them out to see how they appear and then I get a new set to suit the next occasion better. Now, this morning I was going to church; Lord Dunmore objected, and so I remained at home to keep the peace. Why should I not mourn over the wrongs of Virginia? I do not care a fig for the King."

"Hush—hush, my child," entreated Madame Paget. "You are most imprudent. Mr. Barrington is a Royalist. He can appreciate the folly of this treasonable mourning."

"Mr. Barrington should stand by his country," cried Katherine. "If he views the King through his ministers he cannot admire his character. I am not a baby, Aunt Paget. I have studied the political situation. Lord Dunmore is not a coward. I'll grant you that, but he has no judgment and he has not the wisdom to conceal the fact. He should take lessons in deception from me," she added lightly.

Barrington smiled and looked perplexed. It was impossible to know when the girl was in earnest. He had never heard her political views before. Madame Paget had sunk back upon the cushioned seat, too horrified by her niece's suggestions to express an opinion.

"While I hold Boscobel, which was given as a testimony of royal favor," he said, "I must stand by the King."

"And if you lose it?" asked Katherine, breathlessly.

"Then I'll accept the position which you offered, and go teach the Countess and her daughters French."

"Then you had better hasten to the palace to apply for the position," said Madame Paget, bluntly, rousing herself with something like real interest, "for your cousin has arrived from England, and he, of course, is the rightful heir."

Barrington pulled upon his reins so hard that his horse reared up on its haunches. "My—my cousin! Whom do you mean?" he gasped.

Katherine leaned out of the coach, and laid her hand sympathetically upon his coat sleeve. "I—I cannot tell you," she answered, "but I fear it may be so."

"You mean—the—son of my father's—older brother?" he asked. He had summoned all his self-control to meet the emergency. His voice was as calm as if the questions were of no importance.

"I will tell you all I know," said Katherine, and the tears in her eyes were very evident now. "And I hope you will pardon my frivolous mood of this morning, but I did not want to think of your troubles, much less to talk of them, but since Aunt Paget has broken the news I must tell you all I know."

"Yes, tell me! You have seen him?"

"I met him last night for the first time, though he came from England on the Sally Ann more than two weeks ago. He had letters from your uncle to Mr. Richard Lee. You see your uncle did not know that his older brother had died without heirs and so he does not come to claim Boscobel, but to escape from some political party."

"But my uncle! Where is he?"

"He was a very old man, and on his death-bed when he wrote to Mr. Lee. I believe your uncle befriended Mr. Lee's father when they were boys together, and so—so—that is all!" A sob choked her voice.

CHAPTER VI.

THE END OF THE DAY.

Barrington stared at her for a moment in silence, then with an effort he asked, "Why did he not come to Boscobel?"

"Because—there had been a family quarrel," she answered, rumpling up her lace-trimmed handkerchief. "I talked to your cousin for a while last night. He was at the play. We went to see the company of comedians that have but lately come to Williamsburg; they acted Othello. Indeed, it is a gruesome play. I'm sorry that I went to see it for I have felt like crying ever since.—"

To account for her tears by talking of the play was such a palpable deception, that Barrington smiled in spite of himself and then he realized that in forfeiting Boscobel he was relinquishing all hopes of happiness with her besides. His face assumed an ashen hue; the hand that held the reins trembled violently, but the next minute he had regained his composure and he stood ready to meet the inevitable, as strong and intrepid as the old Marquis had been in the brunt of battle.

"I am glad you do not take the matter to heart," said Madame Paget, who usually managed to say the wrong thing. "Your father would have been distressed to death and I don't think you ought to be so indifferent when you remember your sister Betty."

"Oh! Aunt Paget," cried Katherine, too distressed and disgusted to say more. "With all my heart I admire you, Mr. Barrington. Self control is the greatest power after all. Drive on—" she said to the man upon the box. "Good-by, Mr. Barrington. Here comes Mr. Lee down the street. You will want to talk with him. I pray that my statements may prove false." And as the cumbersome coach rolled away Barrington saw her bury her face in her hands and cry as if her heart would break.

Mr. Lee came walking slowly down the street towards the Capitol. His eyes were fixed upon the ground and he was deep in thought. For a moment Barrington felt a hesitancy in intruding his private affairs upon him. He knew that the statesman's mind was troubled by many things for he had broken away from all the traditions of his Cavalier ancestors and he was now acknowledged to be one

of the foremost leaders against the Crown. It was he who had first conceived the scheme of the Committees of Correspondence and lately he had procured its adoption in the House of Burgesses. As he approached, Barrington watched him, noting every trifle as a man often does when the most vital questions of his life are at issue. He regarded with interest the bandage upon Mr. Lee's hand, and then recalled to memory the fact that the owner of "Chantilly" had wounded himself while shooting swans upon the Potomac. Wondering that he should note such trifles at a time when the whole world seemed to be quaking around him he jumped from his horse and accosted Mr. Lee as he mounted the steps of the Capitol.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Barrington. I am on my way to the Assembly Room to get a book which I left there several days ago. Will you come with me? You will find it cooler there than in this hot sun. The place is deserted this time of day."

Barrington acquiesced and giving his horse to a small negro boy to hold he followed Mr. Lee through the wide doorway into the vacant Council Chamber. Sitting down upon the Speaker's dais, which stood under a red canopy, he broached the real object of his visit.

Mr. Lee was prepared for this interview. "There can be no doubt as to the letters being genuine," he said, reluctantly. "You know that my father and your Uncle Charles were friends and they corresponded for some years. I have compared these letters with the letters your cousin brings. I believe that I have two of them in my pocket now— Ah, yes! Here they are. I have questioned your cousin closely. I have tried to disbelieve his statements, but the man brings convincing proof of his identity, and the Captain of the Sally Ann remembers bringing over a person by the name of Charles Barrington. I had intended going to Boscobel to inform you of his advent but I waited hoping that I might prove his story false."

Barrington took the letters and going to the window he studied them attentively. "And where has my uncle been all these years?" he asked at last, nervously refolding the letters.

"I believe he entered the Dutch service. It is certain he never heard of his older brother's death. This man is the only son of your Uncle Charles. He does not come to claim Boscobel, but to seek his fortune in the Colonies. He comes to me because of the friendship existing long ago between my father and his, because, you must know, your Uncles James and Charles quarreled over some trifling matter more than thirty years ago, and both were too proud to make peace."

"But this man,"—said Barrington, impatiently, "Why does he take three weeks before presenting himself to you?"

"He says he has been ill and that he had to lie for some weeks at an ordinary. Even now his face is of a ghastly color and he wears a black patch which but adds to his pallor. He was wounded in a duel before leaving England, and the cut is not yet healed. His figure is like yours, strong, well built, vigorous, but his resemblance to the Barringtons ends there."

"You have been most kind," said Barrington, rising laboriously to his feet, "and I thank you. I will not detain you further. I must go home and make preparations for leaving Boscobel."

"But he does not claim it," cried Mr. Lee.

"But the place is his," returned Barrington, wearily.

"And you—"

"My mother owned a small place down the river. My sister can find a home there while I shall seek employment at the palace."

"In these times!" exclaimed Mr. Lee,—"In these times, when your country is making ready to shake off its slavish shackles, would you turn from her then?"

"I am a Royalist," said Barrington, coolly, "I cannot adopt your political views, and I do not expect to convince you of your errors. I would not make enemies by useless arguments. I thank you again for your kindness."

"I beg of you not to act hastily in the matter," interrupted Mr. Lee. "We will leave politics alone for the present. Do not relinquish your hold upon Boscobel yet, for your cousin's proofs of his identity may not convince a lawyer, though I hesitate before giving you hope." His whole manner expressed the regret he felt at having been made the messenger of misfortune.

Barrington's throat felt hot and dry. He wanted to get out into the air, to ride away into the wooded hills where he could forget that this day was unlike all other days. His loss had awakened in him the love which was but half acknowledged before.

"I believe in your judgment," he said slowly. "My position is not an unusual one. Other men have suffered the loss of property by this law of entail! Believe me, I will take all proper precautions, but the letters you showed me are not those of an impostor. When may I see the others which you have in your possession?"

"Tomorrow, if that will suit you. I am stopping at the Raleigh Tavern. Will you meet me there at eleven?"

Barrington stood by the window; the big room seemed suffocating. "Then I shall be there," he said, clearing his throat. "I thank you again for your solicitude. Good morning —" and he turned to go. But before he reached the door it was opened from outside, and a man dressed in deep mourning and wearing a cocked hat set jauntily over his powdered wig came walking in.

"Mr. Lee, I thought you were alone," he said. "I beg a thousand pardons for interrupting you." He prepared to withdraw

Mr. Lee was plainly annoyed at the man's advent. His presence was an unpleasant climax to a painful interview.

"Come in! come in!" he said, hastily recovering himself. "Allow me to present your cousin, Mr. Barrington."

Barrington received the stranger critically; his body felt weak and nerveless, but he took the hand which the man held out to him, and said. "I—I welcome you, Cousin, to Boscobel."

* * * * *

The transfer of the Boscobel plantation to the long-lost heir, happening at this particular time, created little comment in the colony. Men lived in such a state of suppressed excitement that they could give little heed to individual interests. The Spirit of Rebellion was abroad in the land, and the ominous mutterings of war were heard on every side. Faint hearts grew fearful, the despondent prophesied defeat; even the bravest knew

that the struggle was doubtful. Every day made retreat more impossible, submission more galling; every hour brought them closer to the conflict.

As soon as Barrington was convinced of his cousin's claim he left Boscobel and, accepting the position which Katherine had offered him in jest, spent most of his days at the palace, busy with his work of tutoring, while Betty went to live on the small estate down the river.

Katherine was full of sympathy for them both, but she showed it in a singular manner, for whenever she met Barrington by chance she tried to avoid all conversation with him, and when Lady Dunmore urged her to join the class in French she refused most obstinately. In the meantime she treated his cousin with flattering kindness, and the ladies in the palace, who were not too distracted by the political situation to take an interest in their rival's suitors, could not fail to notice Charles Barrington's assiduous attentions.

"Do you love him, Katherine?" asked Madame Paget, who preferred bluntness to circumlocution.

Katherine was sitting in her own chamber at the palace, embroidering a sampler, when her aunt startled her with this question. She looked up from her work and said: "I love nobody. I was thinking of poor little Betty living so far away."

"With only those servants," said Madame Paget, who delighted in croaking. "Now how can the lordly Mr. Barrington manage to exist with three servants?"

Katherine gave a jerk to her needle and broke her thread. "I believe you rejoice in their misfortunes," she cried, her eyes flashing dangerously. "I think it was very noble of him to give up Boscobel. I can not understand your dislike for him."

Madame Paget had not meant to confess that she had any personal objection to him, but she was not practised in the art of deceit. "La, child!" she said, "A man cannot hold that which does not belong to him. Doubtless he would have kept it if he could. For my part, I never liked the man. Why does he spend all his time poring over dusty books? I like to see a man enjoy manly sports. Mr. Charles Barrington is more to my liking."

Katherine looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"Mr. Charles Barrington is not without his attractions," she said, "but I wish with all my heart that he had remained in England."

"And what good would he have done you there?"

"He has done no good here," she replied, wearily.

Madame Paget looked at her niece suspiciously. "Are—are you in love with that other Barrington?" she demanded.

Katherine laughed aloud.

"Really, Aunt, I don't believe I would tell you even if I knew."

The old lady objected to being laughed at, she sank back in her chair too full of rage to speak.

"I wonder—I wonder I take an interest in you," she said at last. "Charles Barrington owns Boscobel; remember that your Barrington is a pauper."

"My Barrington," exclaimed Katherine. "I was not aware that I owned either of them."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF AN OLD MANSE.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

Some distance south of Mason's and Dixon's line on the Atlantic seaboard is a flourishing little town which has for nearly two centuries been trying to grow into a city, but with only partial success. There seems to be some sectional impediment to the evolution of these southern villages, whether owing to the climate or to the temperament of their inhabitants must remain a disputed question; but as the temperament of any people is determined, more or less, by the climate in which they live, we will suppose that the latitude or altitude of any city advances or retards its growth, and thus relieve natives of all unpleasant sense of responsibility. W——, however, is fast making strides in the right direction and its proud citizens never cease asking each other, in much the same manner that a young mother solicits for her first born the admiration of every transient acquaintance, "is it not wonderful how we have grown?"

About three miles from the city (for such we must call it in order to avoid wounding the sensibilities of its people, some of whom may chance to read this) on the Indian Ferry road, is an avenue of splendid magnolia trees guarding the approach to what has been in other days a grand old mansion of the early colonial type. The entrance opens on the county road and I was first attracted to it one morning in April when I had gone for a drive with my little cousin on a quest for wild flowers.

Springtime in the country! How much of pure joy is evoked by these words. It is then that Nature throws her most inviting glamour over all her works, and pitiful indeed is the soul that fails to respond to her magic spell. The magnolias were not yet in bloom, but here and there a bud, more forward than the rest, peeped forth from its sombre embrasure of heavy green leaves, and as far up the avenue as the eye could reach there blazed alternately a bush of fiery japonicas and graceful bridal wreath—the long sprays of the latter, heavy with bloom, looking in the distance like banks of snow glistening in the bright Spring sunshine. I had seldom seen anything more lovely, and I wanted to drive at once to the house which I judged must be a fitting architectural climax to all this beauty of nature. Upon questioning our coachman, a dignified old negro of ante-bellum days, I was told that the place belonged to a family called Gleason, navy people, and, of course, "the quality," but that it had not been occupied for years. An old couple, once servants in the family, still lived there in the capacity of care-takers and were supposed to eke out a slender subsistence from the produce of the farm and garden, but they held themselves aloof from their neighbors and were rarely seen.

"Mr. Cosgrove's Jeems told me he ain't hearn of nobody else bein' dar since de war, and dat's nigh on to thirty-five years ago," said Uncle Isaac.

"Then drive me up to that house by all means. I should dearly love to sketch it if I can obtain permission; it would be a good subject if it is half as charming as this avenue"

To my surprise Uncle Isaac objected, and with all the garrulity of an old and valued retainer proceeded to advance a variety of reasons in excuse for his hesitation. "Take dese skittish horses up dat darksome lane of evergreens? La, no Miss Edith, they would surely git skairt and break up your uncle's kerridge. 'Sides I can't see no way of turning round 'thout driving through dat dere pear orchard."

"Nonsense, Uncle Isaac, whoever laid off the grounds certainly provided an exit. How do you suppose the owners of the place got out?"

" 'Deed'n Miss Edith, you had better not 'sist on going up dere; dat place is as full of harnts as a graveyard and we ain't got more'n enough time to get home for lunch now. Moresomever Cap'n Gleason's folks ain't lived dere since de war."

This argument was considered final and I was over-ruled for I had not yet altogether outgrown my childish submission to Uncle Isaac, who had been my uncle's chief playmate and factotum in the days when the two had hunted and frolicked together on my grandfather's plantation in Maryland. Lincoln's proclamation meant nothing to Isaac, who continued to live with his "young marster" as before, and to rule each growing generation by dint of alternate threats and cajolery. Reconstruction has broken up this happy-go-lucky phase of southern life; the old order of things has almost disappeared; and while its departure has done away with monstrous evils, we must acknowledge that the warm, almost fraternal affection, which formerly so often existed between master and man has also come to an end.

Baffled in this, my first effort to view what Uncle Isaac grudgingly informed me was once the show place of W—— county, I was more than ever determined to see it, and when a fortnight later my cousin invited me for a drive in his smart new trap, I asked at once to be taken to "Fontenoy." Uncle Isaac had learned its name, at my instigation, from some of the neighbor's servants, and his evident dislike to talk about the place convinced me that it had a history and one in which "harnts" were supposed to figure. The old-fashioned negro is usually loath to discuss the habits and history of ghosts, hoping by silence to insure the good will of these denizens of the spirit world; and I knew Isaac to be as superstitious as if he had been born and bred in a cornfield.

I must add in passing that Uncle William and his family were comparative strangers in W——, having come South ostensibly to avoid the rigors of a northern winter, but in reality to be with Archibald, the oldest son and his mother's idol, who had graduated in law the previous June, from the University of Virginia, and was now settled in W—— patiently waiting for clients. The soft mild climate suited Aunt Eleanor, and the result was a temporary transfer of all the household goods and gods to this picturesque old southern city, which was so rapidly endearing itself to each member of the family that the transfer promised to be permanent. We were still counted as aliens, however, to the people who had been contentedly vegetating in W—— since revolutionary days, and we were naturally unfamiliar with much of the history, personal and otherwise, of our friends and neighbors. Old Isaac, who always accompanied Uncle Will on his peregrinations, was apparently better

versed in the legendary lore of the town and county: negroes seem endowed with a spirit of freemasonary peculiar to themselves, and the kitchen is in all places an admirable arena for the retailing of family gossip. But all this is a digression. As Archie and I drove up the avenue I found it greatly changed since last I had passed that way with Uncle Isaac. A storm had swept the neighborhood baring the shrubs of their glorious bloom; the brown earth through which thin spears of grass were struggling to the light, was thick-covered with fallen petals, and I noticed more thorns than leaves upon the once gaudy japonica. I could not but wonder if these voiceless tragedies of Nature were not played before our eyes for some wise purpose? This constant drama of life and beauty and green growing things, and then alas, almost before we have grasped and enjoyed their charm, this sudden blight of blossom and denuding of trees? May it not be to teach us that our days of happiness are also short and uncertain, but that while here we too must follow the universal law that governs the floral world, and seek the light. "Man cometh forth like a flower and is destroyed."

The magnolias had evidently not been trimmed for many years and their heavy branches grew so near the ground that no green thing could flourish underneath. The glamour of "Fontenoy" was already beginning to fade, and when we reached the house my disillusionment was complete. The grounds were laid off in a style very popular in landscape gardening a half century ago; directly in front of the wide low porch was a large circle bordered with an old-fashioned box whose precise clipping showed evidence of recent care. Inside of this was a smaller circle divided by walks which crossed each other at right angles and met at the edge of a still smaller circle, a wheel within a wheel, from the centre of which sprang a magnificent Norway spruce. Everywhere was this bordering of aromatic box.

"The old gentleman seems to have had wheels in his head," remarked Archie, irreverently, "and to have been in the box business."

I treated this atrocious pun with the silent contempt it deserved and requested him to drive where we could get a better view of the house. It was like many other southern homes of that period, low and rambling, with an ornamental facade and huge Doric columns supporting the porch and giving it a Parthenon-like effect that went well with its dignified exterior. Wings, the invariable characteristic of the architecture of that period, stood out from the house in a manner strongly suggestive of the attitude of a brooding hen. It had undoubtedly been a handsome, comfortable home, as comfort was understood in those days of Spartan simplicity—the days of our grandfathers, but it was now little more than a ruin for Neglect had laid his blighting hand upon it and "melancholy marked it for her own." In spite of the genial spring weather an involuntary shiver ran through me as we surveyed the place. Its atmosphere threw a pall over even Archie's exuberant spirits; there was no sound of life on the premises, not so much as the barking of a dog, but as we drove around to the front, or back, as one chose to call it, where the grounds sloped gracefully down to a beautiful sheet of water, a branch of the W—— river, we saw an elderly woman slip hastily into the house and I was conscious of

a furtive watch being kept upon our movements from behind the half-closed shutters.

"Look over there, Edith," exclaimed Archie, giving my elbow a touch, "of all original and dismal ideas that of burying one's dead under one's window is about the worst." I glanced in the direction indicated and, true enough, within ten yards of the house was an enclosure containing two graves. No storied urn nor animated bust marked the resting place of these poor mortals; no stone of any kind was there to gratify the curiosity of the passer-by, and perpetuate the memory of those who slept beneath, but the graves were nicely turfed and tended, and the enclosure was filled with yellow jonquils, whose brightly nodding heads made the one gleam of sunshine on the sombre landscape.

"Would you care to attempt an entrance?" queried Archibald. "That old creature does not seem inclined to ask us in, but we might take the castle by storm."

"Not today, thank you," was my reply, "although I would like to know the history of 'Fontenoy,' and why its owners ever allowed such a fine property to fall into this pitiable state of disrepair. I am sure it has a story to tell—all old houses have, and it is this, I think, that makes them so much more interesting than our modern villas, and million dollar cottages."

The events that I have just related took place in April. Soon afterwards I returned to Maryland, and it was the middle of November before I again visited W——. A few days after my arrival I took Aunt Eleanor, who is something of an invalid, for a drive in Archibald's dog-cart. The day had been unusually warm for the season of the year, but when we left home shortly after lunch there was not the faintest indication of the sudden and terrible storm that so speedily overtook us. A thunder storm in the late Fall is more appalling, because more unforeseen, than at any other time. This afternoon it was the unexpected that happened. We took the Indian Ferry road, to me always a favorite drive because of its beautiful water views, but long before we reached the beach the clouds began to lower, and without a moment's warning, the storm burst upon us. Never before had I seen the elements lashed into such a fury, and I pray that I never may again. The thunder crashed, and hailstones large as the traditional pigeon's egg beat into our faces, and so terrified our horse that I expected him every second to get beyond my control.

"Is there no place where we can find shelter?" gasped poor Aunt Eleanor, struggling bravely to conceal her fright.

A vivid flash of lightning that cleft the Heavens at that instant like the sword of an avenging Angel, gave the answer to her question by revealing to us the magnolia lined entrance to "Fontenoy."

"Drive up there quickly, Edith dear, they surely will not refuse to take us in until this awful storm is over.

Having heard sundry rumors concerning the peculiarities of the aged couple who dwelt there, I had my misgivings upon this subject, but there was no alternative. I whipped Rob Roy, who, enraged at this indignity, tore like the wind up the avenue and round to the water front where, to our surprise, we discovered an old man sitting on the porch and smoking a pipe in comfortable disregard of the raging elements about him. He looked

like some hoary Nero watching undisturbed the destruction of Rome, or another Marius sitting disconsolate amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Will you let us come in until the storm is over?" I screamed, trying to raise my voice above the clatter of hail and shrieking of wind.

He advanced to our carriage courteously enough. "Hey?" he asked placidly, putting a withered hand up to his ear. I repeated my request in a key higher by several octaves, adding that our horse also needed some kind of shelter.

"Come in, come in, I will attend to the beastie; Margaret," he called in tones stentorian for his apparent age, "see to these ladies and give them something dry to put on."

The woman whom I immediately recognized as the one Archie and I had seen the time of our previous visit, at once came forward and bade us enter. She was hardly past middle age, although she had impressed me before as being quite elderly, and her hair was of that yellowish, whitish hue which Time imparts to the tresses of those who in youth have been blessed with Titian's favorite auburn. Her face was a strong one, though it could never have been beautiful, and her blue eyes, sorrowful enough now, must have been in her younger days very tender and womanly.

"You will pardon my taking you to the kitchen; your mother looks as if she were about to faint, and there is a fire there. I will make some tea which will set you both up a bit."

She spoke correctly, with an agreeably modulated voice and I, with my usual fondness for "making history," immediately concluded that she had been at one time housekeeper in the Gleason family. As after events proved, my surmises were correct.

While we were shivering before a glowing wood fire, Mrs. Craigie, for that she told us was her name, disappeared, and presently returned with a great bundle of clothing. "I see you are soaked to the skin," she observed, "and your mother doesn't look overstrong. I have been up to the big chest and got some of Miss Valerie's clothing; mine is not nice enough for you ladies. I know she will not object. Now Thomas," this to the man whom I knew from her tone of command to be her husband, "you kindle a fire in the west wing so that the ladies can change their dresses and be comfortable while their own things are drying."

"Miss Valerie" was certainly a person of means—or had been—for her underwear, though yellow with age, was of the finest description and profusely trimmed with dainty hand embroidery; the stockings were of white silk and the slippers were so small that neither Aunt Eleanor nor I could get them on. "Miss Valerie had a mighty little foot and she never would wear anything but silken hose; sit here dearie, and I will bring you some knitted socks to put over them and keep you from taking cold while your shoes are drying."

We were glad to accept the suggestion as we had no desire to wear out Miss Valerie's hosiery on the kitchen floor.

"I wonder if she is dead," whispered my aunt.

I shrugged my shoulders in reply for Mrs. Craigie, in speaking of her, used first the present then the past tense, which was mystifying to say the least. Very soon the housekeeper

came in with the tea and we were ready to meet her garbed in the robes her mistress must have worn nearly forty years ago. We had the appearance of having stepped from the fashion plates of an ancient "Godey's Lady's Book," but the hoops were lacking, and so our dresses, plain and very full, as they were worn in those days, fell in heavy, lustrous folds around us. Aunt Eleanor's was a deep blue silk, relieved at neck and wrists with ruffles of real lace. Mine fitted me admirably, and I was so pleased with the effect that I then and there broke the commandment and coveted my neighbor's goods to, I fear me, a sinful degree. It was a house gown of delicate grey silk with rosebuds scattered over it, and was cut to show a front of white shirred crepe; the sleeves fell away so that the arms were revealed in much the style of our modern tea-gowns, and altogether it was such an effective and becoming creation that I could well picture how lovely this Valerie of long ago must have seemed when she donned it. A shadow fell upon the housekeeper's wrinkled but still comely face as she gazed at us. "Bless me child, how you do remind me of Miss Valerie! She had just that way of carrying her head, and she looked so much like a rose that I always said her mother made a mistake in not calling her Rose instead of Valerie, which sounds foreign-like and foolish to my ears."

"Where is she now?" I asked. "I mean Miss Valerie; did she live here?"

"Oh no, child," rejoined the woman, with a frightened glance around her. "My mistress has been dead for many years."

"Would you mind telling us about her?" asked my aunt softly, anticipating my eager query. "This is such a beautiful old place that I have some curiosity to learn its history."

"You must be strangers in W—— not to know the history of 'Fontenoy' or else time has killed off all the gossips," was the answer spoken with some bitterness. "Disgrace, like bad news, travels far and fast and is long in dying, longer than she was, poor child; poor, misguided child!"

"We are strangers, Mrs. Craigie, and not at all gossipy, but we would dearly love to have you tell us about it if the subject is not too painful." And while the hail beat a tattoo on the roof above us and the chill November winds moaned a requiem around the house, we learned the story of Valerie Gleason's life. How weird it seemed as we sat in the old-fashioned kitchen, clothed in the garments the dead woman had once worn! I will not attempt to recount the story in Mrs. Craigie's exact words for she was a Scotchwoman and whenever she grew excited would relapse into certain quaint forms of expression peculiar to her country, nor can I throw into my narrative the pathos that came unbidden to the faithful old servant's lips, but I will relate it as nearly as possible as she told it to me.

"I came to this country a bride in 1852. Captain Gleason was then a retired naval officer, but some years before he left the service he traveled in Scotland, where he fell ill of a slow fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. That is how he came to know my man Thomas. It was a lucky thing for the Captain, and I am not denying but that it was a good thing for Thomas, too. He was doing chores at the lodging house where Captain Gleason was stopping when the fever took him, and Thomas

helped nurse him and threw half the medicines the doctor ordered out of the window, and so Captain Gleason always declared that he saved his life. He took such a fancy to Thomas that he persuaded him to come with him to America as his valet, and glad the boy was of the chance. I was only sixteen at the time, but we made it up, Thomas and I, that as soon as he had saved enough he would send for me and we would be married.

Three years later the Captain had a fall while on ship duty and injured his hip in such a manner that he became a cripple for life. It was very sad for he loved the sea and then he was such a handsome man—a widower too, with a fortune, as you could have guessed from the way the women ran after him. He retired from active service as soon as he left the hospital, and at once set about making a home for himself and his little daughter. That is how he came to buy "Fontenoy"; he loved the situation because of the water around it, and he spent a mint of money, Thomas told me, in getting the house and grounds to his liking. When all was finished he sent for his daughter, and Thomas sent for me. I got to "Fontenoy" first in spite of the ocean between us, for the little lady was ill with measles or some childish trouble and her grandmother would not give her up. Her mother died when she was born, and, as I have always told Thomas, the poor little thing never had any chance from the beginning. The Captain had no fixed home so long as he was in the navy, and her mother's people took her to raise. They were rich in money but poor in sense, for their sole idea of kindness to the child was to spoil her in every possible way. Her father naturally saw very little of her during these years, but even if he had been at home it would have made no difference—the man has yet to be born who knows how to bring up a child, least of all a girl child." This axiom, delivered in a louder tone, was accompanied by a nod at her better-half, who had shuffled into a corner and sunk into much the same position that Mr. Smallweed of unholy memory was wont to assume before his dutiful grand-daughter, Judy, "shook him up."

"He is deaf, puir mon," continued Mrs. Craigie with a gesture towards her husband, "and a little lacking here," tapping her forehead. "He has been that way ever since he found Miss Valerie. It was a day so much like this that it all comes back to me as if it were yesterday instead of thirty-seven years ago come Michaelmas. I daresay this is why I find my old tongue loosened to tell you about it. I have gone over the sad story so often with Thomas, and in my own mind, that the wonder is I have any wits left. It is a grievous fortune, dearie, you must pardon an old woman's familiarity, to grow old with only sorrowful memories for company. My gude mon would not let me tell if he knew, but what difference can it make now when all Miss Valerie's people are dead and gone, and Mr. George's, too, so far as I can learn. We are the only ones left and I pray God that we may soon join them, for life is a weary road when you travel it alone and in poverty."

Thomas roused himself at this juncture, and putting his hand to his ear, exclaimed "Hey?" so loudly that Aunt Eleanor jumped from her chair in alarm. His wife, who was evidently

accustomed to the "gude mon's" vagaries, paid no attention to the interruption, but continued her story.

Well, as I was saying, I got to "Fontenoy" before my little mistress arrived. I was but a young thing then and unused to the grandeur of rich folks, for my father had never allowed me to hire out as a nursery girl or lady's maid in the old country. Thomas met me in New York, where we were married, and then we came right down to W——. Everything was very strange and interesting to me, and I shall never forget Captain Gleason's kindness, for I was only a raw Scotch lassie and mighty homesick would I have been, notwithstanding my love for Thomas, if the master had not been so good in putting me at ease in my new home. Best of all he gave me Miss Valerie for my special charge, sending her old black mammy back to her mother's people in Savannah. The day I first saw our little lass stands out as clear in my memory as if it were but yesterday. I was not housekeeper then—only a kind of under help to Mrs. Arles, and I was up in the mending room darning a fine tablecloth that some of the careless blacks had torn, when I heard a wonderful hub-bub below, and I knew Captain Gleason had returned. About an hour later Miss Valerie burst into the room. She looked like a picture of some old heathen nymph for she had so wreathed herself in flowers that it was hard to tell her pretty, laughing face from the roses she had twined in her hair. They had told her I was to be her maid and she rushed straight to me and threw her arms around my neck—she had such loving ways! From that moment I fairly worshipped her and all the homesickness I had felt at being so far from my own dear ones across the ocean, left me forever. We grew to be great friends and in a short time I could manage her better than any one else. Her father never attempted to correct her—she always managed him. Self-willed and spoiled she certainly was, but what could you expect? And she was a perfect limb for mischief of any kind. I mind me of a big dinner party the Captain gave in honor of some high officer who was visiting at the W—— Navy Yard. He was fond of entertaining, was the Captain, and he did it beautifully without either wife or sister to oversee things. He always came in for a final look at the table to see if his instructions had been carried out to the letter; a more systematic man I never saw, except as regarded Miss Valerie. Thomas said it all came of his being in the navy, sailors are always methodical. Mrs. Arles called me in to help with the flowers on this evening and I recollect how brilliant the table looked with the handsome silver and glass, the great carved candelabra, and all the best china and linen. It was what they called, in those days, a stag dinner, and just as the gentlemen were about to sit down such a popping and crackling went off under their feet as you never heard—it sounded like a fourth of July celebration. Miss Valerie had sprinkled the floor with torpedoes and was watching the result in great glee from the butler's pantry. Her father did not mind at all, but called the little witch to come in, and when she came, although she was not much over ten, her beauty made such an impression on the officers that they coaxed her to remain while they drank her health standing, she in her white dress and blue ribbons, and the gentle-

men in all the bravery of their gold-fringed, brass-buttoned uniforms. I was with her, for she had taken a wonderful fancy to me and Thomas, and would have it that she was afraid to go before all those men without me, but that was just her wilfulness—she was never afraid of anything.

My man soon grew to idolize the child and I fear me we helped spoil her too, although I tried to do my duty and teach her how wrong it was to be so self-willed and think of naught but play and frolic. You see God had not blessed me with any children of my own so I felt almost like a mother to the poor motherless bairn. Four happy years passed and then Miss Valerie was sent to a fashionable boarding school in New York, and for the next three years we did not see much of her except during the summer vacations. At last she came home to stay and such carryings on as we had! It makes my heart dance now to think of it. Such dinners and balls, and masquerades—it was like the gay routs you read about in "Kenilworth" and those other old-fashioned novels, for before the war, southern people did not think of much besides enjoyment and visiting. One of her aunts came up from Savannah to spend the winter at "Fontenoy" and see that Miss Valerie was properly introduced into society. She was a handsome, smooth-spoken lady with no thought of anything but dress and her own good looks; a poor one, alas, to entrust with the care of a soul! Nobody could hold a candle to our bonnie lassie, the prettiest girl of them all looked insignificant beside her, but we used to think, Thomas and I, that her beauty was a misfortune since it led her to set such store on admiration and gaiety and left no room in her mind for more serious thoughts. All that winter Captain Gleason gave handsome entertainments in his daughter's honor; the house was filled with guests and there was not a negro on the place but had his or her pockets full of money, for the Southern men were generous when they had aught to give. I scarcely ever got a chance to talk to Miss Valerie, her time was so taken up. That summer she went with her mother's people to the White Sulphur, and in the Fall to Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, where she was the reigning belle. None of them could touch my young lady for she had this advantage over the other beauties—she was as bright and smart as she was pretty, and her clever sayings used to be quoted far and wide. Her education had been neglected in only one particular and that, to my mind, is the most important part of all—for a woman—her religion! The year that her engagement was announced, I will come to this presently, I went to Savannah with Miss Valerie as her maid. She was never strong and I told the Captain very plainly that she was ruining her health by so much dissipation. Of course, Thomas, man-like, took this occasion to fall ill and I had to come home post haste. While I was there, however, I took notice that her aunt's church-going was nothing more than a social duty; they went when the day was fine to show off their new gowns or to pass the time when they had nothing better to do, but bless your soul, I don't think they knew how to pray, and during the two months I was there I never heard a word said about the Hereafter. They were great aristocrats, too, and did not believe in allowing poor people to worship in the same church with "the quality." But

Miss Valerie, bless her dear heart, was not a bit like that; she was just untrained and thoughtless. "Fontenoy" was deserted during the following summer for there were rumors of another yellow fever scourge and the Captain took Miss Valerie north; as for me, I was that lonesome I should have been miserable if it had not been for the books. This may sound strange coming from a person in my position, but I do not know what would have become of Thomas and me during all these years of trouble without Sir Walter Scott's novels. I put them right after my Bible, that I do, ma'am, and don't mean any disrespect. My husband loved to have me read to him up to the time he grew so deaf he could not hear.

"Hey?" interrupted Thomas in a voice that shook the rafters. He seemed to know intuitively when his name was mentioned, for he would straighten himself up as if responding to a roll-call and then sink back into his old despondent attitude.

"Miss Valerie and her father came back in April bringing a houseful of company with them. The place was at its best during this month, to my mind, and Miss Valerie thought so too. She loved the Spring time with its blossoms and she was always impatient for the flowers to bloom. The jonquils and daffydowndillies were her favorites because they came so early. I mind me of a big Chinese bowl the Captain had brought from Canton, which stood on a table as you entered the main hall, and which Miss Valerie always kept well filled with these flowers. It was like a picture to see their yellow heads rising out of the blue china, and when the artist came from New York to paint Miss Valerie's portrait, he made her stand with her little hand resting on that table. He said she reminded him of a flower herself, she was so frail and lovely, and he spoke the truth. Her hair looked like a mesh of fine copper wire with the sunbeams spun into it, and her eyes were a deep, dark blue with black curling lashes; they were sad eyes, too, whenever they were not twinkling with fun and mischief. I have wondered since if it were not a premonition of her fate that gave them that sorrowful expression; you know we believe in such things in the old country, but here they laugh and call it superstition. She was tall and slight, and very supple, and her skin looked like the petals of a wild rose that has been washed by the rain, yet she was so full of life and spirits that we never thought of her as delicate. It was in the January of 1859 that Captain Gleason announced her engagement to a young army officer, Lieutenant Warfield; he was a distant cousin and had often visited at "Fontenoy" while Miss Valerie was off at school. We knew him well, of course, and always called him Mr. George. We could not help wondering, Thomas and I, how the marriage would turn out, for Mr. George was quick-tempered and masterful in his ways, though a kinder heart never beat, and Miss Valerie was so spoiled. The wedding came off in June and I am sure a more beautiful one never took place in W—— nor anywhere else; for Mr. George was as handsome in his way as Miss Valerie was in hers, a broad-shouldered, manly fellow whom the girls fairly idolized, and many an aching heart danced and made merry at that wedding feast. I learned then, for the first time, how oftentimes we have to hide our keenest sorrows behind a smile! Lieutenant

Warfield was stationed at Fort L., an army post thousands of miles from here, they told me, and when his leave of absence expired and he took Miss Valerie away, every servant on the place, black and white, was in tears. I thought then it was the hardest trial I would ever be called upon to undergo, but I believe now that Providence sends us these little heart-breaks in order to prepare us for great ones later on. The West seemed very far away in those days, and Captain Gleason's health began to decline soon after his daughter's marriage—the change was gradual but certain. He simply pined for her and after a visit to Fort L. he came back sadder than ever. His hip too gave him fresh trouble and at length I took it upon myself to write to Miss Valerie asking her to come home and brighten things up a bit. We were all hungry for a sight of her pretty face. She came promptly, Mr. George with her. They were both homesick for "Fontenoy," they said, and I declare they acted like a couple of children. The Lieutenant remained until after Christmas, and when his leave was up Miss Valerie stayed on with her father.

These were exciting times, for already there were rumors of war, and many a heated discussion took place at "Fontenoy" on the subject of secession and slavery. Miss Valerie was an out and out rebel from the start; she never did anything by halves; but the Captain was in favor of maintaining the Union at all hazards, and most of his older friends agreed with him, even those who were Southerners by birth, although they declared they would side with the South in case war could not be averted. At last the crash came, and following close upon Lincoln's declaration we had a telegram from Mr. George saying he would be with us the next day for a few hours. Miss Valerie could scarcely contain herself, she was so excited and anxious to see him. It was the fifteenth of April and a typical April day of shower and sunshine; I can see our little lass now as she ran down to the entrance to meet her husband. The season was far advanced that memorable year; the jonquils were in bloom and every wayward breeze brought a breath of perfume from the heavy-scented fruit trees planted on either side of the avenue. She looked like a pale gleam of sunlight with the yellow flowers on her breast and in her hands, her face aglow with love and expectation. I was in the bow window of the library mending a great pile of linen that Chloe had brought to me freshly ironed, when they entered the room. I had been housekeeper for several years now, and when Miss Valerie was home I always took my sewing in the library at her request, for she made a deal of me and Thomas, treating us more like friends than servants. The Captain dropped his paper and started to rise and welcome Mr. George, but the expression on both faces arrested him, Miss Valerie's was so flushed and angry, the Lieutenant's so set and stern.

"I have come, Father, to tell you that I have cast my life with the Union," was all he said by way of greeting. Captain Gleason shook him warmly by the hand.

"You are only doing your duty, my boy. I wish my own life was worth offering in such a cause."

It was then Miss Valerie's anger blazed forth. I was sorry for her even while I felt her to be in the wrong, for she was a typical child of the South, and loving her husband dearly it was

a sharp struggle between her duty to him and to her country. A stormy scene ensued in which the men argued and plead with her in vain. Mr. George had to leave in a few hours to join his regiment, and when the parting came, Miss Valerie refused to kiss him good-bye, saying he was a traitor to her and to the home of his ancestors. He turned white to the lips at these words, and the look that came into his face I had seen there only once before, but I knew that no suing for pardon would ever come from him —his wife would have to make the overtures. Without any backward glance he rode down the long avenue, looking every inch a soldier. I was straining my eyes to see the last of him when I heard a smothered sigh, and turning, caught Miss Valerie as she fell in a faint in my arms.

After this the shadow of approaching doom hung over "Fontenoy." Captain Gleason's hip trouble grew rapidly worse and he spent days and nights in agony. Miss Valerie went around like some pale wraith of her former joyous self; she devoted every hour to her father, but all his arguments and entreaties were powerless to alter her views on the course Mr. George had taken. No letters passed between them, indeed it was chiefly by chance that any mail came in these troublous times, even from those most nearly related. May blossomed into June, and June sank wearily into July; at last we heard of the Confederate victory at Bull Run and my heart sank for I knew Mr. George was commanding a division under McDowell. I hardly thought Miss Valerie would live through the two days of agonized suspense that ensued before we received news of the northern loss: when it came Mr. George's name headed the list of the dead."

There was silence in the dim firelighted kitchen, broken only by the sputtering of the rain-soaked logs, as the old housekeeper paused to regain control of her voice. I saw Aunt Eleanor furtively wipe away her tears, and I found my own cheeks wet and my eyes dim. In a few moments Mrs. Craigie resumed, "We tried to keep the news from Miss Valerie, but my poor master was too grief-stricken for concealment, and three days later a letter came from Mr. George's superior officer telling how bravely he fought and fell, dying with her name upon his lips. She neither spoke nor wept when she read that letter, but sank into a stupor which lasted for hours; then brain fever set in. The doctor gave us little hope of her recovery, but I nursed her faithfully, and prayed day and night, and at last a turn came for the better. Perhaps I did wrong to beg so for her life; they say God has appointed the right day and hour for each of us to die, and that hour is best because He wills it.

When again she began to go about no one would have recognized Miss Valerie, and her mind was entirely gone. Aye, it was a pitiful sight, but sadder still was it to see the poor Captain; he became a feeble old man in the few weeks that had elapsed since the news reached us of Lieutenant Warfield's death, a trembling, nervous invalid, he who was ever so bright and strong in spite of his lameness,— shrinking whenever a door banged or a gust of wind rattled the shutters. As she regained her strength, Miss Valerie began to wander about the grounds picking flowers like a little child, and every afternoon she walked

down the avenue to meet Thomas, whose duty it was to bring the mail. Whether she believed her husband living or not we could not guess—we feared to mention his name and she never spoke of him. She seemed at times too gentle and sensible to be really insane, and I began to hope that time, which is the only cure for a great grief, might restore her wandering wits, although a celebrated doctor who came from Baltimore to see her, gave us very slight encouragement.

"It is not so much the shock of her husband's death that preys on her," he said, "as remorse for the part she has played, hence I cannot foresee any cause for improvement. But we cannot tell, the brain is a complex organ. Do not watch her or let her observe anything in your demeanor that is unusual or suspicious." These were his very words and I tried to do my poor best when I followed them. The Autumn ushered in some terrible storms; there were wrecks along the coast such as had not been equalled in number for generations. It seemed as if the Lord in His wrath were punishing this unfortunate land for the unnatural crime of brother fighting against brother. Many of our largest trees were uprooted, and the little pickaninnies busied themselves one entire day in bringing me the fledgling birds so rudely thrown from their downy nests.

On the 29th of September, I mind the day so well, it was storming just like this; I was busy the entire morning trying to relieve Captain Gleason, who was suffering more than usual. Apollo had gone for the doctor but, because of the gale, he had not got back as promptly as was his custom. When lunch was ready and Miss Valerie did not appear, Thomas and I were alarmed. I knew she was not in her room as I had been there for some liniment, but whether it was hours before, or only minutes,I could not have told for the life of me—my mind was so befuddled with worry over the Captain. We sent servants hastily in every direction and I left old Chloe with the master while I rushed out in the wind and rain. There was much weeping and wringing of hands among the excitable negroes for they all worshipped the ground their young mistress trod on; of one accord they went running down the avenue, and I was about to follow, when I heard a loud cry from Thomas; he was down at the water's bank where the tide had risen and overflowed all that part of the grounds. The smiling, sparkling waves were very angry now as they fell over each other in sullen white breakers, and all our shore was strewn with washings of that awful storm.

My husband called me, but I could not move; a great shivering passed over me and my feet refused to bear my weight. I sank down by one of the big pillars on the porch, moaning and trying to shut out the sight that I knew would meet my eyes when I raised them. I could see it all, and do you wonder that I did not go to meet Thomas as he came staggering through the rain and wind with Miss Valerie in his arms? Oh, that awful sight! Would to God I might forget it! She was stark and stiff, her lovely hair all wet and dripping, but among its rich coils was a rose that had not been washed away. It was a ghastly picture, and yet we saw for the first time in months, a smile of peace about our bonnie lassie's mouth! That same night Captain Gleason died, and dearly as we loved him I could but

thank the good Lord for taking him when He did. The war with all its attendant horrors was still going on; so many homes were being made desolate, so many families bereft, that our terrible tragedy was soon forgotten, and the papers kindly spoke of it as an accident.

After much legal squabbling the rightful heirs obtained possession of "Fontenoy," but they did not remain here very long—I could not blame them; it has seemed a gruesome place since the Captain and Miss Valerie left it. The relations took away the handsomest furniture, and all the silver and old family portraits, but the Captain's study they left untouched. It was on Thomas and me, though naught but humble servants, that the blow fell heaviest; our hearts were bound up in our young mistress and we loved her father too. For awhile we carried on the place, but after the Emancipation all the slaves left—some of them had already run away, believing "Fontenoy" to be haunted—and things gradually went to ruin.

The owners take no interest in the property, but we stay on waiting for our call to come. My memories of the past have grown to be my real existence; I live over again those happy days when Miss Valerie came to me, a little child, and when it is my turn to go I love to think that her face, wreathed in flowers as of old, will be the first to greet me on the other shore, and that her dear hand will be the one to lead me through the starry aisles of Heaven up to the Father's throne!"

PRECURSOR.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Behind the red moon and the sun,
  Behind the western star,
Like some sequestered nun you dwell
  Serene and rapt and far.

I may not gain your pale abode,
  Mine yet to dream and wait;
But sometime I shall enter in,
  Though travel-stained and late.

THE BUSINESS COLLEGE INDUCEMENT.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"If I could write a good strong piece about business colleges and their promises, I'd feel it my duty to do it," said the indignant relative of a business college graduate. The words lingered in my memory, and as the time approached when thousands of young people graduating from school would be forced to consider the question, "How shall I earn my living?" I, too, felt that the business college and its promises should receive a share of public attention.

Lying on my desk is a folder from one of the most popular of those institutions, and the twenty testimonials it presents are the acknowledgments of grateful pupils, who not only bear witness to the excellent quality of the instruction imparted, but also return thanks for good positions obtained for them by the college. Now this is very gratifying, and no doubt the testimony is reliable. It is an excellent circular for advertising purposes, but one can't help wishing that another circular could accompany it, one bearing the testimony of the many graduates who have completed the course to the satisfaction of their teachers, who have graduated with honor, but are still looking for employment. I have in mind a young woman, whose hard-working father gave her a business college course at a cost of $145, confidently expecting that the remunerative situation that she would promptly obtain through the college, would recompense him for the sacrifices he made. The girl was an earnest, conscientious worker, made an excellent record, and graduated with honor, months ago, but is still looking for work. "And falling into ill-health with worry and disappointment," her aunt confided to me. This is one of the cases where the graduate has no "pull," no friends ready to make an opening for her, no family patronage to bestow on a firm as an inducement to engage her services. Another drawback in her case is a diffident, retiring manner that gives no promise of the ability the girl really possesses.

There's "no show" to her, but she has good staying qualities if she once got in. A graduate of an entirely different type sat beside me in the car one day, and told all who wished to hear that "General Walter is head of the road, and I'm going to write to him to get me something good. He used to know mamma, and what good are friends if you can't make use of them!"

But to return to the first girl. Cases similar to hers could be quoted by the score. As I write, instance after instance recurs to me of young women vainly striving to obtain situations, and, losing heart in the struggle, finally turning to other occupations, taking up anything they can get to do. A stenographer, who certainly possessed that American recommendation "speed," told me that after looking for employment for a year she had given up all hope of turning her college course to account, and was helping her mother in laundry work; another turned to music teaching, and many more were glad to obtain places as saleswomen. Certainly the chances

for Catholic graduates to secure paying situations through business colleges are limited in number.

What are the inducements that led all those young people to the business college? Let us refer to a prospectus. Here is an alluring statement: "Not the least of the many advantages offered to our pupils is the almost certainty of employment at the end of the course. That "almost certainty" is very effective. It does the work. Youth is hopeful, and what applicant for fortune's favors will linger on the warning " remember that under no condition do we guarantee employment." Every reputable college clears its conscience with this warning, but—take note— while this statement appears once, the thought of employment is persistently kept in view, and over and over again is the inducement held out, with such changes of wording as the following, gleaned here and there from the circulars sent out by two prominent colleges. "No bright, attractive, fairly intelligent person educated in our system of business training need ever be without a good position"; "Every young woman who becomes a good stenographer is sure of a good position"; "There is a large field open to the shorthand amanuensis, and the thoroughly competent need have no fear of obtaining employment"; "From early till late the telephone of the employment department is in constant use by business men calling for clerical help from our school." "Many days of each month pass when more calls for pupils are received than can be filled"; "During the past year there has been an increased demand for book-keepers and stenographers"; etc., etc.

And yet the cities are full of them, thronging the agencies, walking from office to office, and coming home day after day with the same discouraging result, "no chance." No hope of ever getting the generous salaries that drew so many to the college! A word about those salary quotations. They are very enticing. The lowest is seven dollars, quite an income to the girl of seventeen, particularly as there is a bright prospect of the seven becoming twelve or fifteen. There is an artful comparison of the difference between such a beginning and that of the apprentice who must be satisfied with $1.50 to $3.00 per week. The young folks are apt to forget that the apprentice frequently becomes the skilled worker whose service commands fitting remuneration. But these twelve to fifteen salaries are the small bait for the humble-minded. Here are some of the opportunities for young men: "There are official law reporters who are paid from $3,000 to $5,000 per year, and the official reporter for the U. S. Senate receives $25,000 per year." Too bad that there is only one official reporter for the U. S. Senate! "But he may die" thinks the aspirant for high salary, "and, who knows? I may take his place. Sorry I can't help you on the farm, sir, or in the store, but the business college will help me to make more money in a year than you ever made in your life." So away he goes to the city, and "the old man" may be thankful if, in addition to spending his hard-earned dollars, the boy does not acquire ideas of dress and good times that are more apt to lead him to the prison than to honorable emolument in the senate. But perhaps this is an extreme view. There are minor positions ranging from $15 to $25 per week. Some men have

to be content with such trifles, but small salaries are chiefly for women. Men's services rate higher. "It savors of injustice," the prospectus frankly admits, but the fact remains. "Male stenographers command higher wages." This will take them into the $30 and $40 list, salaries not to be despised as those longer in the labor market will readily admit. And so the inducements run.

It will be noticed that emphasis is laid on the words "expert," "experienced," "capable." Now, if a graduate be given no opportunity to acquire experience, how can he or she get it? How can one become expert if no one will have one's services? These are a few of the questions that suggest themselves. Another thing. When a college lays such stress on certain acquirements, how can it have the conscience to take money from pupils who have no qualifications for a business career? who are hopelessly lacking in scholarship, and can never become valuable employes? How can it graduate young men and women who can't write a business letter, who can't read their own notes, who can't spell, punctuate, construct a sentence, or bring to bear on their work anything of the nature of sound judgment? They are in evidence everywhere, and seem to have compensation in luck or "pull" for what they lack in brain.

But this is a separate issue. There are colleges and colleges, as one prospectus wisely points out. Commenting on the practices of some business schools it says, while commending its own system, "We do not follow the practice now so common with Business Colleges of sending paid agents and canvassers to go about among School Superintendents, Masters and Submasters of schools, Ministers, Postmasters, and from house to house, seeking patronage by offering commissions, concessions, gratuities, free tuition, prizes, etc., etc." What is the prospect for the graduate? That some good situations have been obtained by the business college is an established fact. The prospectus says in italics for the benefit of all concerned, "The place is ready for you; the question is, are you ready for the place?" A significant question truly.

CHARITY.

BY JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

Chaste vision fair with deep-hued azure eyes,
Wherein the warmth of patient virtue lies,
Tender and strong with soul attuned to prayer,
And wise withal in love's sweet knowledge rare.

An angel bright, bearing heavenly balm and joy,
Who doth His gentle ways and meek employ,
Lily-crowned and holy, clad in garments white,
Giving in His name and coming in His light.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have read with interest that deepened as we read the two large octavo volumes written by Edmund Sheridan Purcell, edited and finished by Edwin de Lisle, which contain the "Life and Letters of Ambrose Philipps de Lisle." Ambrose Philipps de Lisle was the pioneer of the many converts who have abandoned Protestantism for Catholicism during the present century in England. Long before the Oxford Movement, the light of the Catholic faith had been made manifest to him and he had answered the call which he heard in his soul to embrace the faith of his fathers. From the time of his conversion one may say with truth he became the lay apostle of the Catholic faith to his countrymen. The story of his conversion is singularly simple and touching and from the very first pages of these two bulky volumes one is able to discern the single-minded and deep spirituality which characterized his whole life. Born of one of the noblest families of Leicestershire, and from his youth up accustomed to daily intercourse with the best society, having close and high connection too with the Anglican body, his conversion seems nothing less than providential. It was, indeed, a surprise to his father and friends, when at the early age of fourteen he was baptized in the Catholic communion, yet so sweet and gentle was his demeanor and so high-minded did he appear in everything that he did that he seems to have lost little of their respect and became a very knight of Catholic truth among them. His first conquest was the conversion of Rev. George Spencer, an Anglican clergyman, who after his conversion became a Passionist and who is well known as the founder of the Association of Prayer for the conversion of England. Nine years after de Lisle's conversion began that tremendous religious awakening in England, since known as the Oxford Movement, initiated by Newman and Keble and others, and which gradually drew ardent supporters from some of the best minds of Oxford University and exerted an influence far beyond the confines of the University. With Newman and many of the Oxford men of that day de Lisle was on a footing of intimacy and earnestly interested in the progress of the Movement. His correspondence with Newman and others was of a most intimate and valuable kind and many letters which throw additional light upon this great religious revolution are given to the public for the first time in these two volumes. The work is, therefore, a valuable contribution to the literature of the Oxford Movement. The dream of de Lisle's life, however, was the corporate reunion of the Anglican church with the Roman Catholic. His hope was strong and buoyant that the day would come when the Anglican church as a body would enter the true fold. For the accomplishment of this end he worked for years, working within the Catholic fold with unabated confidence and entering into friendly relations with Anglicans and the English Church Union to bring to a realization his strongly cherished desire. Newman sympathized with him in this great project, but could not share de Lisle's confidence as to ultimate success. Such a result Newman considered would be little short of a miracle and, as a rule, one was not to look for miracles in matters of this kind. The condemnation by the Roman Congregation of the Association for the promotion of the Unity of Christendom of which de Lisle was a member must have been a bitter disappointment to him, but his faith was too strong and his nature too loyal to refuse submission to the Roman decree. He suffered a similar disappointment when the Congregation of the Propaganda forbade the attendance of Catholic students at the great Protestant Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but his Catholic faith always bore him safely through dangers which might have proved disastrous to one who entered with such heartfelt devotion into causes which he judged would promote the welfare of the Church of England. On all these subjects of great interest there is a copious correspondence and letters from men of great name are given in abundance, which allow us to appreciate what were the real feelings of many who bore a prominent part in the Catholic Revival of fifty years ago in England, on the great religious interests of that time. De Lisle's list of correspondents not only on Catholic questions, but on others also of a more political nature, is a very varied and celebrated one. He was an intimate and frequent correspondent of Mr. Gladstone, especially during the Turkish troubles which culminated in the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, and the full correspondence is published in the second volume. Many letters of New-

man which have never been published before are found in both volumes. Besides, de Lisle had correspondence with Montalembert, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Earl Dunraven, Lord Shrewsbury, and many others, and if men's true feelings are revealed in their letters, we have in these two volumes a rich contribution which allows one to make a true estimate of the great events of which de Lisle was a witness and in which he bore no mean part. The great merit of these two volumes is, we believe, the splendid collection of letters which have been brought together and which were written by men who were the protagonists in the religious, social, and political movements which agitated the world, especially the English world, for half a century. No biography of recent years contains a richer collection of the letters of famous men—men who have made history, whose lives have helped to change the destiny of peoples. We cannot agree, at all times, with Mr. Purcell's interpretation of events. He exhibits in this last work the same defects that were so evident in his now celebrated "Life of Cardinal Manning." We must say, however, that he has given us many historical documents of the highest value and has placed before us an extremely fascinating account of one of the most knightly characters of the great Catholic Revival in England

New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.00.

We welcome the appearance of the second edition of Rev. J. T. Driscoll's "Christian Philosophy. The Soul." It is a work of undoubted merit and will be of great value to the general student. The field of psychology has been explored by many investigators during the past few years and the literature of this department of human knowledge is constantly increasing. We are glad that the author has chosen the comparative method which allows him to show by way of contrast the superior merit of Catholic teaching. It requires a great knowledge of modern philosophic teaching to adopt this method, but the result is more satisfactory. While sure of our position on the fundamental positions of psychological science, a silence as regards the teaching of modern philosophers concerning this branch of science might be interpreted as a confession of weakness. But no one who reads this volume will be tempted to form any such conclusion. The author examines the various theories of modern psychologists, shows an intimate acquaintance with their systems, and discusses in a scientific, impartial way the merits and defects which may be found in their formulated conclusions. His course of reading on his subject has been varied and extensive, and his book is not only an exposition of the true principles of psychological science, but also a history of the development of psychological studies. Questions of the deepest import are treated in this volume. The spirituality and immortality of the human soul are topics of supreme interest in these days of agnosticism and unbelief. These supreme issues are treated in a magisterial manner. The Catholic teaching is compared with all the theories of the modern psychologist and physiologist and it stands forth in splendid contrast with all opposing systems. Whoever wishes to know the many vicissitudes of the science of psychology and the Catholic position on this subject should read and ponder this valuable manual. It is a splendid reference book for our Catholic colleges and a great help to students of Catholic philosophy.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.50.

The most reverent subject which can engage the attention of a Catholic writer is the Passion of our Lord. It is a subject which demands the greatest prudence on the part of one who essays to treat of it, and at the same time, a piety, quick to see the many lessons contained in the various incidents of the greatest tragedy that has ever taken place upon this earth. These two characteristics find full manifestation in the work of Rev. James Groenings, S.J., on "The History of the Passion." The author goes through the various incidents of the Passion and places them before us in such a real and vivid way that we seem to be the spectators of these sorrowful events. He has gleaned many noble thoughts from the Christian writers who have in a special way treated of this sublime subject and gives his readers the best things which have been written on this sacred subject. A good book for meditation or spiritual reading, especially during the Lenten season, and one which may be read with spiritual profit at any time of the year.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. $1.25.

In a small volume of ninety-four pages, Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J., discusses in a thoroughly convincing and logical way

the main issue which divides Catholics and Protestants in their attitude towards the Bible. For clear exposition, strong presentation of the Catholic side of this important question, and unanswerable logic this little volume will be found very valuable. During the course of his exposition the author has occasion to subject to a critical analysis the contentions of Dr. Hodge of Princeton University on this issue, and the way in which he overturns the position assumed by the Princeton professor is brilliant and masterly. Fr. Casey excels in this style of writing. He has a surprising command of clear, strong statement, and an unerring penetration to detect the fallacies in an opponent's reasoning. A valuable manual of controversy and one which should be read and pondered by every man interested in this central issue which divides the religious bodies of Christendom.

Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey. Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

The increased interest taken in the priestly office of preaching is evidenced by the number of sermon books which every year brings forth. We have before us one by Rev. B. J. Raycroft, A.M., entitled "Sermons for Every Sunday in the Year." These sermons were for the most part extemporaneous efforts, being written down afterwards before the fervor of delivery had quite passed away. These sermons are very practical and there is a personal element in them which appeals to the reader. The preacher of these discourses has a good grasp of the meaning of the gospels and a happy faculty of applying the lessons which may be drawn from them to the needs and conditions of the hour. He shows also a good knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that arsenal of the preacher, and his quotations are strong and to the point. We have no doubt that this book of sermons will prove an acceptable help to many a hard-worked priest, who has little time to seek out for himself the sources of information which are necessary for the writing of a sermon. These sermons have two qualities which recommend them: they are simple and they are solid.

New York: Fr. Prustet & Co.

We are glad to see the sermons of Rev. M. Fabri, S.J., in an English dress. The translation has been well done by Rev. M. J. Conway. The sermons of Father Fabri have long enjoyed throughout Italy a deservedly high reputation. They are replete with noble thoughts, rich in quotations from the Holy Scripture, and closely reasoned. In their new form they will be warmly welcomed by the clergy of America, as they are a rich mine of material from which they may draw at will ideas and principles upon which may be built a solid and instructive discourse. The present volume is the first of the series. Another will shortly follow.

New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Co. $1.50.

The lives of the Saints should be read from time to time at least by all who aspire to lead good lives. The latest addition to this department of literature is "The Life and Works of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi" translated from the Italian by Rev. Antonio Isoleri, rector of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi's Church, Philadelphia. It is a deeply interesting life and the writings of the saints breathe forth a spirit of love and contemplation that powerfully appeal to Christian instinct. This is a book that may well find a place in a Catholic family and in a religious community. The proceeds from the sale of this book are to be devoted to the new St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi's Italian Church, parochial school and orphan asylum. There is an autograph letter from Mgr. Alfonso Maria Mistrangelo, Archbishop of Florence, who has accepted the dedication of this volume.

Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. $1.75.

One of the most pleasing signs of latter day devotion is the increasing fervor of the faithful towards the Blessed Sacrament. The literature of this sublime subject is increasing too, and many solid contributions to it have been made within the past few years. One of the best of these is "Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament" from the German of Rev. B. J. Scheurer, D.D., translated and edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance, who has been doing such good work in this special department. We have in this present volume a series of powerful and beautiful discourses. Some are too long for the ordinary sermon, but all have a combined strength and beauty which satisfy the mind and appeal strongly to the religious imagination. They are very helpful discourses and will do much in fostering a quickening spirit of piety towards the greatest of Christian mysteries. We are glad to see that the editor has pre-

faced these discourses with the beautiful pastoral of Cardinal Wiseman on the Forty Hours' Devotion.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.50.

The Catholic idea of Christ, the Man God, is well set forth in a series of five discourses under the title "Christ, the Man God" by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. There is need in these days of emphasizing the Catholic position on this supreme question. Many outside the Church have fallen away from the old Christian idea of Christ and have lost themselves in the wilderness of skepticism and unbelief. These five discourses are well thought out, expressed in beautiful diction and presented with a power and sweetness that win the sympathy and convinces the mind. An excellent book for Catholics, and a good book to put into the hands of non-Catholics.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.: 60 cents.

A most interesting and valuable book is "The Testament of Ignatius Loyola" being sundry acts of Father Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus, taken down from the saint's lips by Luis Gonzales. The translation is by E. M. Rix and there is a preface from the pen of Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. We have here an account by, I might almost say, an eye witness of the life of St. Ignatius, from his wounding at Pampeluna to his journey to Rome and the foundation of the Jesuit order. Nay, we have more, we have the very words of the saint himself as they were heard by a contemporary, and so this book becomes an original source of information on a deeply interesting historical subject. What gives value to this book is the story of the inner life of St. Ignatius that is here revealed. His doubts, his struggles, his attitude in the presence of difficulties, his visions, his graces—all these make a highly interesting study.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. $1.00.

We have read with interest and delight the story of the all-around-world-journey of Rev. William McMahon of the diocese of Cleveland, which he has related in a volume, entitled "A Journey with the Sun Around the World." Fr. McMahon's journey was a long and interesting one, and during its course he visited most of the countries of Asia and Europe, including Egypt in Africa and the Hawaiian Islands of the Pacific Ocean. He was a good observer and his personal experiences during his long journey were many and varied. He is a good narrator, and the personal element which dominates in his volume makes it entertaining to a high degree. He gives many curious and valuable bits of information and sets forth the whole story with a simplicity and ease which win the sympathy of his reader. One who is unable to make such a trip will be pleased and interested by Father McMahon's readable account of his journey, while those who have gone over the ground will find a great pleasure in revisiting in spirit old scenes and in reading the record of Father McMahon's experiences. There are a number of beautiful illustrations.

Cleveland: The Catholic Universe. Half Leather, $2.00; Cloth, $1.75 and $1.50.

Novels on Spanish life should interest American readers and one which is manifestly a study of Spanish social conditions should have among us a wide circle of readers. Such a work, entitled, "Currita, Countess of Albornoz," by Rev. Luis Coloma, S.J., has just been translated for English readers by Estelle Huyck Attwell. This novel, the work of a Spanish Jesuit priest, who knows whereof he speaks, has produced a profound impression in Spain, where it has been running as a serial in the columns of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is a keen and powerful satire on the manners and habits of Madrid society. The scenes of the story take place during the period that witnessed the overthrow of King Amadeo the Savoyard and the establishing of the republic of Castelar. The author has a fine scorn for the pettiness of Spanish society in its high circles and exposes with his merciless pen the follies and supineness of those who should be the upholders of their country's greatness. This book is more than a novel: it is a powerful social study and reveals to the world in a singularly able way the cause of Spain's decline among the nations. The writer of such a book is not only a novelist of high rank: he is a patriot, besides. If this novel succeeds in arousing the higher classes in Spain from their lethargy and gives them nobler ambition and the spirit of enterprise in a great cause, it will, we imagine, have accomplished the purpose for which it was written.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

QUESTION BOX.

Is faith a gift, or can it be enkindled by reason and argument? "Earnest."

Faith is a gift of God. "For by grace you are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God." St. Paul to the Ephesians, 2,8. Our Divine Lord is no less precise. One day the multitude said to Him: "What shall we do, that we may work the works of God? Jesus answered, and said to them: this is the work of God, that you believe in Him whom He hath sent." John, 6, 28-29. So faith is God's work in us. And on that memorable occasion when Simon Peter said to Jesus, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God," Jesus answering, said to him: "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven." Matt. 16, 17. Faith is therefore not a product of mind and reasoning and argument, but a supernatural fruit of the grace which God of His own free will gives us in His wondrous bounty towards us . And our free-will gives assent to revealed truths, simply because they are revealed by God, and not on the strength of any proofs that may be adduced for them. "Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not," writes St. Paul to the Hebrews, 11, 1. The entire chapter should be read to learn the great Apostle's tribute to faith. There is the exclusion of all doubt, not indeed from human evidence, but from our assent to the word of God. The believer in any of the great doctrines of the Christian religion is not seeking for truths that are to him self-evident. What evidence has he from natural sources of the Divinity of Christ, of the atoning power of the blood of Christ, of the personality and procession of the Holy Ghost? The evidence he has is the word of God.

Faith is a very special gift and work of the Most Holy Trinity. All the revelation of the Father is directed to begin, to nourish and to cherish faith; to teach and promulgate it, the Word of God did not refuse to become flesh and our Teacher; and to impress it on souls is the work of heavenly illumination by the Holy Spirit, while to preach it to the whole world, and to preserve it through all ages, the Church of Christ has been established with a power of teaching that is incapable of error.

Human reason, illuminated and strengthened by grace, bows down in homage before God's revelation, accepts the faith that God bestows, and offers itself, the most excellent creation of God upon earth, in immolation of belief to divine authority. Such homage and observance proclaim the nobility of the believer.

Faith, whence Christians receive the name—faithful, is in every way supernatural, the gift of God alone. Its origin is in grace; its object refers to mysteries beyond the reach of reason; its motive is in the authority of uncreated, absolute Truth; its firmness placed on such a motive establishes human weakness in perfect security; its source is in the positive revelation of God; its first Teacher is Eternal Wisdom made man; its rule is the infallible teaching power of the church; and its goal is the Beatific Vision to which it aspires.

So much we have said to show that faith is indeed the gift of God.

Now, as to the place of reason in regard to faith. Reason is the dwelling-place of faith, its necessary condition, and an indispensable help. For faith is in the intellect, and only an intelligent creature is capable of truth, whether human or divine, and reason in a variety of ways has ever been aiding the diffusion and the conservation of revealed truths. "Your reasonable service," to use an expression of St. Paul, can alone please the God of Wisdom.

The motive of our faith, or of the submission of our reason to the truths it cannot comprehend, we have already observed, is the authority of the Revealer, God. We must be sure of the fact itself of revelation. Everything is in this. So soon as as this fact is demonstrated with evidence, and reason is therefore forced to admit it, we can no longer refuse, unless wickedly, to believe. Now, the fact of revelation is demonstrated as is any fact of history. Nay more, we may confidently affirm that so extraordinary have been its accompanying circumstances, so vast and marked its consequences in the world, that the motives of credibility it offers far surpass those of the best established

facts of history. The fulfilment of prophecy, the manner and extent of the Gospel's triumph, the moral character and the doctrine of Christ, and many other such evidences, form altogether an accumulation of arguments, which the Council of the Vatican speaks of as "most convincing signs, accommodated to every man's reason." Taken together, they show with practical certitude the divine origin of Christianity and its doctrines, and they afford abundant evidence to a prudent man, that he should assent without doubt or hesitation to the teacher of Christianity, the Church of Christ. But these evidences do not, like a mathemathical or metaphysical demonstration, constrain the assent of reason. Man's free-will is not coerced, and much depends upon his moral disposition. Nor will all this evidence give faith, the very highest certainty. We must carefully distinguish between the motives of credibility and faith itself. The beginning of faith, considered as a supernatural virtue, comes from God indeed, and not from human reason. But in an adult this faith can have its preparations from outside, from preaching, from the study of the proofs presented by religion, from reasoning, and from so many other means that God may use to draw to Himself those who do not as yet believe, and who would remain without belief, as St. Thomas Aquinas says, until they saw the duty of believing. There is a certain intelligence which precedes faith; the intelligence of the motives for belief which reason furnishes. Pius IX, in his Encyclical letter of November 9, 1846, says: "Although faith is above reason, no true dissension, no discord can ever be found between them, since both come from the Omnipotent God, and both have in Him their origin from immutable and eternal truth, so that reason proves, protects, defends the truth of faith, while faith frees reason from all errors, and wonderfullly enlightens, strengthens and perfects it with the knowledge of divine things. Human reason, that it may not be deceived and even in a matter of so great importance, should diligently inquire into the fact of divine revelation, that it may know for sure that God has spoken, and give to Him, as the Apostle most wisely teaches, a reasonable service. Who is ignorant, or can be unaware of the fact that entire obedience of faith is to be yielded to God when He speaks, and that nothing is more according to reason, than to consent and firmly adhere to what has been revealed by God, who can neither decieve nor be deceived? But how many, how wondrous, how luminous are the arguments at hand, which afford to human reason the brightest evidence that the religion of Christ is divine. Therefore human reason from these most brilliant and most strong arguments, knowing that God is the author of faith, can go no further, but putting aside all difficulty and doubt, must render entire obedience to that same faith, since it has arrived at the certainty that whatever the faith proposes to men for their belief and action has been received from God."

St. Augustine says we could not believe, except that we are rational beings. And so, God will not be displeased at our exercising that faculty by which He has made us the most excellent of His creatures here below. "Away!" He says, "with the notion that we believe without receiving or asking reason."

Far from banishing reason, faith puts upon us the obligation to labor, and to understand, what we may, by study and by meditation of the truths of revelation. So that not only before receiving it should the adult to whom it is offered be convinced of the grounds of faith, its credibility, its motives; but likewise, after it is received, we should, each one, be "ready always to satisfy every one that asketh a reason of the hope that is in us." I. St. Peter, 3.15.

Burdaloue, the great French preacher, says: "The Christian faith is not a mere acquiescence in belief, nor a mere submission of mind, but a reasonable acquiescence and a reasonable submission. And if this submission and this acquiescence were not reasonable, there would be no merit of virtue. Now, how could there be a reasonable acquiescence and a reasonable submission, unless reason does its part? Therefore, we must reason, but only to a certain point, and no further. We must examine, but without overstepping the bounds which the Apostle marked for the early faithful, when he said to them: "Now, brethren, in virtue of the grace which has been given me I warn you all without exception not to carry too far your searchings in the matter of faith, but to act therein very guardedly, and to touch thereon with great reserve." What proofs, what motives, show that the religion I profess, and, consequently, all the mysteries it teaches, is evidently worthy of belief?

This I should inquire into; this I should study and penetrate; here is where I should reason. For without this examination and exact investigation I can have only an unsteady faith, a vague and inconstant faith, lacking in principles.

All that is against that reason which God gives to us is by that very fact against divine truth. But we must not confound that which is superior to reason with that which is opposed to it. Faith has been called the telescope of reason. Without the telescope the eye cannot see beyond its range of vision objects which really exist; no more can the telescope alone see them. Thus of faith and reason. So faith does not exclude reason. It supposes it, and supplements it for the belief of an order of truths to which reason cannot attain, and which, though supernatural, seem to only continue in unbroken chain the line of natural truths. And so the true Christian is at once a man of reason and a man of faith. If he did not reason he would not be man; if he did not believe, he would not be Christian.

OF INTEREST TO READERS.

In reply to several enquiries, we beg to say that the May and June numbers of Donahoe's, containing the opening chapters of Miss Waggaman's stirring story of the Revolution, may be obtained by writing to the home office, No. 657 Washington street, Boston, Mass. It is very gratifying to know that this story is exciting so much favorable criticism. We commend it to the attention of all readers who like dramatic incidents, strong portrayal of character, and skilful treatment of historic events presented in the form of a deeply interesting tale.

The following letter is further proof of the pleasure afforded by reading.

Dear Mr. Editor:—Perhaps you would like to hear about the genuine popularity of your magazine even in foreign ports. Well, here is an interesting story: The good United States government transport "Marietta," taking troops to the Philippines, put in at Gibraltar for a short stop. While standing off that port one starry night the sailors saw reflected upon the clear surface of the beautiful Mediterranean what appeared to be a package of papers.

Throwing out drag-hooks the sailors found that their first impressions were correct. It was a bundle of reading matter that had been lost evidently by some passing steamer. But that is not what will interest you most; for, right on top of these papers was a copy of Donahoe's Magazine. It was in a splendid state of preservation, and it was eagerly read by the soldier boys from the United States.

Nor is that all.

One of these boys going off to fight for his country was Daniel L. Collins of the 2nd Rhode Island, Heavy Artillery. He saw and recognized your portrait of Mr. William Hopkins, the editor of "People in Print." Mr. Collins comes from Newton Upper Falls, and as he knew Mr. Hopkins the authorities of the ship gave him the magazine to keep. He sent it home to his father, John T. Collins of Newton, who now has it in his possession and treasures it very highly.

I think it a happy little incident showing the widespread interest in your magazine.

Very sincerely,
J. T. Collins.

WHAT LIEUT. PEARY SAYS.

An interesting item appears in McClure's Magazine for January, 1900, in the report of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., in which he tells of a visit in January, 1899, to Greely's Old Camp at Fort Conger, established at the time of General Greely's Polar Expedition in 1881-83, 18 years ago. Lieutenant Peary, in speaking of certain supplies found in the old deserted camp, says: "After eighteen years a case of Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk was as good as ever." This speaks emphatically, and of course impartially, regarding the merits of this widely celebrated brand of condensed milk.

The Fitchburg Railroad has published a very attractive Summer Excursion Book, giving a list of health and pleasure resorts on and reached by its line. The book is complete in its outline of routes, rates, etc., and also embraces a volume of other interesting matter, including list of hotels and boarding houses at various points, their capacity and charges.

Copies may be obtained upon application to the ticket agents of the company, or will be mailed upon receipt of 3 cents in stamps by C. M. Burt, General Passenger Agent.

MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK.

"SOFT SENSE OF COOLNESS RISES FROM THE STREAM,
WHILE WITH LOW, SNUFFLING SOUND THE HORSES DRINK."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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Vol. XLIV. AUGUST, 1900. No. 2.

An August Day.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

High noon of Summer! In the dreaming trees
With violin voice the locust celebrates
The reign of August, couched in velvet ease;
And, softly borne upon a swooning breeze,
Come rich responses from his music-mates.

Now is the spell of rest on myriad things.
Knee-deep in pools the cattle, hour by hour,
Stand calm as pictures, and his pictured wings
Even the butterfly now folds, or brings
To floating poise above some drowsy flower.

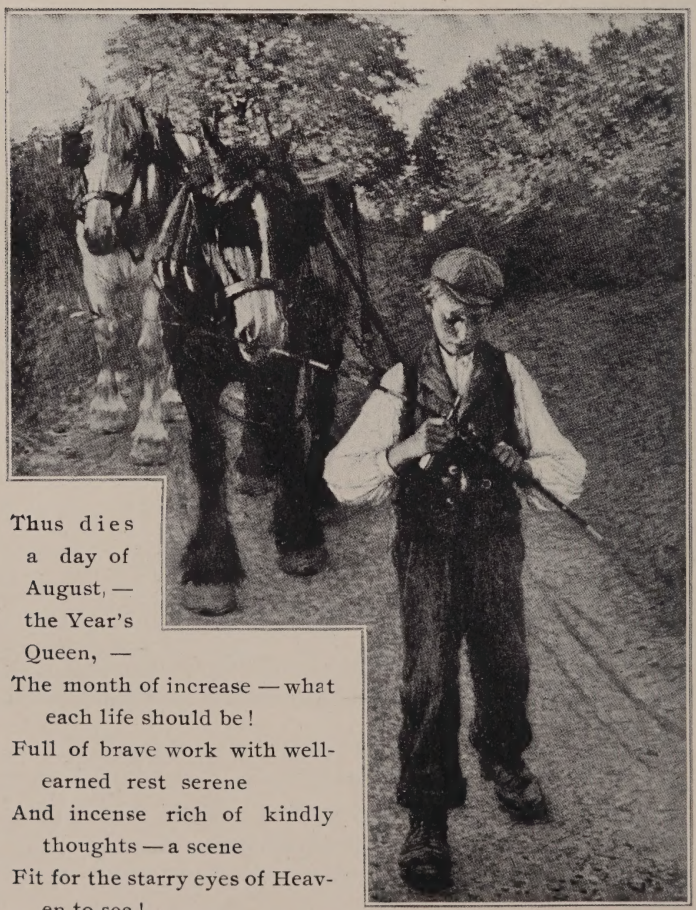
The farm-hand, rude, unlettered, though he be,
Watching his horse updrawing the cool brook,
Stirs with a kind of lazy sympathy
Or thrills, mayhap, to Summer's poetry —
That Heart of Burns but half revealed in book!

Soft sense of coolness rises from the stream,
While with low snuffling sound the horses drink;
Although the distant air is all a-gleam,
Vibrating in the noon-day's burning beam,
Like a vast eye with weariness a-wink.

But the noon passes, e'en as Life, so bright,
Hastens to sunset, and the night, wherein
No man may work, yet finds a pure delight
Of deepest rest, if he hath lived aright,
Reaping good wheat amid the tares of sin.

The heat and burden of the day depart ;
Ay, sure, though slow, the noon-tide ebbs away ;
Homeward the horses make a quiet start,
Behind the farmer's boy who, blithe of heart,
Whittles a fish-pole or a whip for play.

Over the fragrant landscape twilight comes
And the stars gather — stars like angel eyes ;
The katy-dids begin to beat their drums ;
The tree-toads answer and the darkness hums —
How softly ! — with a million melodies.



Thus dies
a day of
August, —
the Year's
Queen, —
The month of increase — what
each life should be !
Full of brave work with well-
earned rest serene
And incense rich of kindly
thoughts — a scene
Fit for the starry eyes of Heav-
en to see !

THE PEASANTS OF CORTINA d'AMPEZZO.

BY

ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

Driving from Bellemo to Cortina, our attention was diverted from the magnificent scenery by curious looking stacks of hay moving about the fields without any visible means of locomotion. Was it possible that way off here in the Austrian Tyrol, the mountaineers had learned the use of storage batteries and were transporting their hay by electricity? On making this inquiry of our driver, his ringing laugh echoed through the valley. "Why those are peasants carrying bundles of hay upon their heads." As we drew nearer we discovered, to our amazement, that they were all women. Later, we learned that the women not only cut the grain and stack it, they actually cart it to the barns! When the distance is too great for them to carry it on their heads, they deposit these huge bundles on small wagons which they draw up and down the steep mountain slopes. In Cortina the hay is closely packed in a large sheet of coarse crash, woven with long strings at each corner, by which it is securely tied. One of the women then stoops down, it is lifted on her head by two assistants, and she marches off, an animated hay-stack.

It seemed very strange to us Americans to find women doing what we considered men's work. It is not, however, that the men are unwilling to bear their share of the burden, but simply that their point of view is totally different from ours. We found them brave, independent, kind and helpful. They are trained from their birth to mountain climbing, and many of the most famous guides of the Tyrol have called Cortina home. They are also trained in the arts of wood-burning, inlaying, and carving. And the women? They are merely trained to regard men as beings of a superior order, for whom they cheerfully slave and toil. They are not only the wives, mothers and homemakers, they are the tillers of the soil, the tenders of the cattle, and in many instances the beasts of burden. En route, we stopped at a small inn. The landlord and only man of the house was away, so we told his wife to leave our trunk downstairs until he returned. After a few hours the woman appeared with it. Why did you not wait until your husband returned? I asked. "I did wait, Signorina,* he

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*Italian is still the language of the people, although this part of the Tyrol has for many years belonged to Austria.

is below." Then why did he not carry up our trunk? "Signorina," she exclaimed, in a tone of deepest reproach, "do you think I'd stand by and see my husband carry a trunk upstairs!" This is a fair example of the women's attitude throughout the valley of Ampezzo. Even in church the men's superiority is tacitly acknowledged. We had heard that they occupied different

VILLAGE OF CORTINA.

seats. Naturally we expected to see one side of the aisle reserved for them, the other for the women—not at all. The first half of the entire church is given to the men, the women and children taking the back seats as a matter of course. One thing must be said in favor of these peasants, however, they all go to church, and while we disapproved of the invidious distinction, we had to acknowledge that a most solemn impression was produced by this

compact body of strong, earnest men, kneeling motionless throughout the long service, while back of them knelt their wives and children in plain, black gowns. Visitors think this Sunday costume very unattractive. The pretty bodice and large white sleeves are covered by straight black jackets, buttoned to the chin; but there was something very impressive in the sight of this silent, black-robed congregation, and when all joined in singing their beautiful old hymns no one could remain unmoved by their earnest devotion. The church is often so crowded that the women and children kneel on the outer steps and down into the street. Even here they all take off their hats.

In Cortina no woman wears a hat in church; it is religiously removed and laid on the broad rail which is

provided for this purpose in front of each pew. We could find no trace of the origin of this unusual custom. The peasants simply knew it always had been done and in this valley tradition becomes a law. What "has been" is, and ever will be!

When we first arrived we could not understand why the women wore such hideous Derby hats which completely spoiled the picturesque effect of their pretty costumes. But since we have learned something of Ampezzo ways it no longer remains a mystery. For some reason these hats were once worn; therefore they are worn, they will be worn so long as an Ampezzo woman draws the free breath of life!

THE MILLER'S CHILDREN.

The peasants cling to their traditions as they do to their mountain fastnesses; independent, free, they do not regard them as shackles, but as proofs of their freedom. No outsider shall come into their village and impose modern ideas! So the hats of past generations are handed down from mother to child. The baby of one year proudly assuming this distinctive badge of the Ampezzo Tyrol which is worn irrespective of age, size or previous condition of servitude.

Their remarkable method of hairdressing is also shared by the youngest and oldest members of the community. Tightly-plaited braids are drawn closely across the lower part of the head, and into them are stuck innumerable silver pins. These pins and a small brooch at the neck are their only ornaments, their simplicity in dress being in marked contrast to that of the peasants of Switzerland. Shut away from the world by the gigantic Dolomite ranges they have preserved the simple costumes and customs of past ages. The gospel of love has sunk deeply into their hearts. They give to the poor and unfortunate, not only of their substance, but of their time and strength. The women who work all day in the fields go at night to nurse the sick or watch with the dead. Those who have lost a mother, a child, are tenderly shielded from all distressing details, the neighbors taking entire charge of the funeral to which they invite the family of the deceased!

In looking for a peasant, I once went to the house where a child had

died. The door stood open. I knocked, and no one responding, I entered the room. There, covered with flowers, lay a beautiful boy, seemingly asleep. The bed had been converted into a sort of catafalque, hung with sheer white draperies; this was surmounted by a canopy of the same sheer white, while over the whole were thrown wreaths and bunches of flowers. On either side was a platform on which stood blooming plants. The boy was quite alone, surrounded by his flowers. A few rays of the noonday sun penetrated the heavy green blinds and fell across the bed, shining full upon the wreath of white roses that crowned his head. This wreath is the symbol of virginity and is worn only by the unmarried.

It is an old custom thus to leave the dead from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. All day long the peasants come and go, kneeling to implore God's mercy for the soul of the departed. In the evening all the friends assemble and the prayers are recited aloud. Bread and salt are distributed and when the family can afford it, money is given to the poorer neighbors present. The following day the body is placed in a casket and carried to the cemetery, where the burial service takes place. During this time the church bells peal joyously as for a marriage.

When an infant dies the friends gather to rejoice with the mother. On entering each one says to her, "I rejoice with you, you have a child in heaven." And she replies, "Yes, I am happy, my baby is with God." In the evening, instead of reciting prayers they dance and sing, play games and make merry. At first we refused to believe that this custom was still preserved, but not only do they make a festal time of it, they often dance and

ONE OF THE THIRTY-FIVE VILLAGES SURROUNDING CORTINA.

WOMAN'S WORK IN CORTINA.

play cards in the very room where the child lies dead! Yet customs, however ancient, can not conquer human nature, and the sad, yearning eyes of the poor mothers convinced us of their breaking hearts and aching, empty arms.

The announcement of a death in the community is made by the ringing of the church bells. When for a woman, they ring once, then, after a moment's silence, again; for a man, twice before stopping; for an infant they ring continuously. At the first sound every man in the valley removes his hat, all raise their hearts in supplication to the Giver of life that His angels may carry the soul to Paradise. This community of feeling, of loving interest, appeals to all who come here from the busy, outside world.

The peasants of Cortina live as one great family, their church being the centre from which radiate all their interests. Here they gather to lay their joys and sorrows at the feet of Christ. He was their friend when on earth, they are sure of His loving sympathy now, and they come to Him with the faith and simplicity of children. They make of their church the one common home, within whose sacred walls they find peace and happiness. Their lives are spent beneath the shadow of the tower. The concerts on Sunday afternoons, the fire-works on great fête days, all the gatherings of the village, take place on its open square. Cut off from the influences of modern civilization, these peasants have preserved much of the simplicity of the early Christians. The husband and father is the head of the house-

A WOMAN WORKS ALL DAY FOR TWELVE CENTS.

A CORTINA HAYMAKER.

hold, but the entire family share in the council which determines all questions of importance. In this little settlement is an element of mutual help and friendship that closely approaches the ideal. Unfortunately in all ideal relationships the unworthy take advantage of the weak; and here should the father be unjust or cruel he can force the women of the family to become his slaves; as was the case with one of our maids, a sweet, delicate girl to whom we were very much attached. The father took her away and compelled her to stay in a hotel on account of the fees she received, but where the poor girl was killing herself by overwork. All that she earned was given to her parents.

AN ANIMATED HAYSTACK.

The girls who have no father give their money to the eldest brother, who fills his place as head of the household: they then receive about three per cent of their earnings. This they may spend on dress or in any way they please.

The women of Cortina are so often the wage-earners, that early marriages are looked upon with disfavor. Thirty is considered the proper age for a bride, and no girl is called an "old maid" before she is forty! When we talked with the women, even the most intelligent, they could see nothing unusual in the fact that they worked both indoors and out. Where are the men? we used to ask. Why do they not work in the fields and take care of the cattle? "Oh, they can earn more at their carving, inlaying and woodburning, which are the industries of our village."

"Then why do not the women learn to carve and burn wood? It seems to us much more a woman's work than field labor."

"But it has never been the custom," was the invariable reply. That settled the matter for them beyond all possibility of change. In the rare cases when men assist with the mowing they receive higher wages than the women, thirty-five cents a day being given them, while the women are paid but twenty. For all other field work a woman receives only twelve cents.

How much does a man charge when he carries home the hay? "But he never does that. No man would

carry hay on his head; that's the woman's work, you know."

Silvia, a beautiful young girl whom we were very fond of, was keeping books in one of the hotels, but always said she much preferred working in the fields. It was her first season of confinement and she longed for the freedom of her outdoor life.

Since tourists have taken possession of Cortina, however, the parents prefer their girls to work in the hotels, as they receive so much in fees. When the inevitable railway follows the tourist, these people will lose the primitive simplicity which now makes the study of their character full of charm and interest. The women will no longer form picturesque groups in the fields. They will be compelled, as are our farmers' wives, to spend many weary hours bending over hot stoves, preparing food for the men who will then do the harvesting. Civilization will demand much more than the simple cooking which now contents these peasants. Silvia told us that they lived almost entirely on Polenta (boiled corn meal) and soup. No bread is baked at home—indeed, they have no cooking stoves; only a large stone fire-place with an iron crane on which is hung the one kettle used in preparing their food. The soup is made of rice, vegetables or butter thickened with flour. They have no fresh meat. On Sundays a little bacon, salt meat or sausage is occasionally added to their bill of fare. For breakfast they have black coffee with bread, or soup with small dumplings made of white flour; at dinner Polenta with milk and cheese. This is varied by a national dish made of dumplings over which is poured melted butter and cheese.

"Do they have the soup, then the dumplings, Silvia?"

WOMEN CARTING HAY TO THE BARNS.

"But they never have two dishes at one meal, Signorina. Why should they; they eat as much as they want of one."

Supper is a very informal meal, consisting of dumplings cooked in a milk broth. Each member of the family is served with a bowlful which he usually eats out of doors. You see the children standing on the balconies eating this soup.

SILVIA'S HOME, SHOWING BALCONY WHERE SHE ATE HER SUPPER.

"Yes, that is fine! I liked that very much, to stand on the balcony and eat my supper!" and Silvia's eyes glistened as they always did at any mention of the free, happy days of her childhood. Yet her life had not been an easy one. Her father dying when she was very young, she was forced to assist both in field work and cattle tending. She was only seventeen, but told us that the year before when harvesting she had carried on her head bundles of hay weighing one hundred and ten pounds!

"Oh, no! that was not hard; it was so beautiful to be out of doors all day long."

A number of us tried in vain to lift these enormous bundles. Even the men had to give up in despair, to the great amusement of one of the women who balanced it on her head with the greatest ease, and assured us that she often carried much heavier loads.

The peasants are all finely built and their costumes lend a picturesque charm to the broad shoulders, square, firm figures, and waists that rival that of the Venus de Milo. Unfortunately, working in the hot sun, their skin becomes yellow and wrinkled, and as toothbrushes are unknown luxuries, they lose their teeth when very young; but their loss of beauty is more than compensated for by the look of peace and contentment that many possess. Neither poor nor rich, their wants are so simple that very little contents them. The older generation deplore the coming of the tourists, for while they bring money and work into the valley, they also introduce extravagant ideas. The young girls are no longer content to wear skirts of homespun cloth, but must buy their dresses at the village store, while the young men have actually begun to wear white starched collars with their flannel shirts! Gradually these baleful symptoms of modern civilization are spreading to the thirty-five surrounding villages, which, with Cortina, form this small community of three thousand souls.

There being no fences to protect the crops in these villages, the cattle and sheep are driven into the mountains on the first of June and are not brought home until the fourth of October. During four months the women who do the milking and make the butter and cheese lead the life of hermits; their only recreation being on Sunday, when they descend the mountain to attend their church service, after which they are invited to remain for dinner by one of the peasants whose cattle they have in charge. A Sunday dinner, one pound and a half of butter, and three pounds of cheese are given in exchange for the care of each cow. One glorious summer day we climbed up with Silvia to visit a friend who had charge of thirty cows. We found Marie living in a small mountain hut, built over the stalls where the cows were kept. There was but one large room in which she slept, ate, churned and made her cheese. An immense iron pot was swung over a fireplace which consisted simply of a pile of stones in the centre of the room. There was no chimney. The smoke floated around until it forced its way through cracks in the upper part of the room.

We had been warned that after visiting these huts we would never wish to eat either butter or cheese. But in spite of the smoke everything was spotlessly clean. The pans for the milk, the wooden cheese bowls, churns, benches and tables were all white as snow.

"How can you tell the quantity of butter and cheese belonging to each family?" we asked.

"That is determined by the proprietors, Signorina; when the cattle are first brought up the owners all assemble here and weigh the milk given by each cow."

In proportion to this quantity they receive their butter and cheese at the end of the summer. Marie sold her forty-five pounds of butter for about twelve dollars and her cheese for as much more. In addition to her charge of thirty cows, nineteen of whom she milked twice a day, she worked in the fields near by. Rising at three in the morning she did her milking; the cows were then driven to pasture and before the sun was very high on the mountains she was ready for her outdoor labor.

One of the most exciting times at Cortina is in the fall when the sheep are brought down from the mountains. For days the peasants from the surrounding villages are busily preparing to receive them. They build a large central pen into which the sheep are first driven, then a smaller one for each village where they are put after being separated. The sheep are all marked, each village having its individual brand. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than the hundreds of white sheep on the grassy mountain slopes where they are kept until all is in readiness. At a signal from the peasants the herder comes bounding down the green hillsides, followed in his wild descent by the goats and sheep. He jumps over the railing of the central pen, they madly following; he makes the sign of the cross in salt, then a ring; standing in the centre, the sheep crowd eagerly about him. The peasants now rush in and grab the sheep belonging to their village, thrusting them into the designated pen. Then begins a most marvelous and interesting display of mutual affection. Old men and women throw their arms about their sheep, hugging and embracing them, while the animals show their

delight in every possible way. It seems strange that they should recognize their owners after months of absence, but that such is the case no one can doubt who witnesses this reunion. Later you see the old peasants beaming and smiling as they walk homewards, with a long procession of goats and sheep contentedly trotting on behind them.

This is a gala time throughout the valley. The crops are all in, the cattle safely home, and the peasants can settle down to enjoy the bright fall sunshine before the dark winter days begin. Marriages, with their attendant fêtes, are now in order. All through the busy summer the lovers, their friends and relatives have looked forward to this great event. The ceremony usually takes place in the early morning. The bride and groom seated in a flowery bower—drawn by horses covered with flowers—are accompanied to the church by the larger part of their village. After the ceremony a sumptuous repast is given the guests in one of the summer hotels. Dancing then begins. Americans, who are accustomed to the gliding waltz or slow moving cotillion, can form no idea of the wild athletic feats performed by these peasants. In one of the figures the men throw the girls high in the air, catch them as they descend and whirl them madly round and round. These violent gymnastic exercises continue until dinner is served, and are resumed as soon after as possible, the merry dancers stopping only to eat their supper; when this is finished they dance again until ten o'clock. The married couple are then conducted to the house of the man's family. As the bride enters the door her husband's mother commands her to stop and reflect before entering. She then delivers a long discourse on the duties of married life, obedience to her husband being, of course, the most important. She ends with a pathetic appeal to the young wife not to bring discord into the home: "We have dwelt in peace and loving devotion one to the other. We pray you not to let strife and contention drive away this spirit of love." After this she hands a glass of wine to the bride, welcoming her to her new home. A simple repast has been prepared for the guests, and music provided so that they may continue their dancing until morning. Fortunately the active, outdoor life of these peasants has strengthened their muscles and trained them to much endurance, otherwise very few of the Cortina belles could survive an Ampezzo wedding.

The long winter which now begins is a severe test on the character of the young wife. Shut away from all society by the heavy snows, the entire family are forced to spend their time in the one room which is heated. The women card the wool, spin, and weave, while the men work at their industries until the early night closes down upon them. By three o'clock twilight begins in this white, wintry world. As soon as the sun disappears the cold is intense and the marvelous stoves of Cortina become the centre of attraction. They are built of masonry and covered with plaster, around them benches are built, and on top of them beds!

"Who sleeps up there, Silvia?"

"They are seldom used during the night, Signorina. The men lie there to rest in the afternoon when it is too dark for them to work."

"And where do the women go for their rest?"

"Oh, but they can't lie down in the

afternoons. They have to milk the cows, get the supper and put the children to bed. They have lamps, you know, for their work."

Music is the one passion of these peasants. Nearly every man plays on some musical instrument and many of the young girls have beautiful voices. Their winter evenings are devoted to singing, and I love to think of the hard-worked women in their snow-bound houses, resting with folded hands, while they join in those beautiful mountain hymns. As they sing, their honest, homely faces glow with devotion, for to them music is prayer. The little children gather about them, raising their childish voices in praise of Christ, Whose love for them is never forgotten by these simple peasants of the Austrian Tyrol.

MIZPAH.

BY AMADEUS.

The Lord behold and judge between us when we shall be gone one from the other.—Genesis xxxi., 49.

Not mine to say where Time may lead thee
  When not with me thy place shall be;
I only know my life shall need thee,
  While distance puts thee far from me.
No thought have I to one day greet thee
  With hand-clasp strong, as oft of yore,
But, though I be denied to meet thee,
  God keepeth watch for evermore.

No word of thine, perhaps, may reach me,
  Or what I speak wing flight to thee,
Yet, Faith and Love shall constant teach me
  God keepeth watch 'twixt thee and me.
And faithful, through the years of waiting,
  Despite our paths' divergent ways,
My hope in God, that knows no bating,
  Shall bring me calm through length of days.

God's Will be done, whate'er befall thee;
  Where duty lies thy steps must go,
And, not for self would I recall thee,
  Although my heart its want doth know.
God bless thee, dear; God bless thee kindly;
  In life and death my strength shall be
The God of Truth; I trust Him blindly;
  He keepeth watch 'twixt thee and me.

CATHOLIC INTEREST IN THE COMING ELECTION.

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

The endorsement of President McKinley's administration, and his unanimous renomination for a second term by one of the leading political parties, should be a matter of grave concern and especial consideration to every American Catholic. The attitude of Mr. McKinley toward Catholics and the Church during the past two years is very singular to say the least. It seems to be unmistakable and clear. His course in that regard is a matter of record.

Let us note how the record runs. At the end of the war with Spain the people of the Philippine Islands and of Porto Rico were transferred, as well as a treaty could transfer them, to the jurisdiction of the United States, while over the people of Cuba a temporary trusteeship was assumed. The population of Cuba and Porto Rico and the civilized inhabitants of the Philippines are almost exclusively Catholic.

Mr. McKinley as President of the United States, ostensibly desirous of acquiring needful and correct information respecting these new territories and the condition of their people with a view to the adoption of such governmental measures as might be conducive to their welfare, selected commissioners to investigate the condition and to report their findings to him. But, singular to relate, in selecting these commissioners he failed to appoint a solitary Catholic out of the 12,000,000 in the United States to serve upon any of the commissions. In other words, the fact is worthy of repetition, he selected only non-Catholics to examine into the wants and requirements of an exclusively Catholic people, born and reared Catholics, under a system of rule which recognized a peculiar union of Church and State, with all the intricate and complex problems which must necessarily arise during the period of transition to the complete separation of these institutions.

Under such circumstances the President's selection was unique. An average business man in the prosecution of an ordinary business enterprise would have acted differently in the selection of his agents. The executive authority of the United States in the past has acted differently. The Congress of the United States in the revolutionary days appointed Rev. John Carroll with his cousin, Charles Carroll, as commissioners along with Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase to treat with the Catholic people of Canada. Abraham Lincoln during the perilous days of the Civil War selected Archbishop Hughes with Thurlow Weed as his commissioners to the government of Catholic France and its people.

But Mr. McKinley appointed men not only of a different race, language, modes of thought and customs to the people to whom they were sent, but even without the tie of a common religious faith to serve as an introduction. The Insular commissioners who were assigned to the work of throwing light on the needs of Porto Rico set forth in their luminous report to Mr. McKinley that among some of the most pressing needs of that subject people the enactment of laws was required to permit Catholic

priests to marry, and the establishment of an authority to grant divorces such persons as required them. Truly most sapient recommendations. Had one Catholic been a member of that distinguished body of investigators and recommenders we would have been spared the infliction of a report which exhibited ignorance, or stupidity, or bigotry—probably all three elements entered into its makeup. Certainly the report of the Insular Commission was an insult to American Catholics, an insult too for which the President is chiefly responsible.

The Philippine Commission—the first one—of which Mr. Schurman was Chairman, was not in a position to make such sweeping recommendations in reference to the welfare of the Catholic priests and people of the Philippines as the gentlemen of the Insular Commission, for the potent reason that the civilized Filipinos were, with considerable success, maintaining their natural right to independence as set forth in the language of Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Schurman's commission, however, recommended that the "rebels" who are Christians should be subjugated at any cost in blood and money, while the Mohammedan ruler of the Sulu Islands, where polygamy and slavery are recognized institutions of state, was a fit and proper person to enjoy the protection of American authority and worthy of receiving a stipulated sum of American money at regular intervals for according his gracious permission to fly the American flag as a symbol of sovereignty over the harem and slave mart.

The latest Philippine commission, the one now in existence, of which Judge Taft is Chairman, was selected a few months ago with the same careful discrimination against the choice of a single Catholic to its membership. Over and over again in the press, from the public rostrum, and by personal notification, the President's attention had been drawn to the fact of his failure to appoint at least one well-known Catholic on each of the first two commissions. It is now quite evident from his selection of the members of Judge Taft's commission that the omission on the part of the President to appoint any Catholic was advised, intentional, deliberate, with a specific object, which will appear before the close of this article.

The action of some of Mr. McKinley's subordinates too, in respect to the new Catholic subjects, is worthy of a passing notice. Take the case of Captain Leary at Guam whose antics attracted pretty widespread attention. This naval officer undertook to dictate to the priests on that island respecting the exercise of their priestly duties, he assumed the authority to expel them, he undertook to regulate marriages and interfered generally as a little irresponsible despot. It is true he was recalled, but without the public reprimand which he richly deserved.

Again the wholesale looting and the profanation of the churches in the island of Luzon by the American forces deserved at the hands of the President as Commander-in-chief, a searching and thorough investigation, and the punishment of at least some of the prominent vandals engaged in it. But the matter was allowed to go by default. One of Mr. McKinley's officers, General Funston, was specifically charged with being a receiver of a portion of the stolen church property. This gallant general on his arrival in the United States last year indulged in some brave talk in reference to suing Archbishop Ireland for adverting to these charges, but a very few weeks later DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE published

a carefully prepared article setting forth with considerable minuteness a description of some of the articles stolen, and the names of the officers and men in possession of these articles. General Funston's name was mentioned among them. The gallant general was thus offered a splendid opportunity to bring the publisher of DONAHOE'S before a jury on a criminal charge or in an action for substantial damages. But he merely blustered and returned to the Philippines to extend civilization. And Mr. McKinley did not insist upon it that his subordinate should clear his fame in a court of justice, where adequate punishment could be meted out to those who made such serious charges, if they were not true.

Again in the island of Cuba where it is alleged the authority of the President will only prevail until such time as the Cubans get their own governmental machinery in running order, General Brooke, the American commander, issued a proclamation or order on the thirty-first day of May, 1899, by which he declared that marriages performed by clergymen would not be regarded as legal after that date. It almost takes one's breath away to contemplate the assumption of authority by this military governor, Mr. McKinley's agent. Here is a non-Catholic soldier apparently ignorant of the fact that Catholics regard marriage not only as a contract but as a sacrament—a contract holier and more binding than any contract recognized by statute law or imperial decree,—a bond that can be dissolved by death only. General Brooke probably knew when he issued his order what almost every American citizen knows, that the law throughout the United States maintains the legality of a marriage ceremony performed by clergymen of any religious denomination. Presumably he did know but for some inexplicable reason, possibly to inconvenience the Catholic people of the island, or to show them that he had but little respect for their religion or its rites or sacraments, he issued his infamous order. Whatever may have been the motive that inspired General Brooke's extraordinary order, the order itself remains unrevoked up to the date on which these lines are written, notwithstanding the protests against it and the petitions of the clergy and laity for its repeal or modification. The attention of Mr. McKinley through his secretary of war, Mr. Root, was directed to it last March, but Mr. Root referred the petitioners back again to the American military governor of Cuba for redress. It is a well-known legal principle that the act of an agent within the scope of his authority is binding on the principal; the edict of Brooke is in effect the act of Mr. McKinley and the latter should be held responsible for it.

The President for the time being is the absolute ruler of Cuba; his will is the supreme law there, unfettered by any constitutional limitations. It is true Congress has declared the people of Cuba free and independent as of right, but in the meantime the President of the United States is absolute until that declaration begins to take practical effect.

American Catholics must have experienced a feeling of profound humiliation at the spectacle presented by the Archbishop of Havana, several of his clergy and a numerous representation of Cuban laymen, who on the twenty-third of last May humbly laid a petition bearing the signatures of thirty-one thousand Cuban people before General Wood, the present Governor of Cuba, begging him to recognize marriages

performed by clergymen as valid. There the matter rests and thus it will rest unless probably the exigencies of the political campaign now under way may constrain Mr. McKinley to think that some American Catholics may feel inclined to resent by their votes at the coming election his imperial and very peculiar method of treating their Cuban co-religionists.

I do not mean to suggest that the President is a bigot or personally prejudiced in any manner against Catholics. Not at all. Indeed one of his first appointments, that of Minister to the court of Spain, was a Catholic—Mr. Storer. It is ungraciously alleged that Mr. Storer in concert with Mr. Hanna rendered substantial financial assistance to Mr. McKinley while the latter labored under serious difficulties before his first nomination as President. But one good turn in the hour of need should not be forgotten even by a President. And other Catholics there are who have also been rewarded by him with office; hence the President's careful exclusion of Catholics from any of the commissions has not been instigated by bigotry but in my judgment it is a carefully considered move in the political game which he is playing under the instruction of astute advisers. He desires to be re-elected President and that desire is paramount to everything else. The votes of Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant are all looked upon with favor by the politician, Mr. McKinley.

Had he appointed even one prominent representative American Catholic on each of the commissions to the Catholic peoples of the new possessions the reports submitted to him would quite likely have been different and probably would have led to considerable public discussion upon the subjects of education, of marriage, of the various complex questions arising from the abrupt severance of Church and State. All danger of this was avoided by the selection of exclusively non-Catholic commissioners. For a similar reason, in my judgment, Protestant superintendents of schools have also been appointed for each of the new territories. If American Catholics were chagrined at their ostracism, anti-Catholic sentiment, of which there is a large quantity in all parties, was profoundly elated. Patent and latent prejudice against the Church wherever it exists among the American voters was highly gratified by this ostracism. Many of the multifarious preachers of the sects with their bigoted followers, were delighted. These people have votes. Anything to beat Rome. In a word taking all the circumstances of the situation into account, the course followed by Mr. McKinley was doubtless considered carefully and it seems to have been a shrewd one from the viewpoint of the mere politician whose chief object is an election.

Another thing is worthy of note. The President and his advisers desire, in the event of their return to power, a perfectly free hand to deal with the new possessions. They make no effort to conceal that. They boldly declare that the Constitution does not follow the American flag, that the latter can wave gloriously over subject peoples governed without their consent; taxed without representation. That imperial doctrine has already been carried into effect in the case of Porto Rico, where a simulacrum of self-government has been set up, in which the President by his appointees upon the executive council is practically an absolute ruler.

In relation to the Philippine Islands, Mr. McKinley's commissioners, it is

alleged, are authorized to arrange such a settlement there as they may deem fit, with possibly a submission of their scheme at some future time to the approval of Congress, although of late our national legislative body seems to have become a sort of fifth wheel to the executive coach, whose action is not required in reference to the settlement of the new possessions, except occasionally, when it may be called upon to register the executive will.

With these things before their eyes American Catholics should take special note of the portentous signs from the Philippines. We have been informed that the friars—the sons of St. Dominic and St. Francis—are very obnoxious to certain Filipinos who desire to expel them from the islands, whose people they have been civilizing for over three hundred years, and to confiscate their property. It is said that most of those leading the fight for Filipino independence as well as those who agree to be assimilated, would like this course of procedure, expulsion of friars and confiscation. How far this sentiment extends and what are the grounds for it other than that the friars are Spanish priests and doubtless have been opposed to the insurrection against Spain, we are left very much in the dark. General charges of various kinds have been made through the public press against them, including of course the time honored ones of immorality and avariciousness. The Catholic authorities in the islands who have an intimate knowledge of the friars and their work defend them against these accusations.

Can we hope for a reliable statement, unbiased and unprejudiced, from the exclusively non-Catholic commission headed by Judge Taft? Had there been at least one well-known Catholic citizen in that body, as there should have been, it would certainly be more entitled to respect and carry greater weight. We are told that this commission is not only authorized to examine into, but to act upon the facts relative to the friars and the Church property, and to arrange a settlement of all the questions involved with such Filipinos as are ready to lay down their arms and acknowledge the sovereignty of the United States.

During several months past semi-official statements evidently inspired by the administration have been sent broadcast through the press of the country as feelers of the public pulse on the subject of the friars and the church property. The earlier of these dispatches harped upon the difficulties encountered in dealing with the complicated questions involved. They declared that the Filipinos as a condition precedent to their submission to the United States authority insisted that their will must be carried out in the matter. These inspired dispatches have gradually grown more explicit and suggestive as to the methods of settlement, so that now we are enabled to see quite clearly the general outline of Mr. McKinley's program.

Here is an abstract from one of many of the latest dispatches on the subject which is pregnant with significant meaning:

"Concerning the seven propositions made by Filipino leaders to the Taft Commission as conditions of peace, administration officials declare that the commissioners have instructions which will enable them to meet all the questions raised....The questions of the return of confiscated property and the expulsion of the friars will give the commission the most trouble. It

is not supposed the commission will be able to expel the friars, but it was realized before it left here that this was one of the greatest problems with which it would have to deal, and it was, therefore, given wide latitude in the treatment of the question. While the property rights of friars are to be respected, it is hoped by the administration that the commissioners will be able to develop some plan under which the vast tracts of property obtained by them from the natives can be returned.

"It is the opinion of the officials here that the friars are the one disturbing element in the archipelago, and that until their influence is broken it will be impossible to completely establish peace among the natives. Religious liberty and a complete separation of Church from State, according to the American policy, will be a part of the campaign of education the commission will attempt to spread throughout the islands. It is not likely that a wholesale expulsion of the friars will be ordered but in future proclamations such a result will be suggested as a warning to those who may attempt to interfere with the religious liberty of others."

Thus we are informed that the administration has given Judge Taft's commission "wide latitude in the treatment of the question" of expelling the friars and of the disposition of the church property over which the friars are trustees. The American Catholic who cannot see what the present administration really means in that regard must be very blind indeed. Its purpose, almost nakedly avowed already, will only require the endorsement of the administration at the polls next November to warrant the carrying of that purpose into effect. True the treaty of Paris specifically guarantees all property rights in the Philippines, but the violation of a treaty is only a thing of small moment to any ruler who may deem it politic. The plunder of the Church in the Philippines and in Porto Rico would be a taking thing with quite a number of people even in the United States. Pretexts for violating the guarantees of property rights, or for explaining them away as the phrase "consent of the governed" has been explained away, can be found as numerous as blackberries in season.

Wherever the army controls in the Philippines Mr. McKinley is an absolute master. The Constitution imposes no check upon his will according to his policy. He may determine at any time by his exclusively non-Catholic commission, or by his military commander, that obnoxious Catholic priests should be summarily expelled as aliens or seditious characters, and that the property of the Church should be confiscated for the benefit, for instance, of the new school system now in the process of evolution under the direction of his non-Catholic superintendent of education. Or he can appoint judges who without any great trouble could pick out flaws in the title to the Church property. Or he can by a local puppet legislature work out the same end. The thing can be easily accomplished in various ways, and when accomplished there is no means of redress, no right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States because the Constitution is not involved.

The signs are manifold that the present administration has the will to do these things, and that its supporters in Congress, judging by their attitude on the Catholic Indian schools and the

Catholic orphanage in Washington, will endorse it in doing them, there is no good reason to doubt.

The treatment accorded to the Catholic Indian schools by Mr. McKinley's political friends makes up one of the most disgraceful chapters of the black record of our dealings with the unfortunate aborigines. These schools were established for them by Religious who devoted their lives without pay or earthly reward, for Christ's sake only, to the education and welfare of the Indian. With the small means at their command, contributed by the faithful throughout the country, the results were surprising. In view of these results the United States government several years ago entered into a contract with the managers of the Catholic Indian schools by which it agreed to pay annually, a certain amount towards their support on certain conditions. Many new schools were built in pursuance of that contract and the work of education was progressing as never before.

But suddenly the anti-Catholic fiend came forth from his den and broke loose in wild expostulation. Church and State! Papal aggression! Jesuit intrigue! smote the air all round. Down with the Catholic Indian schools; not a cent of public money shall they receive! Up with government schools where no religious instruction will be given, even if they cost three times as much to support them. Abrogate the treaty or contract made with the Catholics respecting their schools instantly, was the cry. And the treaty was abrogated chiefly by the votes of Mr. McKinley's supporters. That fact is a matter of record.

In response to somewhat similar inflammatory appeals to anti-Catholic prejudice somewhat similar treatment has been accorded institutions conducted under Catholic auspices in the District of Columbia. Shortly before the latest adjournment of Congress a vote was taken by the senators upon a grant of a few thousand dollars towards the support of an orphanage in Washington superintended by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The orphans they take care of would doubtless have become a public charge had they not found a home with the Sisters. This institution had formerly received small grants in recognition of the good work it was doing in common with other institutions under charge of non-Catholics. But in the present year of our Lord, of Christ who said, "Suffer little children to come to me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God," a majority of the United States Senate declared by their votes that the Sisters of St. Joseph, being Catholics, in charge of the orphanage, it is a Catholic institution, and consequently should not be assisted from the public treasury. And yet these same senators who voted against a grant to this orphanage had no hesitation in voting grants of public money to institutions in Washington conducted exclusively by Protestants and recognized as Protestant institutions.

Senator Vest of Missouri in a powerful speech in behalf of the Sisters' orphanage exposed the hypocrisy of its opponents, just as he had exposed the opponents of the Catholic Indian schools on a prior occasion, and he charged them with subserviency to the foul spirit of religious prejudice. Against Mr. Vest stood Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, a prominent leader in opposition to the grant. Mr. Lodge had been also a leading antagonist of the Catholic Indian schools and he had shown, during the heat of

the intermittent A. P. A. fever, how far a man of scholarly attainments and of once budding promise in the field of statesmanship could drop, when he endeavored by his speeches during a state election campaign in Massachusetts to inflame the public mind by reference to the enemies of the public schools—meaning the Catholics—although there was no issue raised upon that question between the political parties. No other speaker made it an issue. Mr. Lodge simply tried to utilize it to catch votes. Yet not one of his own children ever attended a public school. And Mr. Lodge was the gentleman who presided over the Philadelphia convention which endorsed the acts of the administration and renominated Mr. McKinley.

This should be a matter of grave and urgent concern to every Catholic American voter. The re-election of Mr. McKinley, therefore, in view of the facts indicated, with many others not necessary to refer to, seems to mean a commission from the people to proceed with confiscation in the new possessions. American Catholics protested vigorously some years ago against the spoliation of the Church in Rome by the Italian government, and with such powerful effect that the property of the American college in that city was saved from the clutch of Italian spoilsmen. But now we are confronted with the almost incredible—the astounding proposition—scarcely veiled—that the property of the Church, one and indivisible, shall be confiscated upon some pretext or other under the folds of the American flag itself. There is no use blinking the ugly fact. There it stands in all its nakedness before the public eye.

There may be American Catholic citizens who deem it unwise to refer to these subjects in connection with political action. Some Catholics there are who speak with bated breath and in whispering tones apparently afraid to assert that they are Catholics, that they possess rights under the Constitution, that they can feel an insult, and that they have votes with which to defend themselves against bigotry or insult by members of or by the action of any political party. Prejudice against the Church is not confined to members of any one party, it exists to a greater or less extent in all, and will continue doubtless until the mission of the Church on earth is ended. But just at the present time the leaders of the party in power, by the course they have pursued, seem to think that an anti-Catholic attitude will bring good returns—politically.

The writer of these words—a Catholic layman—sees his duty clear in the premises. He has never occupied an elective or appointive office. He has voted for eight presidential candidates, one only of whom was a democrat. At the approaching national election he shall not vote for the Republican ticket because it represents not only imperialism and militarism, but because it represents the spirit which discriminated against the appointment of Catholics on the various commissions appointed to investigate the affairs of Catholic people; because it is mainly responsible for the injustice done to the Catholic Indian schools, to the Catholic orphanage in Washington, for insults to Catholics in various ways, and because of its avowed nefarious proposition to confiscate Church property in the Philippines.

He will vote in the coming election as an American Catholic who knows his rights as such.

BOSCOBEL.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER VI, Cont'd.

"But you can, Katherine, you can," insisted the old lady, diverted from her grievance by her inherent love of match making. "You may have either of them, and you know it. Be wise in your choice, my child. Be prudent. Charles Barrington has shown that he enjoys your society. From friendship to love is but a step. I am sure that he is better favored than his cousin. What more do girls demand?"

"To be let alone," said Katherine, giving an affectionate pat to her aunt's spiral curls, "to be allowed to do as they please. I want to go away on a little visit to Betty Barrington. She has asked me to come to see her in her new home."

"This is an outrage," stormed Madame Paget. "Would you follow after a man who cares nothing for you?"

"But Mr. Barrington is not at home," said Katherine, with offended dignity. "He is here at the palace; you know that. Will you go with me to see Betty?"

"No, I will not," snapped the old lady.

"But Betty is far from well," pleaded Katherine. "Her brother told me so. She grieves over the loss of Boscobel, and she fears that her friends will desert her, now that her fortune is reduced."

"How long do you expect to stay," queried Madame Paget, who always relented when Katherine grew persuasive.

"Not more than a week."

"We shall suffer all sorts of inconveniences."

"Not more so than Betty."

"Is she ill?"

"She needs our care."

Madame Paget showed visible signs of wavering. The memory of Betty's mother, like all other things connected with the days of her youth and beauty, was very dear to her. She had little or no imagination, but she was fond of rehearsing the past; she remembered every compliment she had received, every conquest she had made; her happiest moments were spent in trying to forget the present. Old age was horrible to her; she made every effort to hide the ravages of Time; she wore the most youthful bonnets, the gayest gowns, but her spirit was broken; she knew that her life lay behind her, and the years had only brought bitterness, for she realized that the social success for which she had been striving was not worth the gaining. But in spite of her faults her heart was not unkind; the thought of Betty's misfortune appealed to the softer side of her nature.

After a long silence she sighed heavily and said: "I suppose we ought to go for her mother's sake—not one foot would I go for her brother's."

Katherine jumped up, and dropping her samples, she flung her arms around her aunt's neck and cried out, "So you go with me, I care not for your reasons." And with a final hug that set every curl on the old lady's head bobbing she ran out of the room to order the coach so that Madame Paget would have no time for reflective repentance.

CHAPTER VII.

AN INTERLUDE.

Having dispatched one servant to the stables and another to her chamber to pack her trunk, Katherine went out in the garden to get a breath of fresh air. It had been intensely hot all day and she attributed her depression of spirits to the weather. Even her present victory over her aunt could not dispel the deep melancholy that had pressed her of late. Hitherto she had always been so gay, so free from care, that she could not understand her present mood. She seemed to be two persons instead of one, and while one laughed the other sat in judgment wondering at her mirth.

The Governor's palace was a pretentious building surrounded by three hundred fertile acres well grown with trees. Katherine knew every part of the grounds well for she had explored them at her leisure. She had not found the atmosphere of the palace congenial. The more she saw of Lord Dunmore the less she admired him, and though she admitted that his daughters were fine, sweet, sprightly girls, there was not much love lost between them, for Katherine, on several occasions, had proved herself more attractive than either of her cousins. With some women, friendship is as naught as when set beside their vanity.

So Katherine, strong in the sense of her own power, gave little heed to the British officers and impoverished noblemen who came and went. She found more kindly company among the tall lindens that stretched out their arms to her as if they would welcome her to their hearts, and she spent days lying in their cool shadows content to watch the sunlight glide along the rough tree trunks. But even in these calm, dreamy hours she felt that the country around her was trembling and nerving itself for a struggle, that a mighty upheaval would follow these placid days, and that the king and the parliament would be helpless when once caught in the current which could not be turned from its course nor stemmed by force of arms.

This morning Katherine sought out a rustic summer-house a short distance from the palace, and, parting the honeysuckle vines that clambered widely over the doorway, she seated herself upon the narrow wooden bench and tried to count the bees that came to pilfer honey. She was amused to see how level were the paths they chose when they returned to their hive laden with their booty.

She had not rested more than five minutes when she heard some one speak to her by name, and looking up she beheld Charles Barrington leaning through one of the small windows.

"Good morning, Mr. Barrington," she said, welcoming him as a pleasant diversion. "What are you doing here?"

"Admiring you," he replied with one of his rare smiles. "I believe I am incapable of anything else in your presence."

"A pretty speech," she said wearily. "I never contradict a compliment."

"Because you value your veracity," he said, his manner growing more intense.

"No, no, because it takes both time and trouble."

He leaned both elbows on the window sill.

"And you would escape all trouble?"

"If I could, for I am neither brave nor strong, and I am troubled about many things. Now, good fortune

alone seems to smile upon you. Some men's paths lie in the sunshine while others—"

"Go on," he said, watching her from beneath half closed lids, "you are sorrowful today. I saw it in your face. I hope no ill-luck has befallen you. Can I be of no assistance?"

"I was thinking of a friend," she said resenting his sympathy. Why, she could not understand. "Betty Barrington begs me to come and see her for she is far from well."

"My poor little cousin Betty," he returned sadly.

"Do you not think she might be persuaded to visit Boscobel with you and your aunt? The change might be of benefit."

"Visit Boscobel," repeated Katherine. "Why you do not know Betty. Her tender heart would break if she had to repeat the agony of parting from a home she loved so well. Betty will never come to Boscobel.—"

"But—you—" he began eagerly, "you and your aunt will come?"

"My aunt does not like the place," she answered stiffly. "She has her prejudices."

"Against me?"

"No, against the place. She says that it is haunted."

"And you?"

"I have my prejudices too," she replied.

"Ah! you are unjust to me!" he cried, "you have not forgiven me for taking that which belonged to me. Did I make the laws of entail? Did I do aught to push my claim? Boscobel was forced upon me. The Barringtons are proud. I did not ask for the estate, it was left upon my hands, and I, having nothing, was not loath to accept my rights."

"Forgive me," she said, her mood softening, "you provoke me to say unkind things to you which I regret as soon as they are spoken. You should resent them more."

"And can you guess while I feel no resentment?" he whispered.

"I am not good at guessing riddles," she said, nervously plucking a spray of honeysuckle that dangled above her head. "I am stupid today and can answer no questions until you answer mine. What are you doing at the palace? I thought you were ready to fight for the colonies."

"And so I am, if need be. I can not understand my cousin's attitude."

Katherine stripped the spray of honeysuckle of its flowers.

"And pray why not?" she asked, detecting a sneer in his tone. "In these days a man may think as he chooses about questions of state for if the king undertook to hang traitors he would have to begin to colonize anew. For my part, I wish I were a man so that I might lead a regiment."

"Then you are willing to help the cause?"

"Can you doubt me. Have I not expressed my political views often enough to convince you?"

"Then watch Lord Dunmore," he said, sinking his voice to a confidential tone.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she cried, her eyes flashing. "Shall I partake of his bounty and play the part of a spy? No, you must find some one else, I leave the palace in an hour. I do not know when I shall return."

Charles Barrington drew back in some confusion. Devoid of a sense of honor himself he could not understand her scruples.

"You did not hesitate to say some months ago that Lord Dunmore's expedition against the Indians was but

a trap to distract men's minds from other warfare."

"And if I did," she returned, lightly, "it was but an opinion of my own, strengthened afterwards by the opinions of others. You know Lord Dunmore did not meet General Lewis in the appointed place. My prophecy came true, and my lord did not gain favor by that expedition no matter what his reasons were for undertaking it. I am no spy."

"Then you refuse to aid us in the only way you can?" he blurted out. "You're as cruel and uncompromising as the rest of your race."

She was more amused than affronted by his anger.

"Perhaps," she laughed, "I fear we do not profit by the sins of our ancestors."

"You refuse to be serious?"

She stood up, the laughter dying out of her eyes.

"I refuse to consider the suggestion for a moment," she said, and her lips were firmly set. "You know the men of Williamsburg do not trust you because you are a stranger. Some say you are a minister of the king's. You wish to ingratiate yourself with the leaders of the Revolution—you want to use me as your tool—your dupe. Do you think that I would stoop to deceive those who trust me? Do you think that I would willingly play the part of a spy?"

"But this country needs you," he interrupted.

She shook her head.

"The country needs the nobility and truth of women to support the resolution and courage of men. You would play the part of a coward?"

He felt the scorn of her words. His pale face flushed.

"If I did not love you I believe I would kill you," he cried, and his hand sought the hilt of his sword. There was something in the fierceness of his avowal that pleased her inconsistent nature. He had always appeared so calm, so collected before, so punctilious in his manner toward her that, in spite of herself, she found herself admiring him in this new role.

"You play the part of tragedian well," she said, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, "the first statement is so surprising that your last is robbed of its significance."

"Then you do not dislike me," he cried, his voice trembling, "you are not in love with my cousin? There is hope for me?"

"Your cousin," she laughed mirthlessly. "He scarce speaks to me in these days. Hope?—That is another question." She started to leave the summer house.

He turned from the window and met her face to face in the door.

"Can you not say more?" he pleaded.

"I have no time, the coach is coming from the stable even now," and before he could detain her she had slipped past him and had fled through the arches of the lindens and into a side door of the palace.

Half way up the polished stairs that led to her own chamber she encountered Lord Dunmore. He was frowning more fiercely than was his habit, and when he saw her he stopped on the landing and sat down upon a cushioned seat which was placed in the recess of the window.

Katherine had had little to say to him of late for he rarely noticed her presence; she felt like an unwelcome guest in the palace and he had never taken the pains to dispel that impression. She could not understand why

he waited for her upon the landing; for the staircase was wide enough for two to pass in spite of the earl's ample proportions. Thinking that he had chosen this place to rest for a moment she nodded pleasantly and prepared to pass on but the earl evidently had something to say to her.

"Where are you going now?" he gruffly inquired.

Katherine came to a standstill confident that something unusual had happened to his lordship, for he had never questioned her movements before.

"To see my friend, Betty Barrington," she answered wonderingly. "Aunt Paget goes with me."

"Indeed. Why are you going there?"

"Have you any objection?" she asked, half defiantly.

"No, no, not the least. On the contrary I think it a wise decision. Perhaps she may be willing to adopt you as a companion. I have had bad news from England—" he added blunderingly.

"Most of your fortune is gone."

Katherine tottered against the balustrade.

"Don't—don't faint!" he cried nervously. "If you fall you may break your neck. Don't faint. Haven't I troubles enough. God knows the loss of your money is the least of them."

A wan little smile hovered about the corners of Katherine's mouth.

"All of my fortune," she asked, huskily. "All, you say?"

"My last investments were failures," he replied stolidly, "and so most of the money is gone. You still have five hundred pounds. That will last a year or more. You ought to be able to find a husband to support you. Some women manage to get married without a dowry. Five hundred pounds would be an inducement to some man if you will but hasten to find him."

"Don't—don't go on," she cried, her white face turned to him appealingly. "If you have lost my money you shall not make me lose my self-respect. I am not the one to woo a man unsought. Pray, spare me your advice, you madden me."

"Zounds!" cried his lordship in a fury. "You insult me to my face—in my own house. You forget that I'm the Royal Governor—"

"I forget nothing," she said.

Her calm scorn embarrassed his lordship, his eyes wandered up and down the stairway as if he were seeking some means of escape. Madame Paget came to his assistance. She had heard the commotion, and fluttering out into the upper hall she demanded to know what was the matter. His lordship swore at her under his breath, but he was glad of the interruption, and without another word to his ward he turned and descended the stairs, his face red with passion. Katherine dazed and tearless went to her aunt to tell her the dismal tidings.

(To be continued.)

W. COLLINS. A. DOWNING. J. H. H. MCNAMEE. J. R. WILLIAMS.
FR. SOLER. FR. FIDELIS. FR. MESNIER. FR. RUIZ. FR. POWERS.

THE GENTLEMEN STANDING IN THE REAR REPRESENT CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

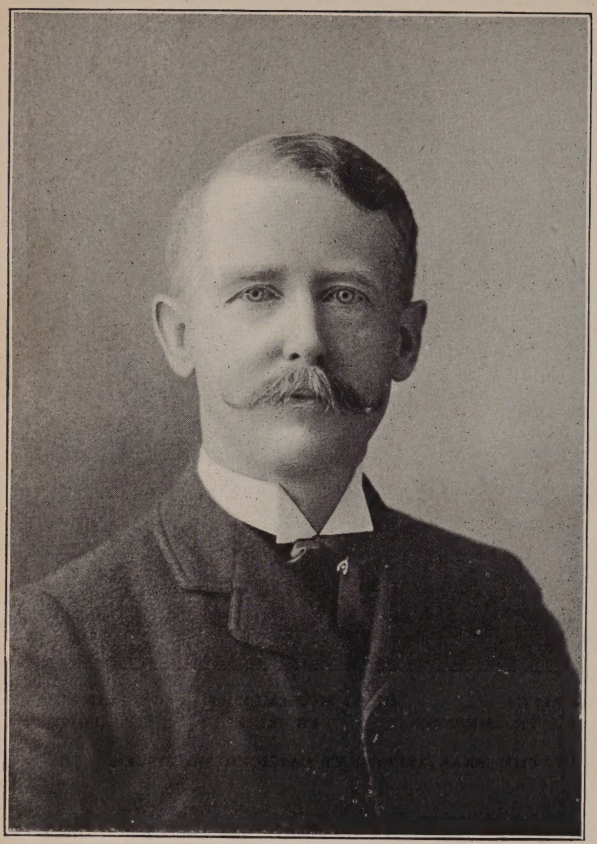
BOSTON'S CUBAN GUESTS.

THEIR SUMMER SCHOOL IN CAMBRIDGE.

BY JOSEPH ROGER WILLIAMS.

When future generations of Bostonians read the chronicles of the year 1900, they will find in all its story of war and conquest, progress and invention, few details more interesting for them than the account of the pilgrimage of the school teachers of the new Cuba to the Athens of the North. And as they must experience its good or evil consequences, so they will be better placed, at the distance of many decades, to determine the wisdom or folly of the movement. We who now occupy the stage must leave to those critics, who will look back upon our work from the future, the decision as to whether our play has been a tragedy or a comedy. It would be idle, therefore, to attempt to say what will be the results of this visit; that must be left for another day. We can only content ourselves with taking note of the strangers as they have thus far impressed us.

Much as we resemble the ancient "city of mind," it must be confessed



SUPERINTENDENT FRYE.

that there is one trait of character which we have more in common with the people of her historical rival. With all our boasted culture and mental breadth, we are still very short of the ideal which we have fancied ourselves to form. We are too prone to make a virtue of what after all is the most material and grossest element in our character. We are given to judging as inferior, peoples who do not possess the qualities that pre-eminently mark a commercial people like ourselves. With us, life is made so much of a death-struggle that we too often fail to recognize that there are other qualities of the mind whose possession and cultivation are of as much importance as those which directly contribute to material betterment. National success almost unparalleled in the history of the world has given birth to the most odious egotism, and we have come to think that all who do not resemble or imitate us do not occupy the same plane of civilization with us. We are, of course, at heart ashamed of this fault and are most willing to do all in our power to remove it. But it only requires such an incident as the visit of the Cubans to bring out the manifestation of this narrowness of ours in all its absurdity. With no better information concerning these people than the impressions of raw volunteer troops received in times of war, and the libels of religious nondescripts and impostors, we had long ago assigned them their place in civilization. As must be expected, it was not a very flattering place. And as is usual in such circumstances we have had our preconceived notions considerably upset. Actual contact with the visitors has made us realize more than anything else could, how unjust has been the estimate many of us formed of them.

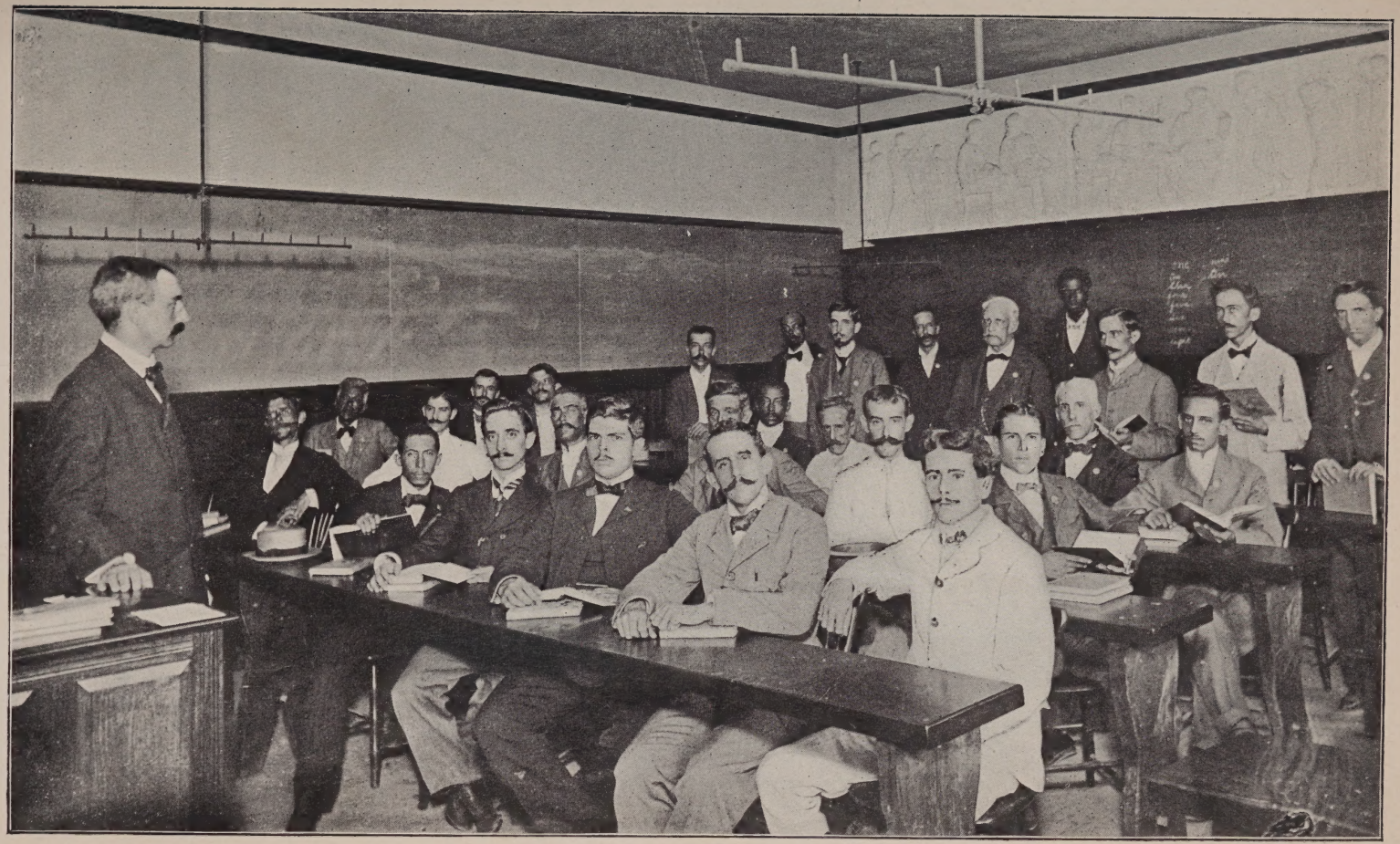
The brusque manners of the people of the Anglo-Saxon countries suffer very much by comparison with the unfailing politeness and graciousness of these visitors from the beautiful island of the tropics. Americans are too apt to take every service done them as

HOLDEN CHAPEL. THE INFORMATION BUREAU.

a matter of course, which deserves no response from them. With the people of Cuba it is very different: there can be no mistaking the genuineness of their gratitude for any kindness done them, no matter how trifling. And this trait is as marked in the young as in the old. They are profuse in their praise of the generous American people. All the unpleasant incidents inevitable in such a journey as they undertook, are forgotten, and only the magnanimity and the good intentions of their hosts remembered. The many annoyances that must occur where more than 1,200 people are suddenly transplanted from their natural environment, and which would provoke from us bitter and unthinking protests, are overlooked by these people. They have the greatest admiration also for the officers and men of the navy who had in their charge the transports that brought them to this country. And what makes their gratitude the more pleasing is its frequent expression in pretty verse. It is here that play is allowed their lively imaginations and their fine sentimental turn of mind.

The self-complacency of those who have so blatantly talked about the lack of education among these people would receive a great shock were they able to mingle with them. It would, in fact, be difficult to find a quicker or more intelligent body of men and women than these representative Cuban teachers. Among them are physicians and lawyers. Many of them have long been professional teachers, having spent years in thorough and conscientious training for their life work. Not a few have studied previously in the United States, many of the women having been pupils at the College of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville and other convents in the States. Some of the men are graduates of the Jesuit schools, and several hold degrees in science and arts from famous European institutions of learning. A goodly number have turned to teaching because of reduced circumstances due to the war. All give indication of large mental capacity, splendid home training, and are masters of many polite accomplishments, music in particular being a passion with them. All also show great facility in languages, many speaking French, Italian and English, beside their native Spanish.

They have well withstood the temptation to make their coming here a pleasure "junket." Despite the many distractions in the way of entertainments arranged for their recreation, and their own sightseeing trips, they have not lost sight of the real purpose of their journey here. The eagerness they show for study, especially in English, is most gratifying and they never lose an opportunity for improving themselves in this regard. Already most of them have dropped the Castilian "buenos dies" for the English "good morning" and the "hasta luego" for the rough and ready Americanism "so long." At table, too, they let no chance escape them, and the American who has the good fortune to sit among them is kept busy giving the English names of the various articles of food, etc. Some of the more enterprising, and they are not a few, have hit upon the plan of exchanging Spanish lessons for those in English, and from these has sprung much mutual help and many close friendships. All seem to feel that, now that the study of English in the Cuban schools has been made compulsory, those of



AN ENGLISH CLASS.

them who do not possess a good knowledge of this language will be left behind in the race. Political and commercial reasons also spur them on, for they know that they will have to deal for the most part with English-speaking people in business, and the close political relations that are sure to exist between the States and them make them desirous, as one of them has said, "of being able to write in English on matters touching the political welfare of their beloved island." This wish to learn English approaches the pathetic in some instances—in the case of the older men—who seem to think that at their time of life it is too late to gain a mastery over so difficult a tongue as ours. Yet in spite of the immense obstacles of pronunciation, difference of idiom and inconsistency of spelling, etc., their progress has been most rapid. Old men and boys, who, a few weeks ago, attempted for the first time in their lives the study of our lawless and difficult speech, have acquired a most surprising proficiency. They have begun in the most elementary way, like our children in the kindergarten, by first learning the correct signification and pronunciation of single words and then have tried sentence building. Some of the bolder ones have attempted the task of writing home letters in English, and their blunders therein have not discouraged them, but have only been the occasion of a good-natured laugh and some witty observation about the barbarity of the Yankee speech. They have all the Latin love of order and system, and their one great regret has been that there has been no opportunity, because of the vacation season, of seeing our American public schools in all their workings. Their stay among us is so short that the real benefit of their trip must come from the various excursions planned by the University in connection with the summer school. These excursions embrace visits to places of historical and geological interest, and also to the great industrial plants in Boston, and have been a source of real education as well as of delight to them. They have all been struck by this busy, go-ahead life of ours, "where everyone is working and all are eager for a chance to work."

Great and admirable as they think America is, there is no land so dear to them as their own. Their patriotism is the growth of years of suffering and persecution. They are most hearty in their praise of the United States, most sincere in their gratitude to our government for having finally broken Spain's power in the west, but they are a people intensely national. They have great confidence in the commercial possibilities of their island, rich in plantations and mines, which a short-sighted colonial government would not allow to be developed. They are anxious that the relations between them and Uncle Sam should always be most friendly, but on the question of annexation—a favorite topic with them—they are undivided: all would greatly deplore anything like forcible annexation. They believe that they have won the right to an independent existence by a people's fight of many years. Many of them have served in the army of the revolution. Many now bear the scars of wounds received in the struggle, others have lost sons, fathers, and brothers. All declare that Spanish tyranny must inevitably have been banished from their native isle whether the United States interfered or not. The struggle might have been prolonged, but the end must have

been the same. They desire something more than a mere "change of masters," they believe that they should be allowed a trial at self-government and then should they be unsuccessful they would welcome voluntary annexation to the United States as the wisest

BROOKS HOUSE. A SPARE HOUR.

course. Of General Woods and his administration they speak very highly, but they have suffered many wrongs and indignities at the hands of corrupt and self-seeking subordinates. They feel that they have the necessary qualifications for self-government and only ask to be trusted with their own.

No one can well question the adaptability of our guests. Scarcely had they arrived than they quietly planned a Cuban celebration of the American Fourth of July. The arrangements were kept entirely secret until the hour for the celebration. This consisted in the placing of an immense wreath of flowers on the historic Washington elm, just outside the college yard, and the exercises were carried out with great enthusiasm. Of Washington, Lincoln and Grant they are great admirers, and are quite conversant with the life and career of each.

The storekeepers of Cambridge and Boston have done a business this summer never before equalled at the same time of the year. Those about Harvard square who have anything to sell are not slow to make hay while the sun shines. Signs printed in Spanish are displayed in all the store windows.

advertising different wares. Even the famous "John the orangeman" has caught the fashion of the hour, and on his donkey cart are placed several placards in which he announces in Spanish the presence and the price of his oranges, apples and bananas.

The Cuban women have, in common with their American sisters, all a woman's love for shopping, and the indulgence of this has helped fill the coffers of the local tradesmen to a very appreciable extent. The shirt-waist of the summer girl caught the fancy of the senoritas and there has been a brisk trade in that article of feminine wear. The men, too, have had their shopping tours, and besides buying American clothing for themselves, have bought much for their families in Cuba. To the credit of the local tradesmen it must be said that the cases of overcharging have been surprisingly few. The Cubans have shown themselves to be well able to drive a bargain, but in some instances they have suffered. One who came into Boston to purchase a straw hat, returned with a piece of headwear which, at the most, was not worth more than 75 cents or a dollar, but for which he had paid four dollars, and the over-enterprising young American who was caught within the college grounds selling a local newspaper for twenty-five cents a copy was put to summary flight by the yard police. The bicycle has also engaged their attention, and they early gained a mastery over it that is nothing short of marvelous to those who recall their first frantic hours with the silent steed. The cheap buttons sold by the street pedlars are also a quick purchase with them. Those having a fac-simile of the features of Washington hold a very secure first place in their regard.

The humidity of our American summer has been a source of great discomfort to them, as at no time in all the year do they suffer so much from the heat as they have during their stay here. But they have come well prepared for it, and the cool appearance they present in their suits of crash and duck has a most irritating effect on the sweltering and unwisely dressed native. The ice-cream soda is a great favorite with them, and is much in demand among them. But the one American commodity they are slow to buy is tobacco, which they declare very inferior to their own brand. With the latter they are well supplied, and happy is the lot of the American amigo who is a devotee of Lady Nicotine, for this summer at least he can smoke at no cost to himself and in unlimited numbers, real, "real Havanas."

But what will most interest the readers of DONAHOE'S is the religious side of the life of the strangers. Through the efforts of the Catholic societies of Cambridge and Boston, ample provision had been made that the visitors should feel all the warmth of sympathy that the tie of a common religion implies. Practically all the Cuban teachers,—that is, about 98 per cent—are Catholics, and, for the comfort and assistance of these, resting places and reading and writing rooms, called salas Catolicas, or Catholic rooms, have been opened. These rooms, put at their disposal by President Eliot, have been maintained and conducted by a committee from the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Boston. That for the men is in Harvard Hall, and for the use of the women somewhat better quarters have been provided in the new Phillips Brooks house. These latter have proved most popular, the presence of a piano in one of the

BROOKS HOUSE. READY FOR AN EXCURSION.

rooms affording the women a pleasant opportunity to indulge their love of music. In these Catholic rooms there are put at the free use of the Cubans writing materials and periodicals, and newspapers in English and Spanish, also literature of a Catholic and devotional character. The scope of usefulness of these rooms has assumed much larger proportions than was anticipated in the original scheme. This is due in a great measure to the teachers themselves, who have made the rooms a general headquarters and place for their meetings. Here, too, in the evenings, help is given the Cubans in their work in English, by volunteers, and arrangements made whereby those who desire to exchange Spanish for English lessons may find suitable persons with an hour to exchange. This latter work has grown to be a prominent feature in itself, as many of the regular summer school pupils and persons in Cambridge and Boston are making the most of the strangers' stay of six weeks among us to gain a knowledge of Spanish.

From the rooms in Brooks House and Harvard Hall, parties are taken on week days to visit the different Catholic churches, cemeteries, and charitable and industrial institutions in Boston and Cambridge. As these latter are models of their kind the teachers have been much pleased with what they have seen, and have learned much from their visits.

No better point of vantage for closely observing the visitors could be had than these salas Catolicas. The one fact that most impresses the attendants there is the strong love of home these people display. This is most clearly shown in their letter writing. All day there is a constant stream of men and women writing home, telling of their observations and experiences in our wonderful city, and of the generous hospitality of its people. Uncle Sam's men in the Cambridge post office have never known so busy a summer as this. On an average, 400 or 500 letters a day, written in a graceful chirography that is at once the admiration and despair of most Americans, are mailed from the Catholic rooms, and this estimate does not include the many letters mailed by the Cubans themselves, or those sent on Sunday, which is the chief day for letter writing. Everything that can serve as a souvenir of their visit here is sent to the dear ones in far-away Cuba, and those American newspapers and periodicals that have contained the least bit in the beloved Spanish, be it editorial, article or advertisement, are chiefly sought as souvenirs.

The good work done by the Catholic societies in the reading rooms has been supplemented by various social entertainments given by private persons or organizations, the chief of which has been two entertainments a week in the nature of a concert and dance given in Hemenway gymnasium. These are given under the auspices of the Catholic societies of Cambridge and Boston, which are represented by a committee of arrangements consisting of Mr. Edmund Reardon, chairman; Mr. John H. H. McNamee, treasurer, and Mr. Joseph A. O'Gorman, secretary. It has been the purpose of the committee to make these dances primarily of interest to the Cubans by furnishing a time and a place where all may meet and become acquainted with their fellow teachers from the different provinces. Under the direction of Senor Moreira of Boston College, musicians have been se-

lected from the teachers themselves, and the dances have all been of a native character. The purpose of those in charge has been well encompassed, for no social event has been so looked forward to or so much enjoyed as the Tuesday and Friday "bailes."

Passing to purely religious matters it is difficult to conceal one's indignation at the obtuseness and utter lack of sympathy of the daily press. Too much praise cannot be given these people for the fidelity they have all along shown to their faith. Yet the press has not only failed to give them credit for a devotion that is most edifying, but in some instances has been guilty of the grossest misrepresentation. The most adequate provisions had been made for the spiritual welfare of these people, and their strict adherence to the duties their religion enjoins should commend them to the respect of all. Father Fidelis, C. P. (Rev. James Kent Stone), by direction of the Archbishop the American resident priest in charge of their spiritual interests, has been assisted by four native priests accompanying the teachers. These are Fathers Mesnier, Ruiz, Powers and Soler.

Father Mesnier is 48 years old, was born in Cobre, Santiago, and has been a priest for twenty years. He was educated in the seminary at Santiago, and at present is pastor of Dolores Church, a Canon of the Cathedral of Santiago, and on the staff of the Bishop. He took a very active part in the struggle against Spain and was a Colonel under Garcia.

HARVARD HALL. WRITING HOME.

Father Soler is 49 years old, and is a Religious attached to the Church of Scalapios in Puerto Principe. He has been a priest twenty-three years, and was born of Spanish parentage in Catalonia, where he was educated.

Father Ruiz was born in Havana

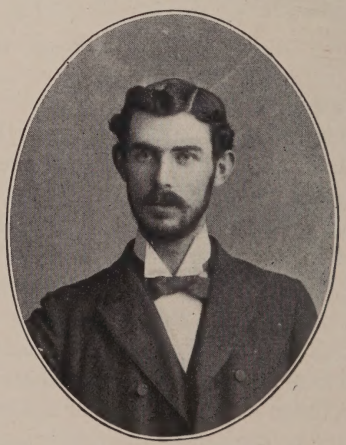
MOSES HALE DOUGLASS.

25 years ago and is of Spanish descent. He was educated in the seminary at Havana, has been a priest two and one-half years, and is at present chaplain and administrator of Las Casa de Recogidos in Havana. He has held the chair of Latin, Universal history, Spanish history, rhetoric and poetry in the seminary of Havana. He was also secretary of studies in the same seminary, and at present is the secretary of the Bishop of Havana. Father Ruiz will continue his studies at the Catholic University at Washington next year.

Father Powers is 30 years old, was born in Trindide de Cuba, of American parentage. He has been five years a priest and is at present pastor of the church of St. Maria del Rosario de Formento.

At the special services for the Cubans in St. Paul's, some one of the native priests has preached the sermon in Spanish. They have exhorted their people to a strict observance of all their religious duties. The following is from one of these sermons: "You should come to divine service and to the holy sacraments more rather than less, now that you are sharing the privileges of Americans. Remember that if Cuba is to be all that she might be, the Church must ever be in the closest sympathy with the state. God should come at all times before anything else. If He does not, the freeing of your country will be of pitifully small avail." To these exhortations it is pleasing to note there has been a hearty response. On one Sunday, for example, there were present at the services in St. Paul's, about 1,000 teachers, while others attended Catholic churches in Boston and Cambridge, and what is true of this particular Sunday has been true of each Sunday during their stay. Yet such devotion has received the scantest notice from the daily papers. As a help in devotions, prayer books in Spanish and English, compiled under the direction of Moses Hale Douglass, and Dr. J. D. M. Ford of Harvard University, have been distributed at the Catholic rooms.

It would not be fair to the Catholic clergymen, laity and societies, who have so well done their share in enter-



DOCTOR FORD.

taining our co-religionists, to close this article without a word of comment thereon. But their true reward must come from a sense of duty unselfishly and splendidly performed. Their solicitude and generosity have won the hearts of their amiable and grateful guests and have done honor to Mother Church. But if it be permitted to say a special word of praise, we would mention the services of two of the laity in particular. These are Mr. Moses Hale Douglass and Dr. Ford. From the first suggestion that the Catholics of Boston should have a share in caring for these visitors, Mr. Douglass, with true missionary zeal, has given himself heart and soul to the movement. At every step he has been ably seconded and assisted by Dr. Ford, and it is due to the indefatigable labor of these two men that this work has been so successful.

Mr. Frye has declared that the sole purpose in bringing these teachers here is to educate them in American methods of education. What political or other effects follow, he declares will be accidental. Yet some good effects must follow in the wake of the expedition. Their journey here will tend to unify the people of Cuba. At present great rivalry exists between the different provinces, each claiming first place, politically, socially and intellectually. The people of these provinces have been given an opportunity to meet one another and to learn to respect one another, an opportunity that might never come to them in Cuba. Moreover, it will bring them into newer, closer and friendlier relations with the people of the United States. His own experience with the Cubans, Mr. Frye says, has been most pleasant. He has found them at all times capable, intelligent and trustworthy. For them he has the highest regard, and these kindly sentiments they repay with the utmost trust and loyalty. In him they see embodied the best American ideals, and have assigned to him an undisputed place in their hearts.

Our visitors may learn much from us, but we cannot fail to profit by the many valuable lessons they are unconsciously teaching us. They should come to a knowledge of the good will of the American people who will wish them godspeed in their attempt at self government, while we shall learn that there are virtues which civilizations other than our own possess, and that if we are to obtain a true estimate of an alien people we must study their virtues as well as their faults.

CATHOLICS AND THEIR CONVERTS.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The conversions to the Catholic faith have been numerous and important among English-speaking peoples during the past half century; some of them have had a world-wide significance; and when a capable writer shall undertake some day to give the history of these conversions, to describe the converts, and to measure their influence within and without the Church, he will have a subject worthy of the highest talents in his possession. The movement towards Rome, which marked the nineteenth century, has been discussed in many fashions through the press. Not all the phases of that movement, and only a few of the results, have found their way into print. For example, there has been a singular reserve on the part of the general Catholic body in the expression of their own feelings as to the character and beneficial effects of the movement. Again, converts themselves have usually limited their public utterances to the description of the period which saw their progress to the faith, and then fallen into silence as to their after-impressions of the faith and the faithful. Nevertheless there has been considerable discussion in private concerning the Romeward movement and the character of the converts. Echoes of it have reached the press, not always the pleasantest echoes. They gave hints of disappointment on both sides; the Catholic born being represented as dubious of the sincerity of the converts, and the convert as grievously disappointed over his intimate view of the household of the faithful. Where eminent men were concerned, like Newman, Manning and Brownson, the whispers went about that they were dissatisfied, would like to have gotten out of the Church again, were too proud to admit disappointment, and were being slowly smothered by the asphyxiating methods of Rome. Where less eminent people were mentioned, like MacMaster of the Freeman's Journal, it was asserted that the daily irritation of their new environment drove them into violence of speech and action. The biographies of many converts show clearly the existence of little coteries among Catholics born, which did not regard with favor the popular movement to Rome, or the converts who sailed in on that wonderful tide. Yet I cannot but believe these coteries to have been few and unimportant, for the reason that a quarter of a century's experience has not brought them or their kind inside my horizon. This whole question of the attitude of converts towards their brethren, and the attitude of Catholics born towards their converts, received some emphasis recently by an article in The Contemporary Review, signed by one "Fidelis." It illustrates what has been said above as to the private discussions going on among Catholics concerning their convert brethren; a disappointed soul breathes forth in vague phrases his uneasiness and his depression at not finding the Catholic body as unified, holy, catholic and apostolic as the Church itself. The article has but one element of value: it describes the predicament of a single convert. There may be many others like him. A few of his kind have come within my observation. His utterances suggested to me that it might be help-

ful to the interested public if a Catholic of years and experience were to review in his own experience the annoying conditions mentioned in this paragraph. It is my purpose, therefore, to describe the feelings of my friends and myself towards converts old and new, and to make known what we have thought of their characters and their work in the Church. Naturally, the illustrations will be provided by the most eminent of our former converts and the best known of the present hour. Under the pronoun "we," as employed in the rest of this article, I wish to include an extensive acquaintance among the secular clergy, the religious Orders, the literateurs and journalists of the time, and thinking people of all conditions.

The most natural feeling with any Catholic is one of joy at the conquest of the faith over such a mind as Newman, and the same feeling stirs him when the humblest and meanest soul receives the light of truth. With what joy the true Catholic reads of the dying children in savage lands secured to heaven by the missionary's baptism! Our home critics have often complained that we coddle the convert too much, and boast too loudly of our conquest; but it is a fact that no one is welcomer in the temple and by the hearth of the Catholic than his convert brother. Considering the circumstances it could hardly be otherwise. Until the accession of Pope Leo XIII, the Church had been making a losing fight, as the world judges, for more than three hundred years. In English-speaking lands Catholics had been for the most part ciphers or outcasts. What enchantment was it for them when any soul, little or great, wandered into the obscure catacomb and remained there. With this temper, and no other have we ever known, it was no more than natural that the convert should have been looked upon without jealousy, and have been given any position it was in his power to hold. We felt that his right to the faith was as sound as our own, and his right to contribute his own peculiar mite to the building up of the faith as undeniable. Such feelings explain the eagerness of Catholics in putting forward the convert as the exponent of the faith, the coddling given him, and the general pride in his labors and his success. On the other hand we always found the convert as humble as he was sincere. The gift of the faith nearly always carried with it a submissiveness as to the details of religion which made it a pleasure to receive the average convert anywhere. The largeness of the Church is felt by the rankest unbeliever: the convert could not but feel how much he had to learn of the customs of an institution whose vastness was more deeply impressed on his soul. These two feelings, joy on the part of the Catholic born, docility on the part of the convert, are the characteristic features of the first relationships between the faithful and their converts. They were so thirty years ago, and the facts of experience show they are so today.

However, the kindliest association has to be under discipline, which is usually drawn from the prevailing conditions. Temperaments differ, no matter how wills may agree. The experienced Catholic knows that there are difficulties ahead of the convert, who enters the fold with the idea that the flock is as angelic and uniform as the dogmas of the Church, that the harmony of heaven is to be found there, or at least a cast-iron harmony, the result of the Church's discipline

and doctrine. We often feel a pity for the triumphant soul, freed from doubt and confusion, that it must enter the strife again, but strife of another kind. The convert finds after a time that the Catholic body is not the brazen image pictured by enemies and critics, one solid piece of metal, cast in the mould of a designing hierarchy; but that it is a living body, working wonderfully in all its parts, casting away the worn-out tissue and forever building up the new, enduring the pain that goes with such labors. He may be shocked by this activity, and he may be still more shocked to learn that Catholics regard this abundant life as a complete answer to the charge that they are mentally and spiritually dead. He finds that the spirit of controversy is as lively within the fold as outside it, and that apart from the dogmas all topics are discussed with energy and often with acrimony. In the case of "Fidelis," the sight of this activity brought on a sort of mental color blindness, which makes his exposition of his own infirmity curious reading. Care has to be taken that the convert comes not too suddenly on these things, but only as a tender eye comes by degrees to the strong light. How necessary is this care can be seen from the fate of such converts as left the Church in disappointment. They have been few indeed, but they would have been fewer had their sponsors been more prudent. Again, the convert is enthusiastic, an idealist, an optimist, eager to begin work before he is acquainted with the new conditions. Usually he is a delight to the faithful by the fresh views, the impossible plans, the splendid dreams which he brings with him. He has to be restrained, and the restraint is not always agreeable to him, nor prudently applied by his superiors. For these reasons there must be a discipline in the association of the convert and the Catholic born, which will aid in bringing both finally into harmonious and steady intercourse. That discipline was once in full force in the ancient Church, but today it exists rather in the instinctive prudence of the sponsors of the convert. Where it is not exercised one finds as a result souls all in a snarl and tangle, out of which nothing but death or the grace of God can lift them.

So much for the convert in general, ever welcome to the home of the faithful as to the temple itself, and free to exercise his talents for good without fear of jealousy from his brethren, under the one condition that he work with prudence and discernment. How needful is this prudence can be seen from a single incident. Julia, a convert, brings to the faith sincerity and piety, and the deepest respect for the declared dogmas of the Church; but she has no sympathy, only a repugnance, for the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Mother of God; she respects and loves her, of course, but feels that Catholics give her honors that should belong only to God. If Julia held not her peace until she came to understand her brethren better on this point, her way would be strewn with thorns, and her litany of disappointments as long and bitter as that of "Fidelis." It is a lack of prudence that leads the average convert into trouble, and brings on the friction between the old Catholic and the new, which has been so much magnified in the press. I have never met with the spectacle, and have always found the brethren and their converts living in harmony; but I am aware how much friction has been generated

among the leaders on both sides by their varying views. But this would have resulted anyway, since it was the opinions and interpretations of doctrine that caused friction rather than the interpreters and advocates.

How easily personal faults, and irritations, and sharp discussions are forgotten when the personality of the convert comes distinctly into view! The venerable form of Newman dominates the English-speaking world of Catholics. The controversies to which his conversion gave rise, the cobwebs which envy and folly strung over his name, have all fallen to earth of their own weight, and the grand figure stands at this moment like a towering mountain bathed in the eternal sun. I heard a Catholic gentleman once call Newman a heretic, and wondered how long he might stand the ridicule of his position against the great Cardinal. It was not worth while asking for his reasons. Time and the moths do away with such charges. And how utterly foolish they look before the monumental work, the wonderful influence, the magic personality of this sweet-hearted soul, whose name is an argument for the Church more unanswerable than all the controversial books in the English tongue. It seems to me that if every convert were as untractable and untamable and cantankerous as the Catholic rival of Iconoclast Brann, for Newman's sake he would have to be loved and petted. No one has measured for us yet the depth of this man's hold on the hearts and the imaginations of the Catholic millions in the English-speaking world. It is enough to say that his personality has overcome for thousands the natural bitterness of heart against Englishmen felt by other nationalities. For Newman's sake they are bound to be more gentle in their speech, and less bitter in their revenge of historic wrongs. Grouped around Newman like stars about the moon are the names of Manning, and Faber, and Ward, and Patmore, and Lady Fullerton, with many others, whose hold upon our affections is as firm as the debt of gratitude which we owe them is large beyond the hope of payment. Manning in particular enjoys the love of the American Catholics. He was always gracious to them, his practical methods pleased them, his political sympathy with the workers delighted them, and his rôle of cabinet minister without a portfolio excited their enthusiasm. To the Irish was he particularly dear, for he had the tact to acknowledge publicly that the resurrection of the Scottish and English hierarchies was due to Irish immigration into England and Scotland. Ward was the idol of the controversialists, Faber beloved of the devotees, and Lady Fullerton of the reading public. Measure their influence who can. They are all at rest. and their work stands forth free from cloud. Our gratitude hushes all criticism. We are agreed to a man that these converts are worthy of our love and our praise, and for their sake others less lovable and without greatness shall be honored.

Among American converts two men stand out prominent in the value and endurance of their work, and in the strength of their influence upon the people: Hecker and Brownson. Controversy about Brownson and his methods is dead. He has taken his place in the clear air of heaven, far above disputation and wrangling. He has no rival in native genius and the quality and quantity of his work. The Catholic born finds no words to express his admiration and affection for

this man, who fought the fight of the faith so nobly and effectively and honestly. If we regret that he had no rival and left no successor, it is not out of envy that a convert should provide what we could not, but out of profound regard for his ability and a deep sense of the service which he rendered us. I never heard an utterance against Brownson based on envy of this kind. Everywhere the most generous acknowledgment of his fine qualities and his great services, the sincerest tributes of loving praise, are poured out by the faithful. Hecker's name is still obscured by the mists of international controversy, and bitter things are being said by the more violent parties in the turmoil; but apart from the theology of the question, I feel safe in saying that the character of this singular man is respected by all who knew him personally, and that his services to the faith are everywhere gratefully acknowledged. To me his career seems a fine protest against the deadly routine which has enslaved the Catholic body in the United States, and made us a very poor copy of Catholic Europe before the French Revolution. We are so provincial that if a rare soul attempts anything new he is at once set down as a fool, or a future heretic. Hecker broke in upon that fatal routine. He founded a community as vigorous and original as himself, distinctively American, full of ideas, and with a taste for the work which no other was doing. Under his leadership the Paulist community took up such matters as congregational singing, the rubrical music of the Church, the use of the press in Church work, the systematic training of the young in Christian doctrine, and the preaching of the gospel to non-Catholics. How successful they have been is clear in the general adoption of their ideas throughout the country, and in the general approbation of their methods. The companions of Hecker in this work were Fathers Hewitt and Deshon, the first a man of fine intellect and lovable nature, the other a strong character who still rules the community. The character and the services of these men have been the theme of general praise. I do not say that every man regards them as affectionately as I, for there are degrees in all things; but I do say that the sum of Catholic feeling in their regard is expressed in terms of high praise and affection. All feel the debt which the Catholic body owes to them. We are delighted to be in their debt, we appreciate keenly the honor of calling them our own, and we are eager to express our feelings of gratitude.

Who can forget the forceful and imperious MacMaster, with his italics and his exclamation points? He was a strenuous soul, that delighted in battle and wordy carnage. He scourged his friends too often, but they were willing to forget his failings when he stood up in the court of our slanderers and made them swallow their lies at the point of a pen whose ink was pure electricity. When can we forget the services of the bishops, Tyler, Bayley, Wadhams, Wood and Rosecrans, who labored so steadfastly in their dioceses, building up the infant organization of the Church in America? How can we ever repay the good example of a man like Monsignor Preston, or the labors of one like Silliman Ives, once Protestant bishop of North Carolina? For my own part I cannot read that long list of converts great and little without the profoundest emotion; so strong and rich is it in character, in

piety, in fine achievement; so has it, in the providence of God, lifted up the Church in English-speaking lands. And I feel always like giving to a convert more affection than is his due, more than I would give to Catholics born, because he belongs to the splendid army which has done us wonderful service. I think this feeling accounts for the fine regard which Catholics display towards converts. We are receiving converts by the thousands every year, and might be thought accustomed to the fact. But no; each new member is welcomed with unfailing warmth and joy, and the oldest convert takes precedence anywhere over all the faithful, because of this unbounded joy in him. With what interest Catholics look upon Monsignor Doane, the faithful, tireless, cultured representative of the faith in Newark for forty years, who has never lost the first enthusiasm of his youth under trials that shake and destroy weaker men; what admiration follows old Father Walworth of Albany, the fiery orator of the past, when he appears in public; what sincere and touching feeling stirs the heart in the presence of Father Fidelis (Kent Stone) at the thought of his sacrifices and his labors; what applause follows the appearance of Henry Austin Adams, sincere, energetic, and eloquent; what kindly eyes kindle at the approach of the Jesuit Van Renssalear with his unfailing goodheartedness and his historic name. The Dominican Spencer has given us with simple and admirable courage a new translation of the New Testament, and out in Indiana a beautiful and singular publication, the Ave Maria, is edited by Father Hudson with vigor of plan and delicacy of language.

The list of merit grows beyond bounds. I have only space here to point out a few general services of converts to the Church in English-speaking lands. For these services alone they are entitled to everlasting gratitude. I do not forget their errors and blunders. Brownson tripped and recovered himself on the borders of liberalism, MacMaster was violent, Hecker optimistic and sometimes vague, Ward was often unfeeling, Faber went childish on occasions, Manning showed selfishness, and nearly all converts feel much impatience with their elders. Let these things pass. They are only cobwebs on the sun. For the most part the convert has stood for new methods and better methods in the work of the gospel; not that he brought these with him from Protestantism, but being the natural foe of routine, he could see above the ruts of the one good custom which often corrupts the world. He was never content with the old methods, unless they had proved themselves sound and useful. Anyone acquainted with the list of distinguished converts can see at a glance how thoroughly and promptly they lifted the literary and journalistic standard among Catholics, and how cleverly they introduced the use of the press into the Catholic circle. Most of them were writers of various gifts, and many of them had won distinction as literateurs. They were blessed with energy, and were all idealists. Their work had always the charm of originality. What was true of the past is true of this moment. Only in a few instances have I met the commonplace convert, sitting content in the shadow of the temple. They are all at work in fields of their own choosing. Yet above any other service which they have rendered the Church I am inclined to place this: that they have made the Church comprehensible and interesting to the

mass of Protestants in English-speaking lands. Once the Church was thought to be Irish, or German, and the Catholic religion seemed good enough for such heaviness of spirit and illiteracy as were thought peculiar to these unknown nations. The convert came, and did double service: for on the one hand he provoked his Protestant friends into interest, and on the other he proved by the sympathy and appreciation received from the unknown Catholics that the spirit moved in them, that artistic taste and literary appreciation and love of knowledge were not gone out of them.

I conclude with the expression of my sense of incapacity to treat this subject properly in the space of a magazine article. Probably I have made clear the importance of the subject. At any rate I have provided substantial evidence that in one portion of the Catholic community there is no lack of affection for our converts, no failure to recognize their work to the fullest extent, nothing but eagerness to do them honor; while nothing has ever been wilfully done to arouse in them that disappointment which is the burden of the strain of "Fidelis" and his kind.

THE KNOWLTON PLACE.

BY ANNA HOWARD.

From the false crimps over her forehead to the end of her great double chin Mrs. Washington Brown's face was a purplish red; her small, black eyes flashed dangerously; the nostrils of her fat, upturned nose were spread to their full width; and through her false teeth she sputtered words of wrath to a pair of sympathetic listeners.

"'It's jest an outrage,' I says to him, 'that you should sell the Knowlton estate to Irish.' 'Not Irish, ma'am,' he says to me, cool as a cucumber. 'They're Catholics, I believe.' 'Waal, aint it jest the same?' says I to him. I wish you could see how insulting he smiled. Real estate agents can't be expected to have no more manners than they have principle. He's goin' to take my place off my hands jest as he has your'n."

"I suppose he can sell them to Irish," broke in dentist Albee's wife.

"How he did lie when he told us the neighborhood would always be high-toned," rasped Mrs. Rambo, wife of a fish dealer and ex-wife of a stationer who lived round the corner. "Of course no one ever dreamed that the Knowlton place would ever be for sale, and it didn't come under the restrictions. I hear that friends of those folks have bought lots on this side. Jest imagine livin' near Burkes and Ryans! Have you noticed that they've broke ground back of the mansion for a three-flat place? I expect their diggin' at the east side too—turning that splendid place into a tenement!"

"Brooks has made an offer for the Vincent place, but they won't sell. Course Miss Vincent, not mixin' with us, don't know what's happenin' to

the neighborhood. It'll serve her jist right not to find out till her place ain't worth nothin'," chimed in Mrs. Brown. "The way her and them young ones set themselves up makes me sick. What's he, any way? Professors don't get much. She'd better get a new sack instead of donatin' German books to the library. They say they have pictures like those in the Catholic Church. Her girl only bows to my Em, though they're in the same class at Miss Briggs's. I can't understand such pride! I'd take Em from Miss Briggs's and send her to high school, if it wa'n't full of Sullivans and Doyles and Sheas." She gave a loud laugh. "When the Vincents feel so much above us, how will they feel when they have Irish neighbors? Have any of you heard their names?"

The others had not, their curiosity having been for once absorbed in the one ambition of selling out as quickly as possible, leaving Randell street and the haughty Vincents to their terrible fate.

Mrs. Brown's neighbors soon took their leave together, both finding the faults of their hostess an agreeable topic of conversation.

"It tickles me half to pieces to see the way Miss Brown takes it to heart about Em bein' snubbed in that school. Seems as though she lived fur nothin' but to get in with the Browns," said Mrs. Rambo.

"She's so ignorant," continued Mrs. Albee, conscious of her high school education. "If she could only get Brown's relatives to visit her, she feels sure, I know, that she'd get in with the Homer street crowd. Doesn't it kill you to hear her talk of her people-in-law's 'viller' in Europe! Her husband stuck to her, but it cost him three years in a lunatic asylum before he died. Wouldn't she crow over us, though, if his folks would have anything to do with her!"

Mrs. Albee's remarks about her neighbor were less kind than truthful. Life, to Mrs. Washington Brown, was hardly worth living without the prestige that recognition from her husband's rich and cultured family would give her. With the knowledge of life gained by long service in a city restaurant, at the age of twenty-five she had taken advantage of nineteen-year-old Washington Brown's infatuation for her, and had married him, hoping thus to gain a position from which she could look down upon all in her own little world. In spite of rebuffs innumerable she had never given up the dream of one day entertaining and being entertained by a family to which, however, she took not the slightest pains to be congenial. Perhaps it was the constant reiteration of "my folks are as good as yourn"; perhaps it was being obliged to hear his child called "Em," himself addressed as "Wash" and his stately sister referred to as "Hat"; perhaps it was the knowledge that he was exiled with her from the world of books, music and pictures in which he had always lived—perhaps all these and many more similar causes, shattered Washington Brown's mind and closed his earthly career before he was thirty. His widow managed the comfortable estate he left admirably, making no mistake, except in the Randell street investment, and she took praiseworthy pains to fit her daughter for the society into which she was determined she should enter. With this end in view she had moved to Cambridge, where she had placed her in a very select school, many of

whose pupils belonged to families that she knew were intimate with her dead husband's people. The poor child was not long in feeling that while she was with this aristocratic set she was not of it, but her mother, hoping to revenge her daughter's wrongs some day, would not let her make friends with those who would receive her on terms of equality. It was now Emmeline's spring vacation, and Mrs. Brown decided to take her on a Raymond excursion, as both were tired after the work and worry attending the storing of their furniture, and the finding of a sufficiently exclusive boarding place.

Two days after her return Mrs. Brown wended her way to Randell street to call on the Albees, who had not yet moved. As she neared the Knowlton place, she expected that the smell of cabbage would assail her nostrils, but she was disappointed. Under one of the great trees on the lawn sat a nurse-maid amusing two beautiful children. "Some friend or relation to those Paddies," she thought, "come to spend the day."

Mrs. Ludgate, Major Ludgate's wife, just then alighted from her carriage at the front gate.

"I suppose she's goin' to see the woman of the house," commented Mrs. Brown, "perhaps she used to be her cook. Such people as Miss Ludgate can afford to be nice to old servants."

Her opinion was quickly changed when she saw the stately lady bowed into the house by a servant in livery. She turned the corner and saw carpenters at work on what appeared to be a ball and music room, while back of the house other workmen were building conservatories. She hurried up Mrs. Albee's steps, and in a moment the latter's quick tongue was not running half rapidly enough to sate her curiosity.

"Yes, the new neighbors were Catholics—converts! wasn't that perfectly dreadful! They'd come from Europe to live among old friends. The children Mrs. B. had seen belonged to a married daughter visiting there. The new people and the Vincents were inseparable. They entertained lavishly, and Mr. Rambo had tried to get their fish trade, but they'd heard through Brooks all about the opposition to their coming, and Fletcher had their trade, besides, lots of their friends had given up trading with Rambo. Mr. Albee had seen some of his best patients stop at Dentist Bradshaw's within the past two weeks. The two lots they'd sold were bought by the Archibald Bacons for magnificent residences for himself and his son." Here the good lady's tears were joined by those of her listener. "Brooks played a dirty, nasty, mean trick on us, buying our places for less than they cost. He's sold them at a big profit to people of the swellest set, and land on Randell street can't be bought for less than seventy-five cents a foot, all on account of the people that bought the Knowlton Place."

"I wonder who they are," Mrs. Brown sobbed out.

"Their name is Taggert." Mrs. Brown gave a little start. "Mrs. Taggert was a Hutchins."

"My husband's aunt! his mother's sister! ! screamed Mrs. Brown; then as the dream cherished for a score of years vanished forever, she sank back in a swoon.

THE IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

BY P. O'NEILL LARKIN.

The proceedings of the Irish National Convention held recently in Dublin seem to have been received with but little enthusiasm by Irish-Americans. Formerly, the doings of such an important body would have been indorsed by great meetings in our chief cities, at which pledges of material support to the Irish cause would be tendered and the machinery immediately set in motion to make the pledges good.

Now, alas, it is otherwise; the proceedings of the latest convention appear to have fallen quite flat. The reasons for this deplorable condition of apathy are quite obvious. Disgraceful squabbles provoked by a few members of Parliament who violated their solemn pledges and who flouted the mandate of majority rule are chiefly responsible. Insults and abuse verging upon blackguardism poured out on the Irish-American delegates who attended the Irish Race Convention held in Dublin a few years ago, by factionist leaders and their newspapers, are in part responsible. Other uncomfortable things, too, affect the Irish-American mind at the present time. As for instance, the shameful spectacle of a large number of Irishmen in the British army, hirelings at a shilling a day, engaged in destroying the existence of two little republics. And these hirelings are estimated to number about as many as the whole Boer army. While Irish-Americans have been contributing liberally to the aid of the heroic Boers, tens of thousands of Irish mercenaries have been engaged in killing them. And Irish militia regiments volunteered for the infamous work with only the excuse that the men were drunk and didn't know what they were doing. And the slavish abasement before Queen Victoria of the so-called national city government of Dublin, with Mr. Pile, Lord Mayor, forcefully declaring that his course was set for him by the new Irish Parliamentary leader, Mr. John Redmond, was another reason.

All these things have contributed to bring about the present state of inertia among Irish-Americans, who were once so quick to respond to any cry from the cradle land of the race. The naked fact is that they have grown sick and weary and require a rest. Hence the apparent apathy. Time and a return to common sense on the part of the people of Ireland may dissipate this apathy.

The late convention was a notable one in many ways. It was large, powerfully representative of the Nationalist masses; it was enthusiastic and it included one of the factions at least that has waged such bitter war against majority rule for the past ten years. The latter fact is of course a very hopeful sign. It seems that the union of one faction with the great majority is complete and that the reconciliation is sincere, more especially as we find Hon. John Redmond, the former leader of his faction, presiding over the convention. Some months ago he had been elected without opposition as the parliamentary leader of all the Nationalists in the House of Commons. These

facts furnish some solid ground of hope. Henceforth it is to be presumed that the atmosphere of Ireland and the hearts of the Irish race abroad will be no longer vexed by the opposing cries of Parnellites and anti-Parnellites.

But, unfortunately, on the other hand, Mr. Timothy Healy and a group of members of Parliament, who range themselves under his banner of faction, held aloof, declaring that they would take no part in the convention, alleging some pretext or other of no interest to Irish-Americans. Mr. Healy is an able, adroit gentleman, woefully addicted to using a vituperative and abusive tongue against the best known and the best loved men of the Irish race, such as Davitt, Dillon, Blake, Sexton, and William O'Brien.

Nobody can deny that Healy and his followers have just as good a right as Mr. Redmond ever had to flout the policy of majority rule, or any other rule, except their own sweet will, and pretexts can be found without number for doing so. Any other glib-tongued parliamentarian who can gather around his personal banner a crowd—a very small one is powerful for serious damage—has as good a right to do so. We see Mr. Redmond has been advanced to the leadership of the whole party, Mr. Dillon having vacated the position—contingent, however, upon Mr. Healy's continued acceptance of his leadership. By-and-by from the precedent established we may see Mr. Healy selected as leader some time in the future with the banner of some new factionist spread to the breeze.

There was one potent sign of promise, however, in the convention. The sign was this: the assemblage was inspired and dominated by the United Irish League, the successor to the National Federation, National League and Land League. This new organization, only yet partially organized, comprises the democracy of Ireland, who have come together regardless of parliamentary chieftains for the purpose of putting an end to faction, something that parliamentarians were unwilling or unable to accomplish. When all the Nationalists of Ireland are organized under the constitution of the new league, the occupation of factionist leaders will be ended. The new League and Gaelic League for the restoration of the Irish language bear between them the ark of hope for the Irish cause at this hour.

A word now on the executive or governing body of the Nationalist forces as proposed by the late convention. The proposition is that the executive shall consist of persons elected by the body of the people, with the officers of the Irish Parliamentary Party—ten in number—added. Why should the latter be constituted members of the executive? If elected by the people to that office as other persons are elected, well and good,—that is the democratic way—but is there any good reason for hoisting them into the executive simply because they are officers of the parliamentary body? It is quite clear that some Irish members of Parliament have been very successful in cultivating faction and keeping the people divided for a number of years. It is also quite clear that only for the efforts of the common people themselves, aroused from a state of lethargy and hopelessness by William O'Brien, Davitt, O'Kelley and other similar veteran Nationalists, there would be little prospect of unity among the people at the late convention. The United Irish

League, if it is to do its work properly, must dominate all Ireland, be supreme over the Parliamentary party or individuals, and it should not allow its governing body to be invaded by members of Parliament merely because they are such.

The dominance of the Parliamentary party in the convention of 1881 was absolutely oppressive. It seemed that the lay delegates, and by lay I mean those not members of Parliament, could hardly breathe except by grace of the Parliamentary gentlemen. The great convention seemed to be simply a mechanical instrument to register the decrees of the Parliamentarians.

Again in October, 1882, when the National League was founded, the domination of the Parliamentary party was carefully provided for in the construction of the executive body. The party was in the saddle absolutely, it conducted affairs as it saw fit, without restraint or criticism, or instruction of any kind. For years it called no convention at which to consult the people, at which the people could gather strength by looking into each other's eyes, and educate themselves for concerted action in any grave emergency. Then eight years later when the parliamentary gentlemen quarreled, the masses of the people were without any resource or authority from which to obtain light or proper guidance in the hour of sore need. The Parliamentary oligarchy had fallen to pieces; out of the disruption sprang Parnellites, anti-Parnellites, and later, Healyites.

Had the Irish National League been a self-contained, self-governed body, alert at that time with proper machinery to call the delegates of the nation together, it seems quite probable that we might have been spared the unfortunate sequel to the split among the members.

"Don't hark back to our past troubles," said Michael Davitt to me in Dublin two years ago during a lengthy consideration of the situation. I hark back now to these things to point out what I believe to be the chief cause of disaster in the past with the view that it may be guarded against in the future. I regard the imposition of the officers of the Parliamentary party upon the executive of the United Irish League as a mistake pregnant with danger soon or late to the well being of the organization now showing such splendid signs of doing good work for Ireland.

Three years and a half ago in a short comment in a symposium published in DONAHOE'S entitled "What is Best for Ireland," I wrote as follows: "The voice of the majority must prevail in Ireland. That is the bed-rock of democracy. It is the simple common sense exercised by every self-governing people in the whole world since the beginning of history. When the Irish in Ireland exercise it faction will vanish and victory be close at hand."

I now close by reiterating that sentiment.

HERE AND THERE IN IRELAND.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

A delightful old philosopher advised building a castle in the air and occupying it occasionally as a compensation for many of the privations that the great majority endure. And with equally kind intent warm weather philanthropists counsel letting the mind wander in search of pleasanter conditions than those shaping the lives of poor, stay-at-home mortals. Of excellent service in thus diverting thought is the really good travel sketch, that kind of a sketch where the traveler is not so aggravatingly in evidence that the view is cut off. The dweller in the city longs to see the cool recesses of the glens, the beauty of the mountain side, the stretches of water, and obtain through open doors glimpses of rural homes where kindly hospitable folks wait to make one welcome to all their humble means afford.

Ireland deservedly comes in for a large share of attention this season. Hitherto unbeaten tracks are opened up, and the traveler entering on them is led mile after mile into the heart of the most picturesque regions. And not the least of the pleasant experiences in store for him is the closer knowledge of the occupants of the little dwellings dotting the hillsides and nestling in the glens. Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary these Irish peasants have not conformed to the superficial customs outside influences seek to force upon those sections of the country most generally known. Changes have crept in, of course, but not sufficient in number, or so marked in character as to effect a general transformation. Perhaps one of the most noticeable changes is the better class of buildings replacing the mud wall cabins of former years. Not that these cabins have entirely disappeared. A writer in the Nineteenth Century commenting on this feature says that mud wall homes may still be seen during a short tram journey, a car drive, or even a walk. He feelingly refers to the coldly critical utterances of visitors who saw in those miserable

huts nothing saving opportunity for harsh reproof, unless indeed, the joker with little brain and less heart found in them inspiration for would-be witticisms about Irish dirt and squalor. It provokes thought to read the statistics treating of decrease in population in Ireland. In a period of sixty years from 1840 to 1899, the population fell from 8,196,597 to 4,585,000. The bulk of the 4,000,000 difference was made up of dwellers in mud cabins, forced from their homes by famine, eviction, and other causes of emigration. Those who know the history of the Irish peasantry find in their lives nothing to deride, and little that is censurable for which good excuses cannot be made. They have found much to admire, to pity, and respect, particularly their acknowledged virtues, and their reverent recognition of the Divine Will as the controlling force of their lives. Trials are accepted with resignation, and blessings thankfully accepted, such quaint idiomatic expressions as, "We have no cause to complain, Thank God"—so frequently heard from the lips of an Irish peasant—being eloquent of the speaker's gratitude. During the celebration of a recent Fourth of July a little American lad gave a rather amusing instance of the misapplication of his granny's pious training. At the close of the day, tired but happy, he climbed to the piazza rail to watch some distant fireworks lighting up the sky. As the sparks scattered young America called out eagerly, "There'll be lots of fires tonight—please God."

Of late years there has been a noticeable effort to stem the tide of emigration, but with what little success is made manifest on the arrival of every emigrant ship. This leads one to imagine that living in the old country is not even yet as comfortable as some tourists seem to think. The Nineteenth Century contributor describing his visit to a mountain home makes the following observations on the difference of living in Ireland today and that of fifty years ago.

"A standard of living far higher than that of fifty years ago now prevails in the cabins of Ireland. The peasantry have not to rely as often as formerly upon their vivid imagination or their memory for a meal. * * * * Of course the Irish peasantry meet with ups and downs, experiencing fat years and lean years like other people. One of them, with a turn for rhetoric, said of his class: "Sometimes we drink from the cup of fulness, and sometimes we ate off the empty plate." I know from personal knowledge that in portions of Clare where milk is scarce the people concoct a substitute composed of water whitened with flour which they call 'bull's milk.' As a rule, however, the food of the peasantry is now more substantial and varied than it was in times past, though in some respects it may not be perhaps so wholesome. The potato is still what it has been for a century and a half—the peasant's staple article of food, but there are more appetizing adjuncts to it than formerly, such as butter, eggs and American bacon. Tea, as I have said, is drunk universally in every cabin, no matter how humble, and in most cases it is partaken of three or four times a day. Baker's bread has been largely substituted for the home-made griddle cakes, except in districts remote from bakeries. Indian meal porridge, or

'stirabout' (as the people usually call it) is now only eaten in the poorest cabins. It was indeed never popular with the peasantry. They resort to it only under the compulsion of poverty as it is cheap. It bears the stigma of pauperism. It was first introduced into Ireland during the famine of 1847 by the government as an inexpensive and wholesome food for the starving people, and it has been widely distributed as a form of relief during the many periods of distress through which Ireland has passed since then. The 'yellow male,' as it is called, came to be associated in the minds of the people with times of poverty and misfortune, and I know that even the poorest families feel a sort of shame in eating it, as if it meant unutterable social degradation."

In regard to hours of work this writer says his informant gave these facts: "In the summer I work from six in the morning to six in the evenin' with an hour off for breakfast and for dinner. And at other times it is from daylight to dark."

So much for the hours of work. The hours of leisure bring their varied pleasures, and that reading is among the most appreciated is a high tribute to the intelligence of the people. An idea of the character of the reading matter that comes in their way is afforded by the following paragraphs.

"I looked around the kitchen to see if I could discover what books and newspapers formed the literary recreation of Tom and his family. It was evident that the Weekly Freeman was subscribed to, for a portion of the walls was covered with the political cartoons of that journal. I also saw some copies of the Shamrock, a little story paper published weekly in Dublin, and also, for the daughter probably, some numbers of a London penny weekly journal. There were a few books, stories evidently, much torn and dilapidated, and I noticed the Dublin Songster, a collection of music hall and patriotic songs and ballads, with a mixture of ditties popular some years ago.

And now comes an interesting question—"What does the Irish peasant read?" The Irish peasant, by common consent, possesses mental qualities of a high order. He is intelligent, quick-witted, and shrewd in his observation of men and things. These faculties are innate in him. He certainly does not owe them to reading. Sociability is a strong — or should I say a weak?—point in his character, and he loves to pick up his information and sharpen his natural wits in social intercourse. Nothing delights him more than a chat on current affairs at home and abroad with his fellows, in the smith's forge, or by the hearth of his cabin on a winter's evening, or reclining on a sunny bank on a Sunday after Mass, or at any time in the village public house over a pipe and a pint of porter. He will also listen with absorbed interest to the reading of a newspaper, or the telling of old folk legends and stories—a popular pastime with the peasants—in those hours of ease. But it may be said as a general truth that he reads few books. The books I have seen in the houses of the agricultural laborers and small farmers in the South of Ireland were usually national books, issued at low prices, such as, "The Irish Penny Readings," containing admirable selections of prose and poetry by Irish writers; 'The Lectures

"WE'VE NO CAUSE TO COMPLAIN, THANK GOD."

and Sermons of Father Burke," the famous pulpit orator, and "The Story of Ireland," by A. M. Sullivan, "The Lives of the Saints," and other religious works; and a few of Lever's novels, such as "Charles O'Malley" and "Tom Burke of Ours," in a cheap form, may also be encountered.

MAKING THE STATIONS.

Books like these are eagerly read by the peasantry and they circulate from house to house in a parish until they fall to pieces from constant perusal. Song books are, however, common. I have frequently seen the Brian Boru Song Book, and the Harp of Tara Song Book, each published at 3d, and containing very good selections from Moore's Melodies and the national ballads and songs of the Young Ireland and Fenian Movements.

But unquestionably the most popular form of Irish literature—not only among the agricultural laborers, but among the farmers and citizens of the towns—is the Dublin weekly newspaper. The Weekly Freeman, The Weekly Independent, The Weekly Nation (National organs) and The Weekly Irish Times (neutral so far as politics are concerned) which supply literary matter as well as the news of the week, circulate widely throughout the country.

It is, however, from London rather than from Dublin, that the people of Ireland now obtain the bulk of their reading matter. I have been amazed during recent visits to Ireland at the display of London penny weekly publications, such as Tid-Bits, Answers, Home Chat, Pearson's Weekly, Woman's Life, in the news agents shops,

in even the remote towns of Ireland, while Dublin publications of a somewhat similar kind, but supplying Irish verses, stories, and historical sketches, such as the Shamrock, The Emerald, and Irish Bits, were difficult to obtain. I have seen the counters of news agents in such towns as Waterford, Limerick, Tralee, Kilkenny, Galway—each feeding large agricultural districts—piled as thickly with as varied a collection of these London weekly journals as the counters of news agents in Lambeth and Islington or any other populous district of the Metropolis in which these publications are produced. I was so impressed by this phenomenon that I endeavored, when in Dublin a short time ago, to obtain some accurate information in regard to its extent from Messrs. Eason, the principal Irish distributing firm. I was told that within the past ten years the circulation of these journals had almost quadrupled, although the population had diminished within the same period by an eighth. Week after week enormous bundles of these journals are sent to all the chief towns and villages throughout the country, and I venture to say that there is not a cabin in any part of Ireland—save perhaps the extreme West—in which there are boys and girls able to read and illiteracy may be said to be unknown among the rising generation—in which copies of these journals will not be found.

"WIT AND GOOD HUMOR PREVAIL ON MARKET DAY."

Of course, the enormous increase of late years in the readers of this cheap London periodical literature is not peculiar to Ireland alone. It is com-

A CABIN IN DONEGAL.

A PLEASANT RETREAT FOR THE TOURIST.

mon to England, Scotland and Wales as well, and is due, not so much to the difficulty of obtaining books—for the reading of those journals prevails just as widely in districts with lending libraries or parish libraries—as to the inability of the half-educated or imperfectly trained mind to stand the strain, or to keep up the interest which the reading—especially an informing book—involves, and to its finding its mental recreation in literary bits and scraps. It is sometimes said that the reading of these journals is neither informing to the mind nor elevating to the character. I hold a different opinion. The one regrettable result which as it appears to me the circulation of these periodicals has on the young people of the rural districts of Ireland is to further impress them, by descriptions of scenes of urban life, with the monotony and loneliness of the country as compared with the companionship and varied pleasures of the towns, and thus it accelerates that steady diminution of our rural communities which economic causes have for years produced."

Some interesting information relative to the great need, in Irish homes, of a certain class of reading matter —that supplied by Catholic newspapers and magazines—is found in a book of travels, "A Journey with the Sun Around the World," recently published by an American priest, Rev. William McMahon. Narrating his experiences in Ireland he introduces a conversation with Bishop Clancey from which we quote the following:

"The Bishop asked me: 'Father, what is the most striking thing you have observed in Ireland? I replied: 'Your Lordship, the one thing in Ireland that has struck me with astonishment, even beyond that excited by the Giant's Causeway, is the lack of Catholic family newspapers. Your papers here are controlled entirely by laymen, and are secular and political, rather than religious, papers. You have, as far as I have observed, only one paper with a Catholic name, and that is, as I understand, an annex to one of the secular newspapers. You have no paper through which bishops and priests are perfectly free to speak to their people, and to which people can look as a reliable medium for Catholic teaching. You are now dependent for a hearing upon the good-will of those who control the secular papers. No doubt most of those in charge are Catholics, but they don't publish ex professo Catholic papers. You are as far as I can see, dependent upon other countries for your truly family Catholic papers; for instance, on England. This is not the case in America. Ireland, with its vast Catholic population, ought to support one or several strong Catholic family newspapers, which would enter the homes and supplement the teachings of the Church. Besides, the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has frequently dwelt on the importance of Catholic family newspapers as being a continuous mission in a parish and among the people.'

"The bishops and priests glanced round, and Bishop Clancy said: 'I fear, Father McMahon, that we must confess that many of your strictures regarding the lack of Catholic newspapers in Ireland are well grounded. Politics absorb, in many respects, too much of our people's and priests' attention.' However, in Ireland, political and religious questions frequently shingle or overlap each other."

CATHOLICITY IN TENNYSON.

BY REV. L. O'DONOVAN, S. T. L.

The following is simply a skein of some verses and thoughts which wrap themselves around the cursory Catholic reader of Tennyson.

That Tennyson was not a Catholic is clear to one who has glanced but ever so superficially through this master poet's works; for instance when, in an agnostic mood in "In Memoriam," he says:

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him; thou art just."

That he was at best but a liberal Christian, is forced upon one who reads between the lines, looking for dogmatic tenets. Still that he was no cold, unthinking, sneering scoffer at the beautiful in Christianity, aye, in Catholicity, may be gathered from many parts of his "Idyls," and also from his "St. Agnes' Eve." "He speaks of God and the soul nobly, tenderly, with ecclesiastical prejudice," says Taine.

To substantiate our former assertion—the use of Catholicity in the "Idyls of the King"—Tennyson frankly, fully admits, indeed never intimates a doubt, but that all non-pagan Britain was Catholic, through and through, from her yule-logs to her chalk cliffs.

In "Lancelot and Elaine," it is said of Sir Lancelot and Lavaine:

"But when the next day broke from underground,
And shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave,
They rose, heard Mass, broke fast, and rode away!"

Before, in the same poem, Sir Lancelot tells Elaine:

"The glorious King
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,
Carved of one emerald, center'd in a sun
Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed."

In the "Holy Grail," Sir Percivale's sister, a nun,

"Pray'd and fasted all the more,
And he to whom she told her sins, or what
Her all but utter whiteness held for sin,
A man well nigh a hundred winters old,
Spake often with her of the Holy Grail,
A legend handed down thro' five or six,
And each of these a hundred winters old,
From Our Lord's time."

The monks of merry England have always been butts of criticism, so what wonder that Tennyson makes Ambrosius confess that he is one,

"Who read but on my breviary with ease."

The gentler sex is more mercifully handled as when the Magdalene queen, Guinevere, speaks:

"So let me, if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me Sister, dwell with you;
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;
Pray and be pray'd for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people. . . ."

Finally the Passing of Arthur is poetically Catholic:

"Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere up-lifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross."

And surely Catholics alone hold the consoling doctrine in the following lines:

"But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

These broken rays of red, green, indigo, scattered up and down the "Idyls," are focussed to a strong white light in the three dozen heroic verses of "St. Agnes' Eve." There in a twinkle is flashed before us the crystallization of mediaeval ideality, the crucifixion, annihilation of the corporeal and transitory in service and homage to the spiritual and eternal: the crushing out of self for the more easy grafting in of Christ.

I know not if the poem has been put on canvas, but surely it is a most happy subject for the brush, the cold gray granite "convent towers," relieved by the high light of "yonder argent round," and the "first snowdrop of the year," forming a remarkable background for her "white robes" and "pale taper's earthly spark."

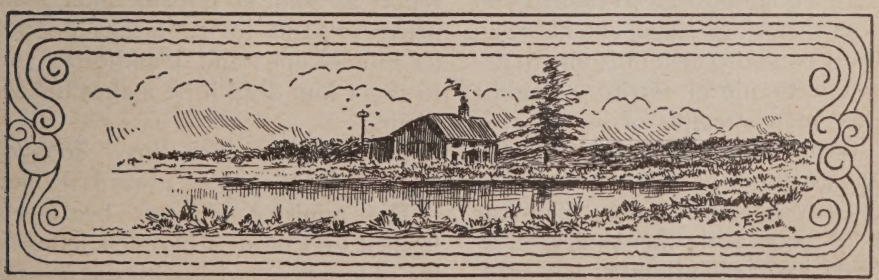
And still this charming pen picture, in verse, is but the woody hull surrounding the kernel, the soul of the piece, the trustful, longing, languishing, yearning of the bride for her "heavenly bridegroom."

Had Tennyson in mind the spotless soul of the sweet young nun (for of course he meant such a nun) at peace with God, and man shrived white as snow, perhaps, from sins of scarlet? Did he mean to imply the fact, though he did not believe the dogma, that she would rise in the morning, early, to receive in very truth her Lord divine? If not Tennyson has buzzed before the flower but gathered little honey, has

"Sought midst the human for Heaven
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue."

Whereas, to those of the faith, to those to the manor born, the broad harvest fields seem familiar and homelike.

Yet, were "St. Agnes' Eve" merely a pagan portrait, it would be a joy forever. As a Christian, Catholic picture it is doubly so. Had Tennyson been a son of that faith he could not but love and sing of, his pen of steel had turned to gold, and Science and Art had gained a helpmate in the land of Faith.



THE DESERTER'S ESCAPE.

BY R. H. KANE.

"You must have had many experiences during your career as a soldier that would be of interest to your American friends at this late date," I said to my vivacious French companion.

"Yes," he answered. "And probably nothing would be more interesting to you than an account of how I, now a Kansas farmer, once closed all the gates of Rome. Or, to speak more correctly, how I caused to be closed all the gates of Rome. And without further preface I will say, that while my memory is poor after the lapse of about thirty-eight years, facts of this kind always make a deep impression upon our minds, as they have the indelible character of truth.

In the early part of 1861, I was then Sergeant Major of the 2d company of that famous 1st Battalion of the Franco-Belge Pontifical Zouaves, we were stationed at Monte Rotundo, about thirty miles from Rome. On a certain day our Lieut. Colonel, now the celebrated General de Charette, so well known in France and all over Europe, sent for me and addressed me in the following terms:

"Major Henquenet, I have an important mission for you."

Here it may be well to inform you that at that time Napoleon III. had an army of 20,000 men in Rome to defend the Pontifical territory against the repeated attempts of invasion by the Garibaldians supported by the Italian government. The small Pontifical army of about 10,000 men was able to cope with the bands of irregulars and revolutionists, but Piedmont was feared, also; hence Rome was given in charge of Gen. de Goyon, who had Gen. de Noue for assistant. The Pontifical forces had for minister of arms the Cardinal de Merode, an ex-officer in the Belgian army. Thus there were two different corps, and two different administrations; the first controlling and commanding Rome, the other acting separately for the same purpose of repulsing the invaders of the small territory under the protection of those 20,000 French troops.

"All right, Colonel, command," said I, "I am ready."

"You pick your man in the battalion," said he, "and each of you take a revolver, if possible."

Revolvers in those days were scarce and were private property. I had one, given to me by Comte de Bengrey D'Agurne in Paris when his son and a friend enlisted with me in the Zouaves. The colonel then told me to give my revolver to my man, he would lend me his, the best in those days.

"Now in five minutes a closed carriage will be at your disposal. You will take Sergeant Agry in that carriage and deliver him, dead or alive, to our minister of arms in Rome, and report as soon as possible after your delivery. But by all means do not let him escape; and I authorize you to shoot him dead if he makes the attempt."

Ten minutes after three Zouaves were seen riding post towards Rome.

The minister of arms being informed by Col. de Charette's letter of the object of my visit with the prisoner, the letter also informing his emi-

nence that the French Gen. de Goyon, commander in Rome, had sent two gendarmes to get one of his sergeants as being a deserter from the French army after looting the treasury of his regiment; that he did not wish to deliver the prisoner to the French authorities without having the sanction of the minister of arms. Therefore he had sent him under guard of trusted men to Rome, and there a legal delivery by the Roman authority could be made to the French general.

I was received without formality or delay. My visit to the minister was short.

"Deliver him to Gen. de Goyon immediately, if he sent for him, and report," he said.

Agry begged to be allowed to say a few words in private to the minister. I permitted him to return to the room we had just left, and waited at the door with my brave man, Lallemand, killed afterwards at the battle of Luigney, if I mistake not, in the Franco-Prussian war, while commanding a battalion of Zouaves.

Agry was not given a very long audience.

"No, no," were the words we heard through the half-open door. "Sergeant Major, take him to Gen. de Goyon quickly," and at the same time calling me in to give me new instructions. "Be careful," he said. "That man is not only a deserter, but he is a thief, and as such we cannot let him escape from the hands of the French general. He is a disgrace to your noble and brave regiment, but I cannot help it. I wish I could avoid such scandal, but I cannot. Go!"

Gen. de Goyon's headquarters were reached safely after passing through the crowded Corso for fully a mile, our prisoner, all the time being closely watched. Not a second passed that we did not have our eyes upon him.

The office was closed, and no one on the staff knew anything of the general's order of arrest, or of the disposition to be made of the prisoner. I was then directed to the General of Brigade, General de Noue. There the office was closed also, and nobody to tell me where to find the general, except an old attendant to the chief, who said that the general was in the habit, at that hour, of frequenting the Café del Coloma, near the Corso. So we had to drag ourselves and prisoner there, passing through multitudes of people, giving Agry a good chance to escape if he cared to take advantage of the crowds. Our revolvers would in the wink of an eye be absolutely unavailable for fear of killing innocent persons.

Hundreds of brilliantly-uniformed men were sipping their coffee and playing games of all sorts. The General's aid-de-camp was there, but he was entirely ignorant of his chief's whereabouts, and he had no instructions as to the disposition of the prisoner. He advised me to keep him until morning, and at nine o'clock to bring him before the general, and make a report of the past twenty-four hours.

"Captain," said I, "I am not authorized to keep this prisoner of yours longer than the time required to put him in your hands, and I am tired of running through crowds of people on the Corso. I do not wish to keep him over night as my man and I need rest."

Finally he advised me to deliver Agry to the chief of a post of Zouaves, near the church of St. John Lateran,

and to take him from there to the general the next morning. Sergeant Vernier, I think, was the officer who took him in charge, and I very fortunately took a receipt from him, telling him to send the prisoner to me next day at 8 o'clock in the morning, under a guard of four men and a corporal. In company with Lallemand I went to my lodging, close to the palace of the minister of arms.

The next morning I very patiently waited for eight o'clock and my prisoner. Eight, half-past eight, arrived and nobody appeared. My room was on the third floor. I rushed down the stairway to see if the expected ones were in sight and met Sergeant du Bourg coming up. I enquired impatiently if he knew anything of Agry's coming.

"Yes," he answered, "I am the one in charge of him."

"And pray, Sergeant, where is he?" I asked.

"Down stairs in a carriage. I have him with me, and I came to tell you that you can take charge of him now."

"Fool you are," shouted I to de Bourg. "And you left him alone in the carriage! I will bet you he is gone with your carriage at this moment!" I jumped down four steps at a time and was quickly at the door, but no man or no carriage was to be seen anywhere. He had, very likely, told the driver to go as quickly as possible from my presence, under promise of big reward. I never saw him afterwards.

The next thing to do, and the most embarrassing, was to report. Nine o'clock had sounded, and two gendarmes had been sent to look for me and my prisoner. Near the general's headquarters officers of the staff were curiously awaiting my arrival. One of them, a big corpulent captain, making himself very officious in hearing the report of the escape, ran immediately to report it to his superior, at the same time telling me that if the prisoner had escaped they still had me.

"May be, Captain, and may be not. We shall see later," said I, not fearing his authority as captain, as the French officer had no control over my actions.

In presence of the generals and their staffs I gave the facts and showed my receipt for the prisoner; also calling special attention to the trouble I had taken to deliver the prisoner and the risk I had run in preventing his escape on the crowded Corso. Gen. de Goyon blamed Gen. de Noue's staff officer for not securing the prisoner at once when told by me that he (Gen. de Goyon) had sent for the deserter who was concealed in the regiment of Zouaves at Monte Rotundo.

"We have no time to lose, Gen. de Noue," said Gen de Goyon. "You, as commander of Rome, shall immediately order all the gates of the city closed. No person shall be permitted to go outside the walls only after thorough inspection. You, sergeant major, write a correct description of the deserter. At the same time, Gen. de Noue, have Rome searched in the best manner possible."

To convince the General that Colonel Charette and our minister of arms were sincere in their efforts to deliver the prisoner to the French authorities I showed him the Colonel's revolver, and told him of my orders to shoot him dead if he tried to run away. He examined the revolver

(which was very fine for those days) carefully, and asked me if we all had such weapons. I answered that very few had them; they were private property. I was then discharged without blame and was requested to help the gendarmes to find Agry in Rome.

I had had no breakfast yet, but I felt pleased with the result of my mission after all. Agry was safe to go, and be hanged somewhere else. I did not care to have the honorable name of our regiment dragged into a French Court martial when we had done our best to deliver them the prisoner.

I feared to report to Mgr. Merode, as the minister of arms was generally known in Rome and called by us. After breakfast I requested the two mounted gendarmes to accompany me to the minister's office, in case of necessity, to prove that the general had not blamed me. When in the presence of his Eminence I commenced a lengthy report of the facts in the escape, how it happened, and bearing principally upon my innocence, he stopped me quickly.

"Be short, Major," said he. "He has run away, eh? Well, well, Major. Yes. Good!" exclaimed he to my surprise. "They did not receive him when you had him before them. It is their fault. I do not blame you either. We are rid of a disgraceful court martial."

He informed me further that the prisoner had asked him to let him escape and that he would go and enlist with the Neapolitan troops, fighting then for Francois II. in the Albruzye Mountains, after the capture of Gaite by Victor Emanuel. But the minister refused to grant his request, principally because he was a thief.

"Take this, Major," said the Cardinal, handing me a paper, "and give it to your Colonel de Charette. I will relieve you of all blame from him."

And so I was made happy for the time being. I did not care any more about my prisoner who, I was told, succeeded in getting out of Rome the very day the gates of the city were closed. He escaped in this manner: Students in theology were so numerous in Rome that the St. Sulpice seminary was too small to accommodate them and part of the advanced students were obliged to get rooms in the city. Agry had a friend among this class with whom he used to spend his time when in Rome. In the absence of the student he went to his rooms, shaved his moustache, donned a cassock and the balance of a student's uniform and immediately drove through the gates unmolested. Probably he is alive today to read this. Twenty-four hours afterwards the gates were reopened and their passage free to everybody.

SHALL WE MARRY?

BY M. T. ELDER.

The funny column tells us about a little girl six years old, who said to her mother one day, "Mamma, if I grow up and I don't get married, will I be an old maid, like Aunt Kate?"

"Well, yes, dear," replies Mamma, smiling amusedly.

Little girl thinks awhile and then asks,

"And Mamma, if I do get married, will I have a husband like papa?"

"Well-er-yes, my dear," answers Mamma, smiling somewhat less brightly. A few moments more of earnest study and then, with a profound sigh, the six-year-old remarks,

"Well, Mamma, this world is a tough place for us women, isn't it?"

. . . . . .

In his light, bright, readable way, Maurice Francis Egan says: "Marriage is becoming unfashionable among well-to-do Catholics in the United States. Why? The times demand more money, better appointments. What were luxuries in our grandmother's day are necessities at the present. The semi-young Catholic bachelor is a permanent institution. And the charming girl of the same creed remains charming and—a girl, until she is eighty and then reluctantly admits that she is an old maid."

Why? Come now, gentlemen, let us not pretend—as we all are pretending—that we, United States Catholics, have settled all the great problems of life and are shining examplars of our Faith! Let's leave that for—the Fourth of July!

Why?

Mr. Desmond of the Catholic Citizen says very nearly the same thing—says that in our cities the proportion of middle aged and yet unmarried Catholics is becoming a problem. Many other speakers and writers are calling attention to the same fact, deploring the same evil. That it is deplorable we must all admit. But it were a vast mistake to assume that this dearth of marrying is a more deplorable evil than that of—unhappy marrying! A thousand times more fertile evil than that of unwise celibacy is—unwise marrying.

Just the other day an observant friend said to me, with unusual vehemence, "I think there are a great many more marriages than there ought to be. This may sound like heresy, but it is my firm conviction. There are too many marriages in which Heaven had no part. Too many children who owe to their parents nothing, absolutely nothing, save—the curse of existence!"

Can any one deny this? And can any one fail to see therein the cause of matrimonial decline? Unwise unions are the primary fact: later, wide spread celibacy is the logical result. True, there are some statistics in favor of the married—showing significantly smaller per cent of crime, disease, insanity, suicide and pauperism among the married than among the unmarried. Other things being equal, the married are less likely to become extremely wretched or criminal than the unmarried. And yet—statistics to the contrary notwithstanding—some married folk seem to think that marriage is not quite what it's cracked up to be.

As a rule, marriage is what the man makes it. (I can not stop now to

argue with those mawkish effeminates who place the chief responsibility always upon woman). Marriage is what the man makes it—speaking broadly. To be sure the woman has her part, but it were ridiculous to maintain that woman has chief control of marital happiness. She has not! She can not re-create man. She can not evolve a worthy husband and honorable father out of a poor, flimsy nonentity. The average man today is a flimsy nonenity—nothing more. Not wilfully wicked, not malicious, but—weak as water! Is proof needed? Look at his portrait in "A Message to Garcia."

"This infirmity of the will, this incapacity to concentrate on a thing and do it, this moral stupidity, this faintheartedness toward all work, is what puts pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not work heartily for their own benefit, why should we expect them to work more heartily for the benefit of a community?... Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, slovenly work, seem the rule not the exception."

Such is Mr. Hubbard's portrait of the "average man." Isn't it fascinating? Doesn't it seem to promise happiness for the average woman? And mind, this is the portrait of rather the uppermost than the undermost among the average. This represents the average employee —the man who works at some reputable business. But there is a vast army of men who, a great part of the time, work at nothing at all, or, in some business that is not reputable.

Now let the average woman consider the joy of marrying some such specimen. Isn't it a dream of bliss!

Not long ago I read some seamy-side statistics of women workers. They said that in New York city alone there are upwards of ten thousand women who have to support their families—husbands included! Do you think the unmarried woman ought to eat out her heart with envy when she gazes upon that style of husband?

And as for the children—what sort of child can that sort of father be supposed to rear?

Am I then utterly decrying marriage? Oh! Heaven forbid! On the contrary my ultimate aim is to promote marriages—happy marriages. The Church teaches that—for the great bulk of mankind outside of religious life—matrimony is the preferred state. But we must admit what my vehement friend declares:

"There are too many marriages now in which Heaven has had no part. Too many parents to whom the children owe nothing, absolutely nothing except—the curse of existence!"

Therefore, if we would work against this matrimonial decline, we must avow as a first step thereto, that it is those unwise marriages themselves, which have caused decline in matrimony. Before trying then to increase the number of marriages, we should try to decrease the number of unhappy marriages.

The applicant for position of any kind must give some sort of qualification. But the applicant for marriage —what is demanded of him or her? What does either demand of the other? Nice looks, nice dressing, nice manners. That's all. If besides, the party is a fine dancer, why then of course a life time of bliss is guaranteed!

Mr. Angus McIntosh says: "In soliciting a profession it is generally conceded that the solicitor must have some vocation—or at least some in-

herent instinct which fits him or her for the career chosen. From a child's birth, until it reaches an age to begin its apprenticeship to its life-work, its adaptability for this or that career is a constant theme for discussion. But I have observed that any candidate is considered eligible for matrimony —which is perhaps the most exacting thing in life.

With most girls it seems to be a matter of belief that marriage means little more than new clothes, wedding presents, and a husband thrown in as a—a—well, a part of the general performance, time-honored if unnecessary!... A man's view of it is seldom much wider—a pretty face, an attractive personality, allure him and he at once announces his (not only willingness, but) anxiety to become a Benedict, without any thought of the responsibility incurred thereby — beyond the assurance that his income is large enough to support two—for a fortnight!"

Oh! isn't it amazing, when we come to think about it, isn't it astounding, after all that has been said upon the subject, wisely and pertinently said, too, for hundreds of years, that we remain where we are with regard to the unpreparedness of hymeneal aspirants?

And Oh! how the sacramental character of this contract is ignored —very nearly! There is special preparation for First Communion, special instruction for Confirmation, but for matrimony, what?—outside of a hastily read, brief paragraph or two in the Catechism or prayerbook.

"But there are sermons now and then. And our newspapers, magazines, and Sunday sheets contain a goodly amount of really excellent advice and warnings upon this subject."

True, and we are beholden accordingly. Those homilies probably do some good. But does the occasional sermon—whether from pulpit or press, fill the full requirement of marriage instruction? Is matrimony such an unimportant episode that its direction be left to chance?—to the desultory Sunday chat, the accidental magazine article, or the casual sermon? Out upon such criminal indifference! No wonder our young people think so lightly of matrimony! Who takes any trouble to teach them otherwise? What Cardinal Vaughan says of English Catholics is quite as true of us.

"The evidence of the need of SYSTEMATIC Catholic provision for those who have become emancipated from school discipline is overwhelming. Out of 35,000 Catholic young people leaving Catholic schools, fully 27,000 live in neglect of religious observances. And so we count our losses not by hundreds but by thousands! We have ample provision for the education of our children; but we have practically no provision for continuing their training afterward."

Precisely the same situation here— no practical, systematic, wisely planned provision for saving the great mass of our grown young people— particularly the young men! No systematic, helpful, attractive course of regular instruction upon that most important (and to the young, most fascinating) theme — Matrimony. And so, if the chief preparation our young people make toward conjugal life is in the shape of dances, euchres, picnics, etc.—whose fault? So long as nothing systematic is done toward definite regular training for conjugal life, so long will conjugal life be voted a failure by a tremendous proportion of those who have tried it.

Another point is that of filial piety. Where do we stand?

Surely if the affection of the children is a factor in hymeneal happiness, then we must admit it is a pretty shady factor nowadays. Where, for instance, is the grown son who supports his aged parent? He is the exception —not the rule. The girls are better. Yes, indeed, they take up the duties flung aside by their brothers. The bachelor girl, by hundreds and thousands, throughout the length and breadth of this long, broad land,—the brave bachelor girl (whether Protestant or Catholic) is working cheerfully and unselfishly to support herself and her mother, and sometimes her younger sisters—(and sometimes even her worthless, trifling brother). All honor to her! She may miss some of life's pleasures, but also she is spared that most cruel pang (Oh! "how sharper than a serpent's fang")—the ingratitude of an unloving child!

The loyalty of the ill treated wife is proverbial. But there is an even yet more loyal loyalty—that of the ill treated mother! The unhappy wife driven to desperation will sometimes admit her grievances publicly (hardly one in five does so). But the neglected mother—Oh! she will not admit to anyone the cold-hearted selfishness of her unfeeling son! No. Statistics upon this point can not be collected. The mother would die first. But do we need statistics?

Look at the thousands of aged Catholic men and women in our refuges and asylums! Look at the hundreds of thousands of poor old men and women whose Catholic sons—practical (!?) Catholic sons—permit them to work on unto the very shadow of the tomb.

Only God can know the actual number of heart-sore mothers in this fair land of ours. But anybody can make a pretty close guess at it—from the signs our own eyes see. And the result of such guess—isn't it appalling? The tremendous number of wretchedly poor old women whom we have about us is a stigma upon our civilization and upon our Christianity (so called)! It is a proof that filial piety is at a low, low ebb. The mean, indifferent son is today the rule—not the exception. He may be idle and dissolute, or he may be a fine business man, highly respected, and with wife and daughters gloriously in the swim. All the same, his gray-haired mother, shabby and toil-worn, and with no roof she can call her own, keeps working on, her poor old head bending lower and lower toward the grave!

I will begin to believe in the "Marvelous Growth and Wonderful Progress of the Catholic Church in these United States"!!—just as soon as I begin to see in the average Catholic son some slight sign of deference and love for his aged parent.

And I will begin too to exploit the superior bliss and blessedness of Catholic married life, as soon as I begin to see that most Catholic mothers are comfortably supported (in their old age at least) and kindly cared for by their Catholic sons. Oh! think not I undervalue the spiritual opportunities of married life. No, no! It is noble beyond praise to be a saintly wife and mother—and if a woman yearns for sainthood and martyrdom, if she yearns for opportunity of great bitterness here below in order to reap great sweetness up above, why, let her marry and become the mother of sons!

My vehement friend says: "Oh! no, I do not clamor for more marriages, while so much misery, degrada-

tion and sin can be traced to unwise unions."

And I echo, "Oh, no, I will not clamor for more marriages until there be somewhat of guarantee for better husbands and more particularly for better sons, in the future."

And yet, after all is said, I give in to the pronouncement of the young girl just engaged. "Yes, indeed, Grandmother, I'm sure you're right," she replies in tones all dutiful, all acquiescent, "I'm sure it's an awful thing to get married, but—it's awfuler not to!"

WITH ALL HIS BLIGHT.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

My rod was fixed in an oblique position overhanging the water by the simple method of jamming it in the soft earth and placing a stone under it and a stone over it, and the floater bobbed and danced on the wavelets sparkling in the sunlight.

It was beautifully still at this point on the river, the town I had left far below me with its discordant mixture of every-day noises, and here was the primeval beauty of valley and hill undisturbed and unspoiled by the hand of man, save where, some rods below me, a railroad bridge, black and gaunt, spanned the stream. Between the green branches of trees I could see the dull level line of the railroad as it wound into view around the hill, following the curve of the river and branching when it reached the bridge, one pair of gleaming rails crossing the river while the other still followed the course of the stream, skirting the pine-clad hills at my back and finally disappearing in an abrupt curve above the spot which I had chosen on account of its seeming fishing advantages.

The river is not wide at this point and directly opposite to me, engaged as I was fishing, I perceived a man who evidently belonged to the type to which is generally applied the term "hobo." His clothes were worn and torn, his feet large, his shoes ill-fitting, and he wore a dilapidated hat over his eyes. These facts taken in conjunction with his environment compelled me to decide that he was a tramp, for tramps have a fondness for railroad bridges that are built on the outskirts of towns and not within sight of them. This is because where there is a railroad bridge on the outskirts of a town there must be, in the natural order of things, a river and an occasional passing train; and the tramp loves the one because it affords him facilities for washing (and fishing), and the other because to stow himself away on it is his preferred mode of transportation. That my friend across the river was a hobo was evident also by the similarity in his general appearance to three or four others whom I had passed some time earlier at the bridge where, on a grassy bank,

sun-bathed and warm, they were discussing the contents of sundry paper packages and eyeing furtively the occasional passer-by.

It was still spring, and there was a delicious drowsiness in the atmosphere, a genial warmth in the sunlight and a sparkle and dash about the river that seemed to denote joy in its recent freedom from bridling ice. In the air was the sound of happy birds and singing brooks and tumbling waterfalls. And added to these was music made by two boys from the town who were sitting on the bank some distance above the tramp. They were singing minstrel songs, the melody floating softly and distinctly over the water.

The sudden rumble and clanking noise of a freight-train drowned these sweet sounds with a rude clamor. A line of box-cars rolled noisily at my back, followed by several low coal-trucks, and instead of passing at once out of sight and hearing, slackened speed noisily, and with a wrenching sound of applied brakes, came to a stop near me.

I had not noticed that the train carried anything but coal until a voice, so close to me that I started, called out suddenly,

"Hey, Henny. Goin' up the pike?"

The query was intended for the ears of the hobo on the other side of the stream. Something in the tones arrested my attention. It was a young, fresh, boyish voice, and distinctly musical. I peered between the foliage of the trees to see the speaker, but could not at once locate him. The man across the river called back hoarsely,

"Where ye goin', Benny?"

"I dunno," said the voice again, and in its cadences there was a suggestion of absolute carelessness and unconcern. "We're goin' to take this freight up into Pennsylvania somewhere."

There was a note of hoarseness, due no doubt to much exposure, but the articulation was distinct and easy, and the voice altogether seemed strangely incongruous and out of place. It was a haunting voice and somehow brought to the mind's eye visions of a gently-reared youth, of a mother's tender care and love and pride. It seemed meant only to say kind and gracious things softly, or fine and noble things stirringly. Its accents lingered on the air with a pleasing vibration, and as I still peered through the green I saw the speaker, sitting on a pile of coal.

He was a young boy, slender, but well-built, and in his unconscious attitude and in his frayed and torn apparel there was a suggestion of refinement which we do not usually associate with tramps, but which seemed in accord with the tones of his voice. I wondered vaguely what strange combination of circumstances could have brought such a boy to such a state.

As though my thoughts had been read by some method of mind-communication or mental telegraphy the two singers on the opposite bank began at this moment to render the well-known song, "My Wandering Boy," and the words carried by the soft spring breezes came floating over the sparkling river.

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight,
Go search for him where you will,
And bring him to me with all his blight
And tell him I love him still."

As the verse was repeated the second time, I took my eyes from the singers and turned to look at the boy on the train. The picture I saw is one that will linger in my memory

for many a day. He was sitting on a little heap of coal, bending forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped lightly in front of him, and gazing straight ahead of him with eyes that saw nothing of external objects. The sunshine showed me his yellow hair, and on his expressive face was a look so mild and softened that it riveted my attention. His eyes, gazing out across the water, were luminous and showed in their blue depths a wealth of feeling and gentleness. He seemed timidly reminiscent, as if his mind had been swept back to the past against his will. So he sat, dreaming.

"Look out the way, Benny, what ye doin,' going to sleep?"

One of his comrades was endeavoring to climb over where he sat and found him unusually slow and absent-minded and stupid. But I rejoiced to see that as the train began to move, Benny did not stir, and that the timid, thoughtful expression was still in his eyes as he was carried on and on, and the trees hid him from sight.

And as I gave my attention to my rod, which was bobbing wildly under the straining jerks of a captured fish, my mind was still occupied with the thought of Benny and the hope that his dream might stay with him and continue until it found its fruition in a life of brave endeavor to be worthy, even in the least degree, of that love which yearns for its object—even—with all his blight.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE CORNER.

BY S. M. O'MALLEY.

The firelight fell across the rough stone hearth, lit up the bare floor and wavered over the walls and heavy doors. A bed in one corner, a hugh frame hung with faded cretonne curtains, looked clean and comfortable.

A little boy sat at one side of the hearth, his face in the glow, his hands across his drawn-up knees, his dark eyes looking wistfully into the gloom beyond the boundary of light.

A woman's foot, a dark bit of dress and a small hand upon the chair's arm, came into the light fitfully, as the rocking chair swayed to and fro.

"Tell me a story, mamma."

"Of what?" asked a low voice.

"Most anything; 'bout wolves and bears and lions or some drefful amilins."

"I have but small acquaintance with such animals."

"Just make a story, mamma."

"A lion, a bear, and a wolf—"

" 'Once upon a time,' now mamma."

" 'Once upon a time many years ago' (the wistful eyes narrowed appreciatively) a lion, a bear and a wolf lived on the edge of the desert, a long way off from any other lion, bear or wolf."

"Why?" asked the boy.

"Why? Oh, because the lion was a disappointed lover, the bear an ugly,

saucy, banished son, and the wolf had been so murderous, that he was an outlaw.

"The desert was wide, full of prey and the three wisely kept away from the forts and traps on the far hills, where civilization commenced, so said the lion, who judged by the strong smell of gunpowder.

"They lived peacefully for a year or more, perhaps, when the lion caught a strong whiff of something just killed. He began to talk about the old times when to chew up a calf or a man was but a moment's work.

" 'Those were brave days!' cried the lion. 'I shall never see their like again; I am growing old before my time in this dull place.'

"The bear grew thoughtful. 'That reminds me of my other and better life. My father was a great creature in his own country and owned a whole mountain range. Ah!' he licked his jaws with a remembering tongue. 'What wild times I knew and how many honey trees I've robbed, and to raid a logger's hut, now and then, was rare work, but,' he shook his head regretfully, 'I am rusty these days; I'm as clumsy as a cow.'

"The wolf stuck up his ears.

" 'What do you hear?' asked the lion.

" 'I forgot myself,' answered the wolf, sorrowfully. 'I thought I heard sleigh-bells in the snowy road through the pines. Umph! Many a fat villager remembers me, I know, for their shoulders have felt my teeth. Sometimes I was lucky enough to—' He put his paw to his throat in a knowing way, while the bear drew back frightened by the red glare in the wolf's eye.

" 'Ah!' yawned the lion, 'that would make good reading for an old folk club, but for me.' He stretched to a great height, shook his mane, stuck his nose toward the desert and gave such a roar that the grasses trembled and the bear and wolf slunk into the dense under-growth."

Here the speaker paused, ponderingly.

"What happened then?" asked the boy in the corner.

"Then?" She passed events too startling and concluded, "A man in the fort heard the roar, and training a gun in that direction was fortunate enough to kill the lion."

"Where are the bear and wolf?"

"They had eventful lives, too."

"Will the bear ever go home?"

"We will see."

"I don't like the wolf."

"No."

"I'm sorry the lion was killed."

"Why?"

"Because, I thought he'd sure eat the bear and wolf."

"Oh!"

Silence came again into the little room; the flames wavered feebly, and the frost painted whole glacial views on the enriched panes. Out of the gloom the brown eyes peered, and the round, pale face grew indistinct.

Presently the woman ceased to rock, for the brown eyes and wistful face had disappeared into the gloom. She was sure she heard little bare feet slipping across the floor, and—was that the kitchen door-knob turning?

"Little boy," she called, "where are you going?"

"I—mamma? Do you think I could find anything to eat in the closet?"

"No," her voice trembled, "there is not a crust."

The little feet came back haltingly.

"Mamma wishes there was everything nice for her baby."

"Oh, I am not very hungry; I thought I'd just try a bite."

He took his old place in the corner, but hearing a curious noise from the opposite side, he whispered anxiously, "are you crying, mamma?"

"Crying? No indeed!" answered a firm voice.

"Then tell me another story, and if I go to sleep, you'll put me in bed, I know."

"Another story?"

"Yes, ma-am. Tell me where the bear and wolf are."

"Let me think....After the lion died, the bear and wolf were very nervous, and as the noise that caused his death was a mystery to them, they resolved to go into the jungle, although they feared the gloom and strange animals."

"Big amilins? Eflins?"

"Yes, many elephants. They wandered on afraid to make war against anything. At last, they found a little stream of water and a bit of cleared earth.

"The wolf lifted his ears; 'Man,' he snarled, his eyes glancing from side to side.

" 'What difference?' asked the bear.

" 'A great difference!' snapped the wolf, 'where man lives you will find young, fat pigs, possibly better food, say an over-fed, healthy, baby man; they are rare and delicious.'

"The bear did not listen well. An odor that brought back sweet and half-forgotten days was wafted to him on invisible wings.

" 'I want nothing but to find the wild bees' treasure,' he murmured disconsolately.

" 'Faugh!' growled the wolf, 'it is under your very nose. See those square things yonder? They hold the man's honey-store.'

"The bear started eagerly, 'this is great luck!' he exclaimed.

"Mamma, would it cost much to own a pig and a jar of honey?"

"Yes; it would cost too much for us, dear."

"I'm sorry."

"Dear heart; so am I."

"Now go on about the bear and wolf."

"The bear and wolf made a little plan that when the gloom deepened into night they would visit the man's yard. As for the wolf, pig or child that came his way he would surely take it, and the bear blindly decided for the honey-store.

"While they talked, a slim, half-naked man ran from the dense undergrowth into the man's house. It was the man's servant.

" 'Master,' he cried, 'there's a bear and wolf in the scrub. They are gaunt and evil; no doubt hungry. Thou wouldst do well to prepare for a night attack.'

"So when the bear and wolf came into the little yard, there came two sharp noises, two little bursts of flame, that killed both bear and wolf."

The little boy crept into the loving arms.

"They were so poor," he sighed, whimpering.

"Mamma, does everything hungry have to die?"

The arms pressed him closer, the wistful eyes closed slowly, the firelight narrowed to an all-seeing eye and nothing spoke in the shadow, but the cold wind whispering against the window pane.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., Chancellor of the Archidocese of Cincinnati, has received the appointment of Bishop of Columbus, Ohio. This diocese has been vacant since the death of Bishop Watterson.

RT. REV. HENRY MOELLER, D. D.

The "Queen City" of the West is Bishop Moeller's birthplace. He is fifty years of age. After finishing his studies at St. Joseph's school he attended St. Xavier's college, from which he was graduated with highest honors. He went to Rome in 1869, and was one of the first students to enter the American college, when Dr. Chatard, now bishop of Vincennes, Ind., was the president. At the close of his seven years of study he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Lenti in the Church of St. John Lateran. On his return to Cincinnati he was given charge of St. Patrick's church, Bellefontaine, O., but a few months later was made one of the faculty of Mount St. Mary's seminary.

In 1879 he was given the position of secretary to Bishop Chatard but was recalled in July, 1880, by Archbishop Elder, who was in need of his services. Since that time he has discharged the duties of secretary and chancellor of the Cincinnati diocese.

REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

Catholic summer schools are growing in popularity as an intellectual summer diversion. Besides the schools at Plattsburg and the one in the northwest, Maryland also has a very prosperous summer school. It is situated at Mt. St. Mary's in the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains, and opened Sunday, July 29, with pontifical High Mass by Bishop Donahue of Wheeling.

The lectures, which can be attended as one may select. are extremely interesting and serve to remove the *ennui*, the monotony which often creeps into summer country life. Another charming feature is the social life. In such a gathering plenty of social talent abounds. The consequence is that no

evening passes without entertainments, always varying in character, the recollection of which never passes away. Such associations often produce very lasting and useful friendships.

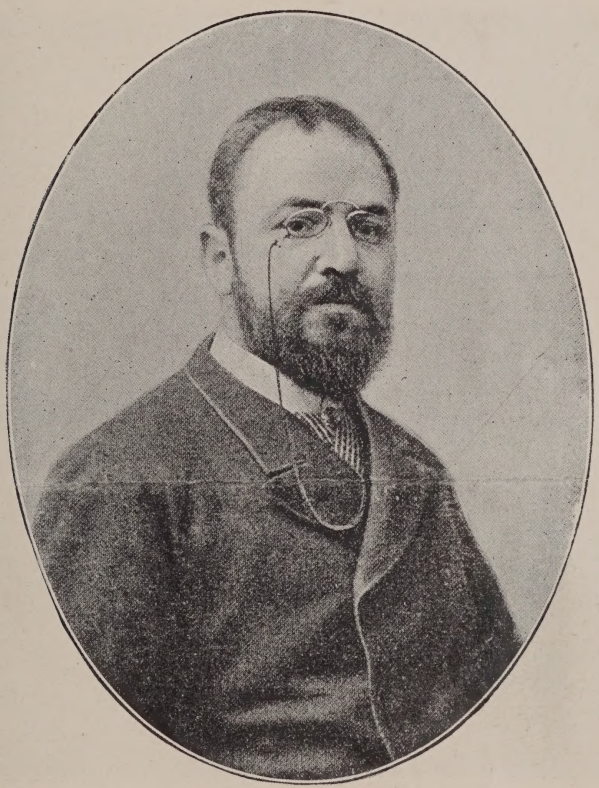
Among the notable speakers at the Maryland summer school will be Rev. Charles Warren Currier, formerly of Boston. Father Currier is a well-known pulpit orator, a churchman of erudition and experience and his lectures will no doubt be highly instructive and entertaining.

Father Currier will speak upon the following subjects: "Causes of Spanish Colonization of America," "West Indies and South America," "Around the Gulf of Mexico," "The Conqueror and Conquered," "Spanish Missionaries."

Paul Bourget aroused the literary world in 1893 with his powerful story, "Cosmopolis." It brought him fame and honor, and helped to win him a place in the French Academy of Immortals.

M. Bourget has always contended that the study of the soul was more interesting and vital than the study of the outer show of life; and he has stirred the intellect of France by taking the initiative in an important spiritual movement.

This remarkable religious growth is noticeable among the highest class of thinking Frenchmen, strongly contrasting with the atheistic conditions so long prevailing in France. Paul Bourget is one of the leaders in this new movement. He has become a Catholic.



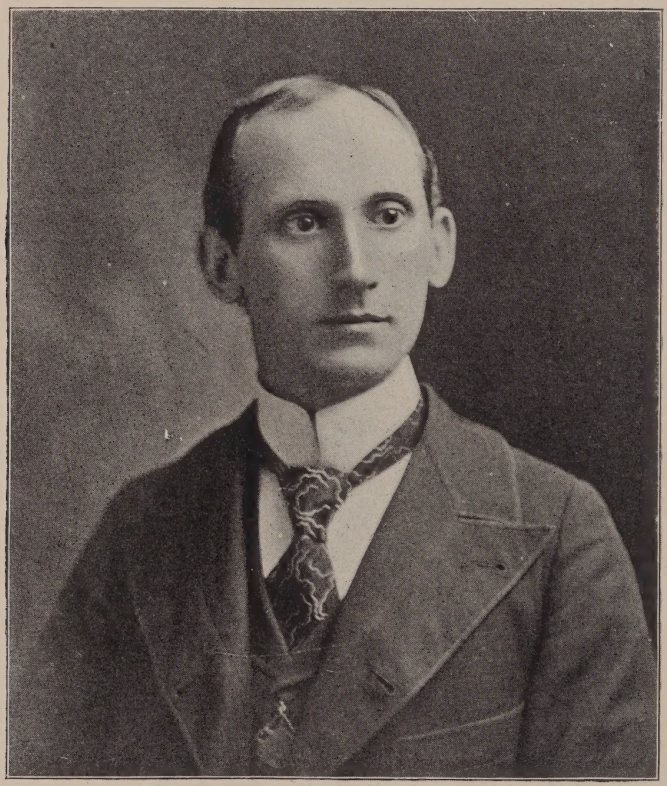
PAUL BOURGET.

Ferdinand Brunetiere and J. K. Huysmans, both noted in the literary world, have also given their open adhesion to the Faith.

One of the leading prelates in France says that the wave of belief sweeping over the country is a reaction from extreme negation. It touches the masses as well as the intellectual but when it reaches one of these noted men people talk about it.

Brunetiere is studying theology and the lives of the saints. Bourget is eliminating materialism from future editions of his works especially from his "Essay on Contemporary Psychology." Huysmans has become a member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Mr. Anthony Matre, director of the St. Lawrence Dramatic Circle, who has been



ANTHONY MATRE.

sight-seeing at the Paris Exposition, is about to visit Rome. From the Papal City he will probably go to the Holy Land.

Anthony Matre is one of the most promising young literary workers of the West. He is a native of Cincinnati Ohio. His newspaper experience has made him especially well equipped for playwriting.

His first effort as a playwright was at the silver jubilee of the St. Lawrence Young Men's Society of St. Philomena's church, Cincinnati, when he published the sacred drama, "St. Lawrence."

The merited success of the drama showed Mr. Matre was correct in his opinion that the public will as readily patronize religious play as one which is not, if the former is worthy of patronage, strong, forceful, dramatic; and thus encouraged he took up other stories of that early Christian period when to be a follower of Christ and discovered meant death in its most painful form. His next effort was "Rome Under Valerian," and by many critics was considered a superior piece of work to the "Princess."

JAMES' SEEDLINGS.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

Dunleith was not a big town. It could not even pretend to be a big town. It just hung between the rocky bluffs and the Mississippi, busied part of the time picking out the loosened stones that rolled down into its back yards, and the rest of the time guessing whether the June rise would come up to its Main street this year or not. And Dunleith, like the Valley of the Nile, feasts when the river floods the mucky bottoms into lagoons. Then all Dunleith talks, speculates, guesses and spends money, for the farmers must perforce buy at Dunleith, seeing that the pontoons are washed out and the river roads are flooded, and they cannot cross the river. If then the railroad and the tunnel had never been built, if there were no bridge, and if the hills were moved back a little, Dunleith might have been, indeed must have been, prosperous; even a city, a great city. And the longer the flood lasts the more the people grumble at the bridge and the tunnel. And for that matter they are but company for the best of us, who sooner or later are bound to quarrel in our several ways with the causes of our fortune.

Still, as the river subsides and the flood becomes an alternating and reminiscent topic, the conversation possible to Dunleith would become gloomily monotonous were it not for Mrs. Julia Garnick.

Southward, Main street was cut off by a sharp bluff running into the river, with barely a shelf for a wagon road winding around it. To Dunleith it turned its bleak and jagged mouth, but on the south, warmed by the sun and touched by the south wind, it had an easier slope down to one of the perennially flooded bottoms. Rocky it was, too, but much of the rock had been made into rows upon rows of low stone walls that cut it into terraces. Long ago, before the railroad came, the hill and the rock-studded slope were there. But none of the onward pressing farmers heeded it. They chose the flood-endangered bottoms instead. One day came James Garnick. He had a thrifty mind and a good eye for strawberries. He planted berries and tended them as if they were children, and they grew large and sweet. So he called them James' Seedlings, having no sweetheart to call them after. That was in the days before the war, when the big steamboats still took the summer visitors up to St. Anthony's Falls. The people who traveled on the river then had the tastes of ladies and gentlemen, and they made the fame of James' Seedlings, and filled the pocket of James. So James built him a house with wide verandas, after the manner of his patrons, and, after the manner of middle-aged men when they have put in their youth making money, proceeded to marry the youngest girl he could find willing to say "yes." James was dead now and the splendid steamboat travelers of the Mississippi were gone and forgotten, with their money and their beauty and their romances, but the Seedlings still lived, and fed the delicate-mouthed of full purses across the river, or traveled eastward to a vast and wicked city on Lake Michigan.

But what they did was neither due entirely to the beneficence of Providence, nor to the astuteness of James —for there was Mrs. Julia Garnick. James' Seedlings had been there before the railroad and the bridge, and before Dunleith, and Mrs. Garnick accordingly held herself above these upstarts and common newcomers. But there was no mean pride about Mrs. Garnick, and she waived distinctions, and showed her magnanimity of spirit by cheerfully attending every funeral in Dunleith without exception. Aside from the possible grief and inconvenience to their immediate families, most men in Dunleith gave a satisfactory pleasure to their neighbors when they graciously died. A funeral ranked high in the town. Weddings had their drawbacks, being one-sided affairs in that such Dunleith girls as were married at all had either the good luck, or the enterprise, to meet with some one outside of Dunleith. This left gossip to feed too much on guesswork, and filled the unchosen girls with a vague sense of having been overreached. But such elements of incompleteness were naturally absent from a funeral; and, adding the possibilities of a ride to the cemetery, Dunleith generally preferred the certainties of death to the uncertainties of marriage. There are some very wise philosophers who have thought thus too, but being of this turn of mind they have not left as many descendants as the unphilosophical who take gifts as they come.

And certain as the funeral, whatever the weather, Mrs. Garnick closed the train, "the cortege," as the Dunleith Clarion put it, with her phaeton and "Dandy." Dandy was as well up in funeral decorum as his mistress. He knew just when to back out, and when to fall in, when to temper his step, and when to stand still and wait until the less seasoned horse ahead found his gait and pulled his vehicle out from under Dandy's nose. Moreover, he knew just where to turn on the road to the cemetery and come home, for Mrs. Garnick never went all the way. Hers was truly an escort of honor. She took no compensation in the way of gossip, and having shown honor as far as honor might count in the eyes of neighbors and relatives, she began again her thrifty account of time and went home by the short cut around the slope, which Dandy also knew.

He picked his way carefully among the loose stones of the steep and winding road, his mistress never insulting his sagacity by tightening her hold on the reins. And, indeed, Dandy's greatest danger was that he might trip over the long hair of his fetlocks, or tangle his hoofs in his flowing tail when coming down hill.

The sensitive heart of his mistress never let clippers disturb his comfort. Besides it saved money, like letting your beard grow. His long sorrel hair, faded at the ends, had the air reminiscent of past glories, which always belongs to silver threads among the gold. The basket phaeton behind Dandy was as guiltless of concessions to Time in the way of paint, as Dandy was in the way of clipping. The green paint with its gilded markings was worn, it is true, but with a beautiful evenness; so also were the cushions and the fringe of the canopy uniformly threadbare, each part keeping pace with the other decorously to the fullness of time, and a renovating hand would have been an impertinence. They were a constant expression of

the well-balanced habits of their owner, who, light and sure of muscle and careful of mind, put no slipping foot upon the step, nor heavy hauling grip upon the dashboard and the cushions, but got in and out with the least waste of energy and the least wear of clothes and of vehicle. She wore a black silk dress, full-skirted, gathered on a slightly pointed bodice edged with a cord. The bust was outlined by a narrow silk fringe which continued over the low shoulder seams and across the back. At her neck was a white Battenberg collar with a fringed ribbon bow in the front. A dark shawl with a cashmere border was lying back on the seat. On her head was a fine black straw hat, drooping in the front and back, after the manner of hats in the portraits of the Empress Eugenie in the days of her glory. Her black hair grey-streaked, was curled in pipestem ringlets. The faint wrinkles beneath her eyes were relieved by the pink of her cheeks. The nose was a little long and the red lips set with a decided upward curve which expressed not so much a smile as the satisfaction which belongs to a consciously well-ordered existence. The hands holding the slack-falling lines were encased in heavy, wide spreading gauntlets that suggested the Three Musketeers.

Dandy was close to the carriage way of the Garnick residence when a stone came skipping along in front of his forefeet, then another. He stepped forward gingerly, stopped, and looked around with a look of mild wonder in his calm eyes.

"That is right, Dandy, let us stop and face the rascals," said his mistress, with a ready confidence in her beast that would have shamed Balaam and flattered the ass. The "rascals," with the unfeelingness of real rascals, were ensconced behind her own stone wall where a sharp angle took it past the shortest turn of the slope and led away from the Seedlings up to the lawn and the carriageway. They were, moreover, engaged most innocently in a game of mumble-the-peg, the mellow moisture of the earth close to the wall being just right to make the knife stick. Stones were assuredly far from their minds and hands as well. Mrs. Garnick's keen eyes, however, fixed upon Mikey Flinn, for Mikey's father was tax collector, and owned a spring wagon and a horse that had had a record in its youth, and Mikey might justly be suspected of the boldness of distinction.

"Are you not ashamed to throw stones at a defenceless animal, Mikey Flinn?"

"I wasn't a-hittin' of him," said Mikey, at once ambiguously and truthfully.

Dandy, hearing the voice of his mistress, had gone on, and Mikey, taking courage, as her back appeared to view called, "Why wouldn't yer curl his hair, too?"

Even the circumspect Dandy was so upset by the jerk on the lines that he bumped his nose against the gatepost. Mrs. Garnick, altogether regardless of the wear of rapid turns on cushions and clothes, swung around.

"Mikey Flinn," she said, " do you go home and tell your father, John James Flinn, that if he will quit politickin' and collectin' money which he can't account for and stay at home and tend to his business and his children, that are growing up a disgrace to the town, it'll be better for the town an' for you."

Mikey did not in the least know

what it meant, but he caught the word father and he knew the tone.

"Ah-h-h—ye—"

Just then a woman's clear voice called out: "Mikey, there's a car off the track near the tunnel."

In the wink of an eye there was the streak of bare legs down the road, and Mrs. Garnick turned back so quickly that Dandy's nose was bumped again. The principal of the town school stood in front of her smiling pleasantly and offering to open the gate.

"It is only leaned shut, Dandy knows," said Mrs. Garnick, with a lingering accent of approval and pride. And the wise Dandy pushed his nose against the gate and swung it open.

"Do you go up the walk," she said to Miss Thatcher, "and I will come and open the front hall door for you."

Directly Mrs. Garnick opened the wide double doors from the inside and stepped out on the veranda.

"Boys like that Mikey must be very troublesome in school," said Mrs. Garnick, inquiringly, by way of opening the conversation.

Miss Thatcher smiled sweetly. There may have been a trace of resignation in the smile. But that was the only recognition of Mrs. Garnick's possible sympathy. Mikey Flinn's father was tax collector and Miss Thatcher was not a teacher solely for the love of the unpromising youth of Dunleith. So one learns, even women learn, to be silent and to smile.

"I was admiring your flowers, Mrs. Garnick."

"They are beautiful, indeed. Jeames himself planted some of them." She said James so that it had a delicate flavor of Jeames. There were those who spoke of Old Jim Garnick, but Mrs. Garnick never belittled a fine name and her husband's memory by any such irreverent contraction.

"Let me give you a 'bokay,'" said she, with the air of delighted patronage.

She broke a honeysuckle bloom off the vine, then holding up her skirts mincingly, she led the way down the walk. She stopped before a magnificent rose bush and carefully selected one perfect rose, then she took a peony, a white one and then a red one, a soft plume of prince's feather, a spray of oleander and so on. Of each she selected the finest blossom, but never a duplicate. Then smelling them and examining them carefully once more she handed the collection to Miss Thatcher and went on to a small strawberry patch.

"I always keep a few of Jeames' Seedlings among the flowers; they are very choice, you know, Jeames' Seedlings are. Jeames himself is buried right over there. That's where he wanted to be buried."

At the uttermost end of the patch a little mound arose. Here and there a stray seedling climbed up on it, its tendrils clinging lovingly, and jealously disputing the spot with the alien sod and flowers.

"Have you tasted the Seedlings this year? They are just beginning to ripen."

She stooped and selected a full red berry, tasted it tentatively, then put it to Miss Thatcher's mouth. She found a second and then a third, each of which upon careful tasting she found worthy of her guest. Then she stopped and looked inquiringly at Miss Thatcher.

"It is the best strawberry I ever tasted."

Mrs. Garnick beamed at such a discriminating understanding.

"I always know a lady when I see one," she said. "Perhaps you will stay and take a cup of tea with me. I will tell Anne. Anne knows everything."

Miss Thatcher knew that the mark of favor was to be admitted to critical judgment on James' Seedlings and to be presented with a "bokay." She boarded at the house of that same Mikey Flinn and there was much liking of a laugh in that family, and the joke that brought down the table there, as in nearly all Dunleith, was always Mrs. Garnick. Yet it was unheard of that the ordinary villagers were admitted to the ceremony of tea. And Miss Thatcher was a stranger in Dunleith, and the lonely learn to quicken to the touch of kindness, whatever its speech. She smiled her pleasure and Mrs. Garnick beamed. They went into the parlor with its stiff-backed, shiny, hair-covered furniture. Mrs. Garnick elaborately rang the little silver bell which stood on the marble-topped centre table. Then appeared Anne, broad-fisted, short-skirted, and as mild-eyed as the Jersey cows she milked every evening.

"Miss Thatcher will stay to tea with us this evening. I think she would like some of your strawberry shortcake. Anne makes beautiful shortcake," she added; and Anne blushed and went out far more awkwardly than she had come in.

"We were children together, Anne and I, and Anne knows everything."

Miss Thatcher looked puzzled. Somehow, being a woman, it seemed to her that this "everything" ought to include a love affair.

In the meantime Mrs. Garnick bustled around in the busy way of the Martha-like women. And on the whole Miss Thatcher had learned to think in a long course of boarding around that if Martha was but a good cook, hers was great merit, never minding about Mary.

But presently Mrs. Garnick came back, eager-eyed.

"You never saw my dresses, did you?" Her face shone with the inspiration. She pushed open the heavy, old-fashioned folding doors that led into her bed-room, and then came back in a few moments in a purple silk gown, with widespreading skirt, trimmed with rows upon rows of narrow black silk fringe and velvet ribbons.

"This," she said, holding it up daintily and balancing herself on the points of her toes, "is my visiting gown."

Mrs. Garnick said "is" but the only place Miss Thatcher had ever seen anything like it was in the wardrobe of an aunt, who had been jilted thirty years before and kept her wedding outfit as a melancholy monument to man's inhumanity to woman, and a warning to her nieces and grandnieces, as effective as could be expected of most warnings.

Mrs. Garnick courtesied and smiled decorously as became the fashion of her gown. Then she went back and presently returned in a pale green poplin trimmed with white silk fringes, She had kept on the purple silk, and though the green bodice was only partially buttoned, yet the skirts had by this time almost the circumference and distension which hoops may once have given them. At her neck was a velvet band fastened with a round brooch.

"This," she said, "is my reception gown. Now I shall get my party dress." Back she came once more. This time with a white mull gown, sprigged with pink clovers. It was impossible, however, to fasten the bodice of this over the two already on.

"Ah," she said, "this is the way we used to dance."

And then she went backward and forward in the steps of the Virginia Reel, finishing off with a twirl and a courtesy and a little shortness of breath.

"I did not use to be that way when I was a girl," she said, the pink coming up higher into her cheeks, as if at some pleasing recollection.

"And now I must show you my burying gown." And she brought forth a flowing watteau-like drapery of white cashmere with an embroidery of pale pink morning glories. This fell easily enough over the gowns already on, being, as shrouds usually are, amply sufficient for motion when motion is no longer meant.

"And now I will sing for you. I used to sing well. At least so—so—so—it was said."

She sat down at the little wobbledy melodeon and sang:

"Could you come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew—
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
"Never a scornful word should pain
you—"

Then she broke off suddenly and began to sing "Bowery Boy." The rollicking air, in her high quavering voice with the remnant of pathos that the former song had left in it, somehow had a strange effect.

Maybe it was like the echo of a last night's feast,—the yesterday of a woman's life trying to see the morning in the afterglow. But if Douglas should come back? And what with the pipestem curls and the ancient finery!—Mrs. Garnick stopped and Miss Thatcher felt it upon herself to say something amiable.

"I liked it very much. Your husband must have liked your songs and your gowns."

"My husband?" repeated Mrs. Garnick with the wondering air of one toward an unaccustomed idea. The brass knocker fell heavily just then, and Mrs. Garnick, forgetting to go on, made for her bedroom.

"Anne may not hear. Do you go to the door, please, while I take off these dresses."

At the door was a big bluff man, seeming like a prosperous farmer in his best clothes. He looked sharply at Miss Thatcher, and then asked in a voice big like himself, yet sounding oddly embarrassed,

"Does Julia McIvor live here?"

"Julia McIvor? No," said Miss Thatcher.

"Do you know where she lives now?" asked the man.

"I do not, but I shall ask, if you will come into the hall."

"Julia McIvor," said Mrs. Garnick. She still had on the pale green reception gown and the black velvet band, but she flew into the hall and Miss Thatcher heard her say in a voice that rose from astonishment to a climax of delight,

"Oh, B. B., you have come back."

"Yes, I've come back, and I'm a man of means now, Julia."

Mrs. Garnick, still holding the man's hand, led the way into the parlor, and Miss Thatcher, for want of

anything better to do stayed in the bedroom. It was not her fault that the folded sections of the doors gaped and let her see into the parlor.

"I am so glad, B. B., that you're here. I always kept my things the way they were then—then—I wanted you to see how I looked when—if—" she stopped.

B. B. cocked his head on one side in an effort of comprehension.

"They were all right enough for James, Julia, but they ain't a marker to the things I used to get for Sally when I went to Chicago, the things I could get for you now."

There was a look of dawning pain in Mrs. Garnick's eyes as her monument went down before "the things from Chicago" that Sally had. Men are dense, most of the time, but sometimes a lucid moment is given them, and though even Miss Thatcher could see that B. B. did not know what it was all about, his arm went around Mrs. Garnick's shoulder consolingly, though a bit hesitatingly.

"I am a man of means now, Julia," he went on. "And we are both free again, and there's no one to prevent, now—" and his voice lost its western burr and sank into a cadence which gave even Miss Thatcher a sympathetic thrill. Was this Douglas? Who knows what love sees?

"We're both free again, and why can't we enjoy our means together?"

Mrs. Garnick looked up at B. B. and smiled happily. But even love does not swamp the habits of thirty years.

"Mondays we wash, B. B.; Tuesdays we iron; Wednesdays we bake; Thursdays I always go to the bank; and on Friday—if you'll help me weed Jeames' grave on Friday, we can be married on Saturday—"

So on Saturday Mrs. Garnick duly donned her white cashmere "burying" gown and was married, and Miss Thatcher, owing to her discreet and sympathetic presence at the eventful "tea," was the confidential adviser and bridesmaid.

On that long, soft Saturday evening in June, Dunleith, young and old, came to the train. The river did not rise that year, but here was Mrs. Garnick getting married, and Dunleith was in a mood to be thankful for its compensations. Indeed so varied and exciting were the rumors that even differences of opinion were forgotten, or overlooked as matters of course. But, alas, like the rest of us, Dunleith had to reckon without the unknown factor—in this case B. B. Archer and his experience in "getting things for Sally." Dandy and the phæton were the same, but Mrs. Garnick, now Mrs. B. B. Archer, had changed her appearance to the date of her second marriage, and in the reaction which fell upon Dunleith she lost even the interest of an ordinary middle-aged bride. There were a few cheers, but the misguided cheerers broke off short, awed by the paltry sound of their single voices. And then Dunleith was in the gloom of a loss such as only those of few delights can know, when a whimsy fate twists the safest one out of their unsuspecting fingers. So they stood there in silence until the black mouth of the tunnel closed on the lights of the train. The river had not risen that year and Mrs. Garnick was lost—and what was there left to Dunleith?

AN EX-GOVERNOR'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY HARRIET A. NASH.

"I declare, it's a burning shame."

Mrs. Bennett's tone and face expressed a disapproval for which the uniniated would have been at loss to find a reason in the scene before her. The wide elm-shaded street was guiltless of the dust which might have called forth a careful housewife's indignation. The blades of green adorning neat flower beds were undisturbed by neighborly hens. Up and down the street, on either side, no disturbing element was visible. Least of all could cause for criticism be found in the old house across the way, whose comfortable exterior bore little sign of regret for the "better days," which unmistakably were past. It had been one of the show places of Bloomfield in its day, when this grass-grown driveway had sounded to the feet of prancing horses, and gay life, young and old, had drifted in and out, beneath the fan-shaped ornament above the ample door. In that corner chamber the blinds of which were always closed these later days, a vice-president of the nation once had slept. From the great parlor beneath it an ex-governor of the state had been carried forth to his long rest. A room so sacred to New England's veneration for its "best room" was this parlor, that more than one Bloomfield housewife dated her only glimpse of it back to the governor's funeral, a full quarter century before. Some of the older residents could tell long stories of grand weddings and stately receptions in the old days before that turn in fortune's tide, which gradually bore away from Ainsley Place life and wealth together, and left only a mild-eyed woman to reign supreme over—not the ruins, for there had been no wreck—but the honorable remnant of a name and estate, which had seen good service and been freely expended for the need of state and country, the pleasure of its neighbor, and the entertainment of the stranger whose good fortune brought him to its gate.

Even today, evidence of its superiority over its surroundings was not wanting. The little square of lawn before the front door was smooth as velvet, at a time when most Bloomfield householders "made hay" in their front yards. The lilac bushes were carefully pruned, and the elaborately carved wooden fence received an annual coating of white-wash, as cheaper than paint. If the ornamental gateposts sagged a little with the weight of years, and the clapboards of the old house showed, on rainy days, through the paint in weather-beaten spots, these were but tokens of most respectable age, on which no loyal Bloomfielder would have presumed to comment. No, clearly there was nothing about the old place to call forth Mrs. Bennett's indignant exclamation.

Captain Bennett raised himself in his easy chair, with the impatient exclamation which was wont to accompany a sudden movement of his crippled limb, and peered through the lattice work of his front veranda.

"Joneses again?" he inquired.

"No," returned Mrs. Bennett shortly. "Thurstons. Which is so

much the worse by one child and a baby. I've said over and again, and you've heard me, Levi, that Barbara Ainsley is more imposed upon by her relations than any other woman in Bloomfield. If they came to visit her I wouldn't say a word, for 'twould show some sort of regard for her after all. But this droppin' down upon her at all times and seasons, usin' her for a hitchin' post, as it were, simply because she's handy to the shoppin' district—"

Mrs. Bennett paused eloquently. Captain Bennett leaned back in his chair. As his wife had intimated, this was not his first opportunity for learning her views upon the subject under consideration. But life in Bloomfield flowed on in even lines. A disabled veteran of the war, which had already become history, must fain content himself with whatever interests came in range of his couch or easy chair, and it was not every day that afforded a fresh topic for discussion.

"Bar'bry seems to enjoy it," he remarked, well aware that to agree with her according to his inclination, would break the force of his wife's argument.

"Did you ever see an Ainsley that didn't?" demanded Mrs. Bennett, triumphantly. "I've known that house crowded many a time when the tavern was wantin' for guests. But entertainin' by the wholesale has come to be a luxury that Barbara can ill afford."

Captain Bennett looked anxious. "I'm afraid that's so mother," he said.

"Only last week," went on Mrs. Bennett, "she had fifteen to Decoration Day dinner, and to my certain knowledge she was washin' dishes when the parade went past. And to-day I happen to know she was hookin' a rug and terrible anxious to finish it. Instead, she's walkin' the floor with that Thurston baby, while its ma trails round from store to store seein' who sells calico cheapest, and tryin' to get an extry cent a dozen on her eggs."

"Thurston would be well to do, if he was any manager," began Captain Bennett, but his wife was halfway across the road, in the direction of the Ainsley orchard, where a couple of diminutive Thurstons were gathering blossoms with lavish hands.

"Little boy," she said, severely. "Little girl! Those are summer sweeting trees, let them alone."

"Be they yours?" inquired the boy, unwilling to yield to a less authority than that of ownership.

"They may be," returned Mrs. Bennett, unblushingly. For, as she afterwards assured the Captain, Barbara always brought them over a peck, and more than likely from those very trees.

Barbara Ainsley stood in the side doorway and watched her Thurston cousins drive out of sight, urging them cordially to come again, and receiving in return a vague invitation to come to the farm "after haying was over." Then she went in through the back bedroom, giving a regretful glance at the unfinished rug. "I shan't get those red roses in tonight," she sighed, going back to the disordered table, only to make the unwelcome discovery that the morning's baking had disappeared, and she must set bread rising before she slept. Poor Miss Barbara! Physical weariness and an unavailing regret for lost time struggled within her against loyalty to her kin and the hospitable spirit which was her birthright. "I hope I'm not growing mercenary," she said to herself. "Perhaps I should

have urged them more to come in for the Fourth."

Early next morning she slipped across the street with something carefully concealed beneath the ample cape of her gingham sunbonnet, and presented herself, crimson with embarrassment, at Mrs. Bennett's back door.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me," she faltered. "But this is my last jar of blackberry jam, and I'm dreadful anxious to save it against Cousin Joel and his wife coming in August. Not because Joel is a minister and a famous man, though I hold his profession in deep respect, but they come so seldom, and Joel is especially partial to jam. Would you mind putting it away for me? You know how 'tis if you have such a thing in the house and company drops in unexpectedly. Not that I begrudge it to any of them, you understand."

Mrs. Bennett understood. She said as much as she willingly took the jam into her protecting care, mentally barricading it against the inroads of Thurston and of Jones.

"You have a sight of company," she added guardedly. For despite Miss Barbara's gentle manners, Bloomfield never forgot she was of the Ainsley blood, which brooked no liberties.

Miss Ainsley made no reply. Not even to these, her closest friends from childhood, could she discuss those connected with her by ties of blood. She felt a little guilty as she went back across the street, pausing to examine her tulip bed, and hardly looking up, as Judge Lowell drove past, baring his silvery head in courtly salutation.

The guilty feeling grew upon Miss Ainsley. She hooked it into her rug until those red roses became a perpetual reminder of her inhospitable spirit. More than once in the week that followed, when cousins from the country dropped into dinner or to tea, she prepared a most elaborate meal in apology, and would even have gone for the jam itself, but for fear of yielding to a failing more abhorrent to her than lack of hospitality—the sin of indecision.

At the end of the week it became apparent to her that conscience was not to be appeased save by some unusual offering upon the altar of relationship. "I believe I'll make a big dinner and invite them all in for the Fourth," Miss Ainsley said to herself, striving to ignore the fact that the ceremony of an invitation was hardly necessary. "The parade goes past here always, and it's handy to the speaking on the Island. There's the Joneses and Thurstons, that's eleven, and the Tom Elliots is sixteen, and the Ainsley Elliots twenty. Then there's Ephraim and his wife and two children, and I s'pose I may as well put in Mary Means and her family, though her first husband was only a cousin to father. And then if I go to counting connection by marriage, there's Celestia Newton and Jason Jones. Well, there'll be from thirty to forty odd, but I'll do it, before I'll go after that jam and let Cynthia Bennett know what a wavering, undecided creature I am."

Fired with determination Miss Barbara sat down to write the invitations on her best note paper, with the gold pen she had won at school in token of excellence in composition, and paused not until they lay in a pile upon her desk, neatly addressed and stamped. Then, though the warning church bell had long since

called the magic hour of nine from its steeple on the Island, she sat down with pencil and paper to decide upon her bill of fare, even making an excursion to the henhouse, lantern in hand, to see what members of her flock were in condition for sacrifice.

"I wonder where that receipt for ambrosia is," she mused, recklessly yielding to her lavish mood, as she mentally added the contents of her strawberry bed to the list.

There was a long search. The receipt had not been used since the great ministers' convention, twenty years before, and Miss Ainsley could not remember having even seen it for a dozen years. She turned over the contents of bureaus and of desks, and the solemn hour of midnight had sounded at intervals from half a dozen heirlooms, in various corners of the house, before she leaned back in the tall chair, before her father's mahogany desk, holding the yellow paper in her hand. Wearied but triumphant, she sat dreamily turning over papers she had not seen since, with her mother's help, she had filed them carefully away long years before, cancelled notes, mortgages and bonds, of yellowed paper and faded ink.

Miss Ainsley suddenly sat upright. The long sought receipt fluttered unnoticed to the floor, as she turned from side to side a paper less worn than the others.

"For the land sake," she ejaculated in her first breath, adding, after space of time barely sufficient for a second, "What must he think of us?"

The paper was a note for one hundred dollars, payable to Elizabeth Lowell, written in her father's fine copperplate hand, and signed with his name—the honored name of Philander Ainsley staring his daughter in the face from an unpaid note, fifteen years after his death. Miss Ainsley hardly paused to wonder how so important a document had been so long overlooked. Her mother, who had from the Thurston side of the house inherited every unbusiness-like quality to which womankind is prone, might easily have put it there. That was a matter of little moment now. The pride of family seemed trailing in the dust as Miss Barbara viewed it from the standpoint Judge Lowell must have held her for fifteen years. She was conscious of fierce resentment at his silence, which savored of patronage, and recalled with satisfaction that his grandfather had been a shoemaker, while hers was serving his state as chief executive. To be sure the shoemaker and the ex-governor had ever been the warmest of friends. But then they could not have foreseen that the grandson of the one would ever presume to offer patronage to the granddaughter of the other. Miss Ainsley had relieved her feelings by composing a dignified but cutting speech with which she would hand Judge Lowell the sum of the note with interest in full, before there flashed before her two remembrances, which changed the current of her thought. First, that since the note was in her possession Judge Lowell might have forgotten it; and second that the sum total now due was an appalling amount to a woman whose slender income was barely sufficient for her modest needs. Miss Ainsley at this point blew out the light, and went resolutely to bed, determined to "sleep on it" before deciding upon any course of action.

The next morning, having first carefully removed the stamps by soaking in water, she consigned the

pile of invitations to the kitchen stove. "A person in debt, has no right to give dinner parties," she assured herself, as she sat down to her rug, and diligently applied her mind to working out the problem that confronted her, sparing a few dollars here, a few more there. The fence could go without its annual whitening, the leaky woodshed roof must wait. She would live more frugally, and even encroach a little on next year's income. Miss Ainsley absently jotted down some figures on the rug frame, and sat back in her seat with a discouraged air. For even then there was a balance wanting.

She put her rug away and went out to weed the tulip bed, feeling the need of wider atmosphere.

"The Aid Society has given up their Fourth of July dinner," called Mrs. Bennett across the street. "Some of them's sick and others is planning to celebrate out of town. Too bad, for they always make money, and there's so many depends upon it to save getting dinner."

Miss Ainsley grew thoughtful.

The next morning she called upon Mrs. Bennett, with a manner so full of confusion that her neighbor eyed the gingham cape curiously, wondering what it might conceal.

"I've been thinking of making a dinner," Miss Barbara explained. "And charging a small price, since the Aid Society has given theirs up."

Mrs. Bennett, whose keen perception readily saw some pressing need behind the suggestion, was much interested.

"It's just the thing," she said heartily. "I wonder somebody hasn't thought of it before. There's a lot that always go, and you're sure of two or three tables full among your own folks."

Miss Ainsley looked anxious. "That's all that troubles me," she said. "I'm afraid they'll misunderstand it, and feel hurt to have the general public free to come. Though, of course, they'll all help me out by coming themselves."

Mrs. Bennett concealed her doubts upon the subject until her caller had gone. "'Twould be just like her relations not to go near, though I suppose the looks of the thing will compel 'em to," she declared to Captain Bennett as Miss Barbara, greatly encouraged, went back across the street.

Miss Ainsley put her rug away, and went about preparations for the Fourth, weighing in her mind the respective values of canned mince meat and dried pumpkin, and putting resolutely out of mind uneasy doubts as to how one and another of her progenitors would have regarded her plan for freeing their name from the odium of debt. She began to avoid, as much as possible, the great front parlor, where a circle of lesser Ainsleys hung about the life size portrait of the ex-governor; all with eyes that carried reproach to this last representative of their name, though whether for the neglected debt, or the projected dinner, Miss Barbara could not decide.

A week before the Fourth there appeared in the village postoffice, among notices of "lost" and "found" and staring placards of attractions for the approaching holiday, a modest little card, announcing in a neat ladylike hand, that a "brick oven dinner" would be served at the Ainsley place, on July Fourth, from twelve to two, for the sum of twenty-five cents per plate. The same announcement was inserted in the local column of the Bloomfield Chronicle, but being re-

legated to the same position in the paper that it occupied in the editor's estimation, it escaped the notice of all save the most conscientious readers. So it was not surprising that amid the exciting preparations for the grandest celebration Bloomfield had indulged in since the war, so small a matter as Miss Ainsley's dinner received little attention. Not that its originator appreciated that fact. On the contrary it was to her the one topic upon which her townspeople were speculating and commenting, some with criticism of her grasping disposition and the low plane to which the Ainsley hospitality had fallen, others with a pitying wonder, which was even more intolerable.

"I'm afraid it isn't advertised enough," sighed Mrs. Bennett to the Captain, as she left her dishwashing on the morning of the Fourth to identify an early wagonload of celebrators. "People had ought to go, if only for what the family has done for the town in days past."

But Bloomfield was to all appearances oblivious to the memory of the free ice cream and lemonade its ancestors had enjoyed on the Ainsley lawn, on many a long past Fourth of July.

Miss Barbara fluttered about her kitchen, divided between fear that she had not provided lavishly enough, and apprehension lest no one would come. She had engaged a woman to help her, after some difficulty, for most women who "went out helping" in Bloomfield, were too patriotic to follow their usual occupations on this great day. And the little girls of Miss Ainsley's Sunday school class had begged permission to wait on the tables. Otherwise it was all the labor of her own hands, from the long row of pies and cake on the cellar shelf to the neatly set tables in dining and sitting rooms, whereon the Ainsley plate and china shone regardless of the low estate to which they had been brought. Mrs. Bennett had protested against the use of the best china, but Miss Barbara silenced her. Since she had determined to do this thing she would avoid all possible chance of indignity, by doing it in a manner worthy the traditions of her house.

Mrs. Bennett, from her veranda, saw the Jones and Thurston families drive into the Ainsley yard, a little chagrin at her wrong estimate of them mingling with a feeling of relief.

"Though I wouldn't be surprised if they hadn't heard of it," she said.

But the Thurstons, it appeared, had heard it from the Joneses, and all were much interested. So also were the Ainsley Elliots when they came, and the various connections by marriage, all of whom appeared in due season. Some of the cousins politely offered to assist, but the dinner was now well under way, and Barbara even found time before making the coffee to steal a glimpse of the procession between the dodging heads of little second cousins, who dangled in a row upon the fence, smearing their Sunday clothes with whitewash, and beating their new shoes against the worn carving. It was a procession worthy of attention, from the orator of the day (a representative to Congress) who with other distinguished visitors led the way in a barouche borrowed for the occasion from a neighboring town, to the fascinating horribles who brought up the rear.

Young Ainsley Thurston followed Miss Barbara back to the kitchen to shyly push into her hand two ten cent scripts and a silver five cent piece, fearful lest the temptation for

fireworks overcome him before twelve o'clock.

"I'd rather pay it now, please," he said, in answer to her demur. "And I think you're ever so nice," he added in a shy burst of boyish enthusiasm, as he slipped through the screen door.

A little later Ainsley returned with troubled face.

"I don't believe folks know about the dinner," he suggested. "Don't you want I should make a notice in big letters and nail it on the gate?"

Miss Barbara shuddered. An advertising placard on the Ainsley gate! What could be worse—unless it were a mortgage on the house itself! "Yes dear." she answered, more from a desire to accept the offered help than from any other reason. The guests present would nearly fill the tables anyway.

So Ainsley with knitted brow and inky fingers toiled for the next half hour over a huge sheet of brown paper, and tacked it triumphantly on the gate post, just as the ex-governor's hall clock struck twelve.

"Dinner's about ready," announced Miss Barbara, appearing flushed and nervous in the side door.

Captain Bennett with crutch and cane was hobbling across the street, a few steps behind his wife. The little girls of Miss Barbara's Sunday school class were in their places behind the tables. Ainsley ran to wash the ink from his hands at the long unused barnyard pump, casting a disapproving glance at his family as he did so.

From the back yard where the wagons were ranged appeared Mrs. Thurston, a huge wooden bucket in either hand. Mrs Ainsley Elliot followed with a large market basket. Every separate member of the Jones family came from the carriage house armed with a shoe box.

"We didn't any of us feel as if we could afford to pay," explained Mrs. Jones in an injured tone, as Miss Ainsley's relatives settled themselves in little groups about the orchard and lawn.

Mary Means' second husband approached the kitchen door laden with cups. "We brought our own milk and sweetin'" he said. "And we didn't 'spose you'd begrudge us a cup of coffee, seein's 'twas all made."

Miss Ainsley poured the coffee silently. Then she took a long look into the dining room where Captain and Mrs. Bennett and Ainsley sat in state, surrounded by ten eager waiters. Miss Barbara in that moment made Ainsley sole heir to all property she might die possessed of. "He's the only prop my self-respect has got left," she mourned, sitting on the sugar bucket in the great pantry. "How terrible mean it does look to see me charging pay for a warm dinner, while my own blood relations are eating a cold lunch out on the lawn."

She sat in the cool quiet, listening to the faint clatter of three knives and forks, pondering on the half bushel of baked beans at her disposal, and wondering how long it would take a family of one to dispose of two dozen pies.

Meanwhile, up over the hill, where the towers of Judge Lowell's fine new house rose among the trees, another housewife was engaged in anxious preparation for dinner. The cook and second girl were flying about the kitchen, and the mistress of the house in her second best black silk was looking after the chickens, flavoring the soup, and keeping a stern eye on her son and heir, who, since no other boy could be found willing to sacrifice his

holiday, was turning the ice cream freezer in weariness and disgust. For Judge Lowell had invited a dinner party of leading citizens in honor of his distinguished guests. This party it must be confessed was not strictly in accord with his wife's wishes, and the Judge had left his place in the procession to make several anxious journeys home, and assure himself that everything was going right, which he did by opening all the drafts of the kitchen stove and declaring that the dinner would never be ready at one o'clock. He was returning in some haste from the last of these excursions, when the placard at the Ainsley gate caught his eye. In spite of haste Judge Lowell stopped his horse, and deliberately adjusting his gold rimmed eye-glasses, read the notice a second time in wonder and a little friendly anxiety as to just what had led to this singular announcement. For Judge Lowell, having been Squire Ainsley's law student when Barbara was a little girl, had a friendly interest in the family fortunes. Catching sight of the Jones family near the gate he bowed cordially. "Overflow meeting?" he asked facetiously, gathering his reins.

"N—no—not exactly," returned farmer Jones, with such evident embarrassment that Judge Lowell's curiosity overcame him. Stepping from his carriage, he strolled up the gravelled walk, and the polished Judge, who was everywhere voted a perfect specimen of the old school gentleman, was guilty of the extreme rudeness of peering in Miss Ainsley's dining-room windows. He came back down the walk, glancing swiftly from left to right, his keen eyes taking note of new summer wearing apparel, gaily trimmed hats, confectionery and fireworks in profusion. Then he drove on across the bridge to the Island, where the procession was breaking ranks.

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted Judge Lowell from the steps of the church. "I trust you will pardon me for taking this public manner to announce to my invited guests, that the dinner party which was to have gathered at my house will now adjourn to the Ainsley place. The bandmen are also requested to march thither, and I take the liberty to say in behalf of the management, that all who desire to partake of an old-fashioned Fourth of July dinner, will find accommodation at the Ainsley mansion, for the modest sum of twenty-five cents per plate."

Judge Lowell in his carriage led the way, followed by the barouche full of distinguished visitors. The invited citizens turned their faces toward the south bridge, and the crowd followed en masse, as crowds are wont to do. The band, having exhausted "America," "Hail Columbia," and "The Star Spangled Banner," struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was the first sound to rouse Miss Barbara from her meditation on the sugar bucket. Before she could collect her wandering senses Mrs. Bennett had conducted Judge Lowell and his party to the sitting room, and the band, under Ainsley's proud direction, were piling their instruments in a corner of the dining room. Every available seat was soon filled and the house surrounded by a hungry horde, who obligingly passed their quarters through the window, and ate their beans standing on the lawn outside. Mary Means, Mrs. Ainsley Elliot, and other cousins rendered most efficient help, and in less than an hour Miss Ainsley's larder was quite as bare as it was wont to be after a visit from

her cousins. Then Miss Barbara opened the best parlor to the Judge's party, and the ex-governor smiled blandly down upon the congressman, who dimly remembered him in his official days, and recalled an acquaintance with Barbara's father. Altogether, it was a delightful after dinner hour, into which Judge Lowell broke with an exclamation of dismay.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, rising to his feet with an embarrassment which many a lawyer of the State would have given his largest fee to witness, "I quite forgot. Mrs. Lowell is waiting dinner for us, and I have neglected to send her any word."

"But my dear Judge," put in a visiting legal brother, amid the laughter that followed. "You surely do not expect us to help you out by partaking of another dinner?"

The Judge looked uncertain whether it were better to sacrifice his friends to indigestion, or himself to the domestic displeasure. It was Ainsley, hovering with boyish admiration in the vicinity of the great men, who finally came to the rescue with a few whispered words to Miss Barbara.

"Ainsley says," she remarked, turning to Judge Lowell as if her suggestion were the simplest thing in the world, "that uncle John Downs and some of the old men from the poor farm haven't had any dinner. I told Maria to see they were supplied, but there was such a crowd, and now there is nothing left—"

Judge Lowell caught up his silk hat. "Exactly," he said. "Thank you, Barbara. My father learned his blacksmith's trade of uncle John, and I have no doubt the others are old friends."

So it happened that a singular company sat down to dinner in Mrs. Lowell's elegant dining room. That lady turned to her daughter with a perplexity too deep for irritation.

"What do you suppose your father'll do next?" she said.

. . . . . .

It was two months later that Miss Barbara, reticule in hand, was ushered one morning into Judge Lowell's private office, and laid the note and money before him with a far milder speech than she had at first composed. The Judge looked at her with disapproval as he held the paper in his hand.

For a moment both forgot the lapse of years, and he was again the young student fresh from college, whose superior wisdom awed the little girl just entering fractions.

"I hope you're not developing Thurston traits as you grow up, Barbara," he said. He pushed the money towards her and tore the note in two with a contemptuous gesture.

"Your father paid it," he said, "near twenty years ago. And I well remember how he tossed it into the fireplace to burn. Who knows what perverse chance rescued it! Perhaps a little gust down chimney, an overcareful maid, or even your mother, who, in spite of being the sweetest woman ever made, Barbara, had a weakness for preserving every scrap of the Squire's handwriting, though she didn't know a deed from a mortgage, God bless her."

. . . . . .

Miss Barbara sat before her father's desk, and carefully counted out money for the woodshed roof, and the front yard fence. Then she slipped the remainder into an envelope.

"I'll keep it till Thanksgiving," she decided. "And then use it to make the biggest family dinner we've had since Grandsir died."

DEATH OF MR. PETER A. SULLIVAN.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mr. Peter A. Sullivan, who passed away on Thursday, July 19, at his home in Roxbury. The news of his death was a shock to the community, of which he had so long been an active and honored member, but with the pain of loss came the Christian's consolation that, though the summons was sudden, a life spent in upright living was a fitting preparation for eternity.

Mr. Sullivan was born in St. John, N. B., May 27, 1846, and was shortly afterwards brought to Boston, where he received his education in the public schools, and passed the greater part of his fifty-four years, becoming thoroughly identified with all movements worthy the support of a practical Catholic and public-spirited citizen. As a business man he commanded the respect of his associates, and won his way to success by strict adherence to business principles based on integrity in all transactions, punctuality, attention to detail, and alertness of mind to recognize and seize an opportunity.

It was probably this activity of mind, coupled with boyish love of adventure, that led him when fifteen years of age to join the Construction Corps of the Union Army in the Civil War, an experience from which he carried into later life many stirring memories. His father was a veteran of this war, having served four years.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE was deeply indebted to Mr. Sullivan for the disinterested, generous service he rendered as a member of the Board of Directors, giving freely of his valuable time, and by his wise counsel and business experience promoting its welfare on many occasions.

Numerous associations will mourn his loss. He was a member of the South Boston Council of the Knights of Columbus; for nineteen years an energetic worker in the Americus Court of the M. C. O. F., and a trustee of the reserve fund, and was also in active membership in the Knights of St. Rose; the Y. M. C. A., of Boston College; and the Catholic Union.

All these associations will miss his cheery presence, and helpful spirit, but it is to the home circle, early bereft of a mother's care, that the deepest sympathy goes out in their grief, and particularly to the young daughters so suddenly deprived of a loving father's protection.

The funeral ceremonies took place at St. Joseph's Church, Circuit street, on Saturday, July 21st. Delegations were present from the South Boston Council, Knights of Columbus; Americus Court, Catholic Order of Foresters; Catholic Union, and the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston College.

Solemn high Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, and the choir rendered Schmidt's requiem. There was a profusion of floral tributes.

The pall-bearers were Thomas F. Duffley, James Mulcahey, Lieutenant John T. O'Lalor, Patrick F. Burke, Street Commissioner John P. Dore and John A. Bruen.

Among those present were Clerk of Committees John F. Dever and C. F.

Crowley, representing the Bachelor Club; Joseph J. Casey of South Boston Council, Knights of Columbus; Colonel Thomas F. Doherty, John H. Watson and James J. McLaughlin, from the Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters; Henry P. Nawn, William J. Carlin, Thomas F. Carey, Walter Burns, Patrick F. Sullivan, William S. Pelletier, Edwin A. Wall, Robert C. Murray, James K. Crowley, William H. Dowling, Congressman John F. Fitzgerald, John D. Berran, Daniel Shea, Michael T. Callahan, James Mulvee and Eugene Lynch.

The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The sixth and concluding volume of "Studies in Church History," by Dr. Reuben Parsons, is now before us, and we heartily congratulate the author on the completion of his great work. These studies are admirable bits of historical criticism, and the author has succeeded in putting before us the principal events of ecclesiastical history in a strikingly attractive way. His power of condensation is admirable. He has a well balanced, philosophic mind, and approaches his subjects with a calm, judicial temper, with the critical faculty well trained by the discipline of years, and with an unerring instinct which enables him to select the salient points in historical questions and bring them in due proportion before his readers. His reading of history has been extensive and varied, and his power of selection from the works of others to illustrate the questions which he has under consideration, proves him to be a man of admirably equipped for the work to which he has devoted so many years. The great merit of these studies for Catholics and seekers after truth in historical questions, is that they furnish the correct and just viewpoint from which to consider many complex and delicate questions of history. The present volume deals almost entirely with the events of the pontificate of Leo XIII., and brings before us in an admirable and striking way the great events in Church history during the last twenty-two years. A supplement is added in which many curious historical legends are considered with the author's usual care and skill. We should like to see these volumes of history in the hands of every Catholic student and in every Catholic home. There are so many histories dealing with the events of ecclesiastical history which distort the truth or shape events to agree with the preconceived notions of the writer, or consider the events of Catholic church history from a false point of view, that one ought constantly to have at hand some reliable hand book of history in which the just and legitimate view of past events is set forth before the reader. We wish for Dr. Parson's "Studies in Church History" the widest possible circulation, as they are destined to do much good in correcting false interpretations of historical events, and in giving to Catholics especially the true historical perspective and standard by which to judge the history of the past.

New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

Works of autobiography are always interesting; and when they are the work of one of the world's great reformers they have a special claim to our attention and a peculiar value of their own. A work of this kind is the one before us, "The Autobiography of Saint Ignatius Loyola," written at the dictation of the Saint himself, by Father Louis Gonzales, S. J., and translated into English and edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. The narrative is simple and striking, and exhibits the conciseness and comprehensiveness at the same time of which St. Ignatius was a master. The English translation is free and elegant without departing substantially from the original, and puts before us a tender and truthful picture of the Saint's career. A valuable appendix, in which the

educational work of the Jesuits from the time of St. Ignatius down to the present day, is admirably summed up, will be found at the end of the volume. There are some beautiful illustrations showing the principal scenes of St. Ignatius' labors.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.25.

The story of the wonderful life of St. Felix of Cantalice, the Capuchin brother, is told in a simple and heartfelt way by Lady Annabel Kerr in "A Son of St. Francis." It is, evidently, a labor of love, as the life of the saint, during his forty years in Rome as the collector of alms for his Order, is set forth in a beautifully simple and touching manner. The wonders performed by the good brother, his supernatural gifts, his shining virtues,—all these are dwelt upon with a simple love which never tires but, on the contrary, enlists the attention and draws the sympathy of the reader. This is a good book for spiritual reading, as the simple story of the humble brother's life cannot fail to stir the soul and call forth the nobler feelings of the reader.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. $1.00.

An interesting account of events in the Catholic church during the last half century will be found in Madame Belloc's volume, entitled, "The Flowing Tide." The author was a participant in or a witness of many of the scenes which are described in this volume, and she writes in an interesting, chatty way that enchains the attention from the very beginning. Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman come before us in these pages and are presented to us in a singularly winning way. Especially interesting is the author's recital of the work of Mother Mary Hallahan, the foundress of the Sisters of St. Dominic in England, an interesting record of events and personages in which we have a living interest.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. $1.60.

A manual of solid piety, of deep spiritual power, is "Spiritual Instruction," by Blosins, translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, of the Order of St. Dominic. In this volume the deepest truths of the spiritual life are discussed with a simplicity and spiritual insight which come upon us with all the power of a revelation. The reading of such a book stirs the soul to its depth, and evokes the deepest spiritual feeling. An excellent book for meditation or spiritual reading. The translation has been done with great good taste.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 75 cents.

A useful book is "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." By means of paraphrase and short description the meaning of each psalm is brought out and placed before the reader. There is an excellent preface on the devotional use of the psalter, by Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.

St. Louis: B. Herder & Co. 75 cents.

"Studies in Poetry," by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., will prove a useful volume to students as to the general reader. The author discusses from a literary and artistic standpoint, the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson, "A Death in the Desert " by Browning, "Sonnets from the Portuguese" by Mrs. Browning, "On Intimations of Immortality" by Wordsworth, "Ancient Mariner" by Coleridge, "Prometheus Unbound" by Shelley, "Eve of St. Agnes" by Keats, and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." The author shows delicate power of discrimination, a fine taste, and brings out the meaning and beauty of these masterpieces of English poetry in a way that that gives abundant proof of ripe scholarship. These "Studies" should find a place in every convent school for use as a text book in higher English literature

Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co 50 cents.

A standard Catholic novel is "Weighed in the Balance," by Christian Reid, which has just been brought out by the well known publishing house of Marlier, Callanan & Co., which is fast acquiring a reputation for giving Catholic works of a high order of merit. In this novel there is no compromising with weak sentimentality, no straining after effect by appealing to the spirit of the time, but throughout there is stern adherence to principle and the holding up of a high ideal; and yet we have a work of intense interest and great dramatic power. Irma Darracote is a girl of principle who passes through a distressing course of events unscathed. The strength of her character as brought out by the sad experiences through which she is forced to pass, makes the story one of great power. Other characters are well drawn, and by contrast, bring out more clearly the strong character of Irma Darracote. A Catholic novel of undoubted merit and high literary value. The work of the publishers is excellent.

Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. $1.50.

The latest novel by Rev. Wm. Barry, D. D., entitled, "Arden Massiter," is, in every respect, stronger and better than any preceding work done by him. His heroine is a noble and virtuous woman and one of whom we like to read. The scene of the story is laid in Italy and the motif is a study of the social conditions which obtain in Italy at the present day. Arden Massiter is an English journalist, a philanthropist who, persuaded of the great power for good which the Roman Catholic church can wield in the settlement of the social question, comes to Rome to enlist the sympathy and aid of the high dignitaries of the Curia. During his residence in Italy he studies social conditions. He exposes with merciless pen the cruelties and tyrannies of the secret society, the Camorrha, which, while professing to aim at the regeneration of society, is, in reality, a gigantic conspiracy for murder and pillage. We regret that Dr. Barry did not give us the other side of the picture and set before us the great social movement that is going on among Italian Catholics, but, possibly, he has reserved this for some future occasion. His delineation of Italian character is altogether admirable. He has penetrated the meaning of Italian life and customs, and any one at all acquainted with Italian surroundings will be deeply absorbed in the clever descriptions of Italian manners which abound in these pages. Dr. Barry has given us an interesting story, and one, too, which gives us food for serious thought. He has painted a condition of things, of which we already knew something, but he has brought it more vividly before our minds. He handles his incidents well, and leads us on with unabated interest to the very end.

New York: The Century Co.

The second volume of "The Knights of the Cross" by Henryk Sienkiewicz, translation by Jeremiah Curtin, is before us. It has been brought out in good style by Little, Brown & Co., and is the only genuine and authorized American edition. Sienkiewicz excels in his novels on Polish life. His course is at all times crowded with incident and glowing with color, and his descriptions of the turbulent times almost overpowers us by the sense of reality which he brings upon us. There is a thread of pretty romance and devotedness running through this historical, dramatic novel, which gives it a softening which is needed. This work is, we think, as good as any that Sienkiewicz has ever done. The translation is tne admirable work which the public now expects from Mr. Curtin.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

Another historical novel of high merit is "A Dream of a Throne" by Charles F. Embree. It is the thrilling account of the revolt of fifty years ago to overthrow the Mexican republic during its struggle with the United States. The passionate nature of the Mexican is well realized in this powerfully dramatic tale, while the descriptions of Mexican scenery are vivid and brilliant. The sruggle between Vincente, the leader of the revolt, and Rodrigo, an American in the service of the republic, is told with great dramatic power, with a wealth of startling incident and with a conscientiousness which keeps us fascinated to the end.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

H. Rider Haggard gives another of his fascinating books, which takes us for a time into another world, and among strange people. "Elissa," so named from the first of the two stories which the volume contains, presents to us two stories, the first of Phœnician life, the second of life in Zululand. Mr. Haggard is a vivid painter and brings before us with a reality that amazes us, strange customs and strange people. These last two stories are of absorbing interest, and of intense dramatic power.

New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The Reign of Law" by James Lane Allen is a story of the Kentucky hemp fields. It can hardly be called a story, in the true sense; it is rather an attack on Christianity and an apology for the new divinity called science. The interest centers about a theological student, who becomes unsettled in his convictions by reading Darwin and others, and is finally expelled from the school for his peculiar belief. His struggle at home, and the influence of a young school teacher finally bring him some peace, and the tale ends happily, though very inconclusively. The argumentation is hazy and inconclusive, and we hardly think Mr. Allen will make any converts to his peculiar views by the presentation of his position. Such books, we presume have certain vogue with those who have lost faith in the supernatural, but have little influence on a sound, healthy, religious mind.

New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

"The Heiress of Cronenstein" by Countess Hahn-Hahn, adapted from the German by Mary H. Allies, is an interesting novel of Catholic life in Germany. The heroic devotedness of a noble wife, whose husband is a gambler, and the sad struggles of an ecclesiastical student, who has lost his vocation, form the main centers of interest. There is also a type, common enough in European countries, the Catholic Freemason, a doctor, whose influence is pernicious in the community. The story is well told and sustains its interest to the end.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago Benziger Bros. $1.25.

"Jack Hildreth on the Nile" by Marion Ames Taggart" is a tale of adventure for the young. It is distinctly Egyptian in atmosphere, and gives us many glimpses of Egyptian life. It abounds in stirring incidents of travel and adventures.

New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. 85 cents.

We have reviewed a beautifully illustrated booklet from the well known architects, Maginnis, Walsh and Sullivan, giving some fine specimens of their work as examples of recent Catholic architecture. Those who wish to see the significance of Catholic worship and Catholic ideals expressed in the enduring monuments of architecture will do well to study carefully this neat volume. It exhibits a departure from old methods in vogue here for many years and a bringing back of the ideals of old Catholic days for which Catholics ought to be appreciative and grateful.

We have received cheap paper cover editions of "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church," "Thousand and One Objections to Secret Societies," and "Mollie's Mistake, or Mixed Marriages" —all by Rev. J. W. Book, R. S.

Retail, 15 cents; per 100, $10.00.

The apple orchard, the grey shingled house and the three white-plumed cherry trees—that Miss Wilkins makes so real—attract pleased attention even before one meets the quaint little child whose joyless life is unfolded to sympathetic readers of the story of "The Love of Parson Lord."

It is not difficult to understand why the fanatical clergyman, Rueben Lord, gained "a strange ossification of spirit" from the kind of religion he professed, or that people while yielding him respect, yet regarded him with awe which had in it something of terror. Of widely different type was the Squire, who loved horses, and used language expressive of this predilection, as in his summing up of the Parson's merits. "Well, he is a good man, and he has stepped along in his path of duty without a kick or a shy." The Squire is always likeable, but never more so than when he passionately arraigns the fanatical father, demanding of him "What are you, Reuben Lord, to dispose of your daughter heart and soul as you propose?" His lady, characterized by Parson Lord as "a godly woman and a notable housekeeper," wins more hearts than Love's by her treatment of the lonely child, whose delicate beauty shines out despite the disfigurement of her colorless garb and scooping, soberhued bonnet.

Miss Wilkins is particularly happy in her description of the boy, Richard Pierce, "large for his age and forward of understanding," his heart stirred faintly with the instincts and imaginations of his kind as Love's sweet face looked out at him from the Parson's pew where she sat all alone. Later on this Richard proves to be a fearless wooer—breaking down all barriers—and, aided and abetted by the doughty Squire, succeeds in winning Love.

There are four more stories in this volume by Miss Wilkins and all furnish additional proof of her skill as a story writer and student of New England life.

Harper Brothers, New York. $1.25.

There is a treat in store for the young folks in the series of books being published by Benziger Brothers. Six volumes of the series have reached us, and very bright, attractive and prettily bound books they are. We are glad to note that the price, forty cents each, is so moderate that every juvenile can hope to own them.

"Pauline Archer," by Anna T. Sadlier, is the story of a quaint little maid, with quiet ladylike ways, wise thoughts, and a pretty way of expressing them.

Another delightful acquaintance is an "Every Day Girl," whose trials and dilemmas and little sacrifices are most entertainingly described by the author, Mary C. Crowley, who possesses the rare gift of investing every-day happenings with new interest.

"Jack O'Lantern," by Mary T. Waggaman, leads readers into the fresh air of the mountains, and it is with reluctance that they come to the close of the happy

holiday season spent with the charming family round which the story is woven. The neighborhood is the resort for moonshiners, and the house is said to be haunted. These occurrences lead to romantic complications, and there are numerous strange happenings. Benziger Bros., New York.

A pretty tale of the Southwest, Pancho and Panchita, by Mary E. Mannix, will please many youthful readers. The acters are drawn cleverly, and little Pancho and Panchita are strikingly original children.

A Hostage of War, by Mary G. Bonesteel, is a new tale of life at a military post on the frontier.

"Fred's Little Daughter," by Sara Trainer Smith, is the story of a baby girl whose father, mother, brothers, and sisters are carried off in a few days by fever, while she alone is left. There is no straining for effect in this simple tale, for it is merely one of domestic life among great-hearted, refined Catholic people.

"New American Stenography," a system invented by Rev. Nicholas Ward, C. P., is a perfect substitute for longhand in all its social and commercial applications.

All shorthand systems use the same straight lines and curves; but they differ from each other in the use made of these materials, as well as in the number of arbitrary signs incorporated into the system, over and above the alphabet. The essentials of a good shorthand system are completeness, brevity, simplicity and legibility.

For all these reasons Father Ward's system ought to become popular. It has a complete alphabet for the adequate representation of every English word, compares most favorably even with the shortest forms of any of the phonographies, and is one of the simplest and most logical systems that has yet appeared. It is equally suitable for the clergyman and the author, the amanuensis and the professional reporter.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 50 cents.

A special attraction of "The New Lippincott" is a coming series of bright and charming papers on "American Belles" by Virginia Tatnall Peacock, including Elizabeth Patterson, Theodosia Burr, Emily von Schaumburg, Lady Curzon, and others who have lent fame to American beauty at foreign courts, at home, and at the Capitol.

A SOUTHERN PROTEST.

We are in receipt of a cummunication signed by twenty-eight Southern women protesting against the publication, in the July DONAHOE'S, of excerpts from John Boyle O'Reilly's address to the colored men of Boston. We are requested to publish this protest, but refrain from doing so as the signers are evidently not aware that Mr. O'Reilly died ten years ago. It is, to say the least, remarkable that twenty-eight intelligent women should be ignorant of this sad loss, not only to literature, but to every movement for the public good.

HANDSOME SERIES OF RAILWAY LITERATURE.

The Grand Trunk railway system has sent out copies of their tourist publications for the season of 1900. They are being circulated throughout the country with a view to making known the magnificent districts reached by this vast railway system. The publications are full of interest, covering as they do the regions of Northern Ontario, including the Muskoka lakes, lake of Bays, Magnetewan river, and the 30,000 islands of Georgian bay. A very neat descriptive folder covering summer resorts in the states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont is also ready for distribution. The several pamphlets bristle with pointers for the tourist, camper, hunter and angler, and copies should be obtained before decluing on the season's outing. A postal card to Mr. G. T. Bell, G. P. & T. A., Grand Trunk railway system, Montreal, or to Thos. Wynne, traveling passenger agent, 306 Washington St., Boston, will secure copies of this handsome advertising literature.

THE CHAMPLAIN SUMMER SCHOOL.

Three of the most interesting numbers on the program of the Champlain summer school are announced for the eighth week, beginning August 20. They are: Mental and Moral Pathology, by the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., Boston, Mass.; Among the Novelists, by Henry Austin Adams, A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Conferences for Sunday-School Teachers, under the direction of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, Malone, N. Y.

All responsible for the Christian education of children will be interested in these Sunday-School conferences to be held at Cliff Haven. It is unnecessary to say to Catholics that the religious training of the child is the all-important training, and that how to get the best plans of giving this training is a question which all having the care of children should consider. The subjects

QUESTION BOX.

What is the strongest proof or evidence of the existence of an immortal soul in man?

To a believer in God and in His Christ, the teaching of revelation is the strongest proof, the word of God the most conclusive evidence. To an unbeliever in revealed truths, there are different proofs to be adduced from reason, and much depends upon the individual and upon his mode of grasping conclusions, as to which shall be the strongest proof. It seems opportune, then, to set forth on this fundamental question some proofs from revelation and some from reason.

Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us, "Fear not them that kill the body, but cannot kill the soul," Matt. x, 28; to the good thief on the cross, He says: "Today, thou shalt be with Me in paradise," Luke, xxiii, 43. He teaches the perpetual life of the soul in the story of the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi, 19, and He proclaims that "God is the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; and is not the God of the dead, but of the living," Matt. xxii, 32.

We have recounted in the Bible different appearances of the dead to the living. Moses, who had been dead many centuries, appeared at our Lord's Transfiguration, Matt. xvii, 3. At the time of our Lord's crucifixion, many who were dead appeared in Jerusalem, Matt. xxvii, 53. The prophet Jeremias and the priest Onias appeared to Judas Maccabeus before his victory over Nicanor, 2 Macabees, xv.

Outside of revelation, we have many accounts of the dead appearing to the living.

Before entering on a statement, rather than an exposition or development of some of the proofs of reason, this little story is presented from Saint Augustine, to illustrate what we have stated above as to the force of diffierent arguments on different minds. Augustine tells a story of Gennadius, a physician of Carthage, who would not believe in the immortality of the soul. One night he had a dream, and in his dream, he saw standing before him a beautiful young man, clothed in white, who said to him: "Do you see me?" "Yes, I see you." "Do you see me with your eyes?" "No, for they are closed in sleep." "With what, then, do you see me?" "I don't know." "Do you hear me?" "Yes." "With your ears?" "No, for they, too, are wrapped in sleep." "With what, then, do you hear me?" "I don't know." "Are you speaking to me?" "Yes." "With your mouth?" "No." "With what, then?" "I don't know." Here the young man said: "You sleep, and yet you see, hear, and speak. The hour will come when you will sleep in death, and yet you will see, and hear, and speak, and feel." Gennadius woke, and knew that God had sent an angel to teach him the immortality of the soul.

Immortality is of three kinds: essential, which belongs to the very essence of a being, so that it must absolutely, and by very necessity of its nature, exist and live: this immortality is found in God alone; natural, when a being once in existence is of a nature that requires perpetual duration; gratuitous, when something in existence is endowed by God with perpetual life, though there is nothing in its nature to require this life. The human soul has a natural immortality. For, it does not exist of necessity and absolutely, but by the creative act of God, on whom it must ever depend, and once placed in being, its nature is such that it must always be, having in itself no principle of destruction, but being endowed with certain natural properties, that require its enduring preservation in unending life.

The human soul is by its nature incorruptible and fit to always exist and to continue vital operation, and is destined to everlasting life.

Existence ceases in two ways: by corruption, by annihilation. The human soul is incapable of corruption, of dissolution, because it is simple; it has no parts into which it could be dissolved. Nor can it cease its existence with the destruction of something else in which it exists, because it is a spiritual substance, and independent by its very essence of the body with which it is here united. So there is nothing in the soul itself capable of change, dissolution, death, and so its independent nature makes it survive the body's corruption. And in this survival ,it continues its vital functions, in the exercise of its intellectual forces, which, being non-organic and spiritual, remain, and remain unchanged.

As there is nothing in the soul itself to bring about its destruction, but everything in it requiring perpetual existence, it could cease from existence only by annihilation. Now, only God, the creator and preserver of life can totally destroy

life. So, should annihilation come to the soul, it must come from God. But God does not annihilate the soul, because he himself has destined it for everlasting life, and has made it an existence that requires and demands perpetual conservation from His own hands. God is wise: having made an incorruptible nature, He does not wantonly and violently destroy it. The Author of nature does not take away what belongs to the nature He has created. And to an incorruptible nature, duration, ever-continued, belongs.

God is wise, and if the soul were to perish with the body, He would not have wasted on it the spiritual faculties, which mere bodily life does not need. These spiritual faculties cannot perish of themselves, nor will God destroy them and the soul, simply because the body's life is over.

God is wise, and all the world He made to serve Him, for His own glory. This requires the everlasting existence of the human soul. The human soul gives glory to God by knowing and loving Him. Honor and homage, adoration, and love are always due to God, beyond this life as now. God's goodness and wisdom are eternal. The human soul in undying existence will never fathom the depth of God's infinite perfections. So, God has created it with power to know, to love Him for undying ages. Were the soul to perish with the body, man would not even in this life yield due honor to his God. He would neglect the worship of Him, who would have bad and good equally perish, who would hold out no incentive of reward for the good, and He would not look upon that God as the Supreme Good, who had destined his soul to annihilation. The glory of God is the object of the soul's existence. God never ceases, the object of the soul's existence never ceases, nor does the soul itself.

In the soul is the desire of renewing life. God has implanted it there. In the soul is the desire of perfect happiness. God has implanted it there. God does not mock and play with the souls of men. The desire which He has made natural to man is not in vain. That which possesses merely senses, as the brute, is content with the here and now. But the intellect knows and comprehends being in its absoluteness and for all time, independent of time, aloof from time. And the grasp on unending life leads to the desire, which must be satisfied, even in the truthfulness and fidelity of God Himself. And only perfect happiness meets the requirements of that natural desire. There is no perfect happiness in this life. There must be happiness that the soul shall attain to in the life beyond. Even this requires perpetual existence more than any other quality. For the very thought that a happiness can come to an end robs it of the most essential requirement. Well did Augustine say: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are never at rest, until they rest in Thee."

The very sanctity and justice of God demand that reward and punishment shall be meted out on the good and the bad, on virtue and on crime. The distribution of reward and punishment does not have place in this life. The immortal soul shall receive its due recompense when the dying body fadeth.

No, the human soul does not perish, and it is not annihilated. It is immortal. And this is the universal testimony of mankind. Perhaps to some this belief established in the minds and the convictions of the whole human race, from the earliest advent of man down to this present day, will appeal with greater force than any other argument. With Cicero, many an inqurier will say: "On the consensus of all nations, we judge that souls endure."

HOME OF THE GAMEY BLACK BASS.

It would be an invidious distinction to pick out any particular lake in Vermont as being more desirable than some other for persons seeking piscatorial sports, but it goes without saying, however, that Lake Champlain is Vermont's pride as a fishing resort. All varieties of fish are not "at home" at all times and under all conditions in these waters, but it is seldom that the Champlain fisherman returns with empty reel. It the gamey black bass so plentiful in Champlain is not biting, the fisherman can try for pike, pickerel or perch or some still more plentiful varieties of pan-fish, and get them too. Now is the time of the best fishing in Lake Champlain, and from camps, cottages and hotels come reports of splendid catches. Leaving Boston at 7.30 P. M. via the Central Vermont Railway line, the prospective fisherman reaches Sampson's or Hotel Cnamplain at Maquam in season next morning to land a string before the average Bostonian has breakfasted. Illustrated book describing Lake Champlain and telling where the best fishing is, is mailed for a four-cent stamp enclosed to T. H. Hanley, C. V. Ry., 306 Washington St., Boston.

A ROYAL BAPTISM.

IN HARVEST TIME.

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CHINESE GUNNERS.

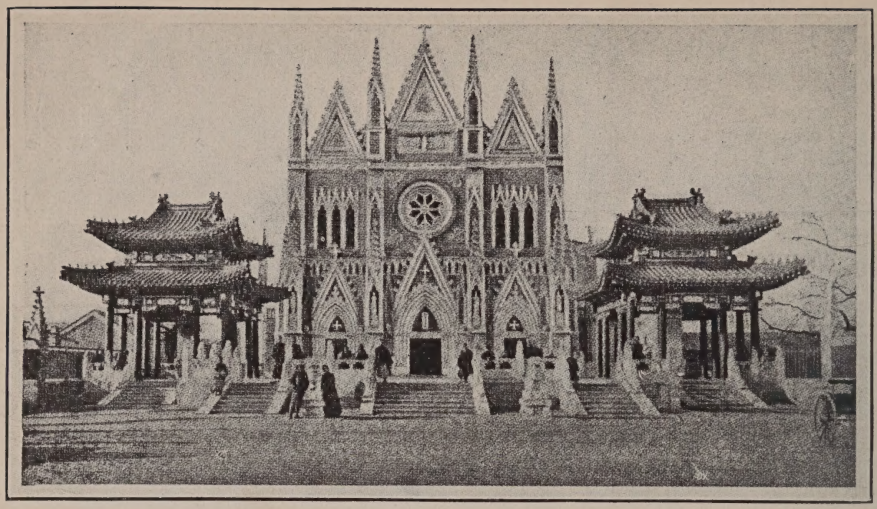
CHINA, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY REV. CHAS. WARREN CURRIER.

The history of the rise and fall of nations, of their appearance and disappearance, is the history of humanity. Of all the nations which entered into the composition of that ancient civilization that passed away forever with the downfall of the Roman Empire one only has survived the wreck of ages, preserving intact its integrity, and arising today like an ominous cloud on the eastern sky.

After the lapse of more than four thousand years China still stands, the oldest monarchy of the world, and the only one that existed when Assyria and Babylonia flourished and the Pharaohs raised their pyramids on the banks of the Nile. It is not at all unlikely that the earliest ancestors of this interesting people went forth from the lands of the Euphrates and Tigris to carry with them the germs of that unique civilization which the disciples of Confucius were to crystalize for all times. This oblique-eyed race may have inherited their physiognomy, together with their culture, from the great builders on the plains of Babylon, of whom they stand, like an immense monument, linking modern times with periods the most remote. China has remained the most conservative of all countries, the one most bound by tradition, and yet it is, strangely enough, a country of revolutions. Its government is the most paternal of governments, and its ruler the direct representative of heaven, yet its great philosophers and teachers, Confutsen and Mencius, admitted the right of the people to rebel.

China proper, the China which



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN PEKING.

formed the kingdom in the days of the Chow dynasty, 1123 B. C., when the fabulous begins to yield to the historical, comprises less than half of the present Chinese empire. The remainder of the territory was, in the course of ages, added on by amalgamation or conquest. From China's prehistoric age come floating down the centuries dim memories of revolts against existing dynasties, the overthrow of one, and the rise of another. At more than one epoch in its history the scepter has been wielded by the hands of a conquering race, but it has been the good fortune of the Chinese to conquer their conquerors socially, while adopting some of their customs. Thus the shaved head and long queue are not original Chinese customs, being borrowed from the Tartar conquerors as late as the seventeenth century. On the other hand, the habit of compressing the feet of their women, as well as the peculiar dress of the latter, are essentially Chinese. The compression of the feet, however, does not seem to be older than the tenth century of our era.

The Tartars from the regions on the

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES' HOME, PEKING.

North are among the earliest enemies of the Chinese, and it was to defend the empire against these invaders that the Emperor Che Wwang-te began the "Great Wall," which was finished in 204 B. C. Could this enormous mass be brought to our country it would extend from Philadelphia to Topeka, Kansas, a distance of at least fifteen hundred miles.

BOXERS ON THE GRAND CANAL THAT EXTENDS FROM CANTON TO PEKING.

The present reigning dynasty of China is not Chinese; it is Manchu Tartar, and from its accession to the throne, A. D. 1644, the modern history of China may be said to begin. It took a long time for the two races to unite, especially on account of the adoption of the queue upon which the Manchus insisted, and which the Chinese, especially of the south, resisted. Today, however, it is regarded as a sacred prerogative. The Manchus have remained the dominant race, and Tartar troops still garrison the land, though harmony prevails between the Chinese and the Tartars. The conquerors have adopted the language of the conquered, although Manchu is, nominally, that of the sovereign.

Isolated from the rest of the world, and buried in its own immensity, it was but slowly that China came into contact with western civilization. Vague allusions to it are scattered here and there among ancient authors to whom it was known as the land of the Seres or of Sin. The Middle Ages knew it as Cathay, and Marco Polo's relations inflamed the western

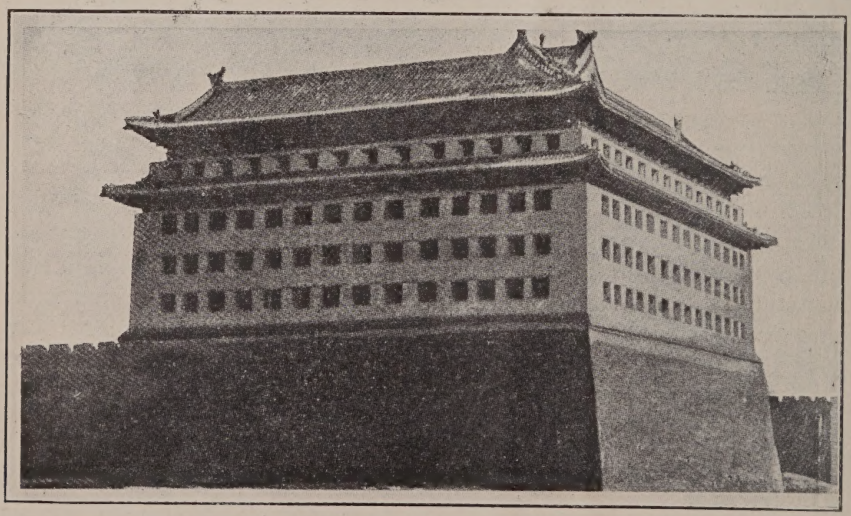
imagination concerning that large, mysterious land in the Orient.

Some form of Christianity was introduced into China at an early period. At two epochs of its history it seemed on the verge of becoming Christian, but the progress was each time arrested. First, during the period of the Mongol conquest, in the 13th and 14th centuries, great hopes existed for its conversion, which were destined to be rudely shattered. Again, in the 17th century, the brethren of St. Francis Xavier whose last earthly thoughts had been devoted to the conversion of China made great progress. It is not at all unlikely that if the Jesuits had not been hampered by certain influences within the Church itself China might be a Catholic country today. This, however, did not lay in the designs of Providence, and the Chinese converts were to travel along the painful road of martyrdom.

Direct commercial relations between China and Europe began toward the close of the 16th century, through the medium of the Portuguese concession at Macao. To this nation belongs the very doubtful honor of having contributed toward the increase of the trade in opium, which had, previously, been imported overland from India.

Until 1833, trade with England had been conducted strictly by monopolies, the East India Company on the part of England, and on that of China, a company of merchants, nominated by the Emperor. To understand the recent development of events in China, it is necessary to return to the year 1839.

Although the opium trade had been illegal since 1796, the Chinese government nevertheless connived at it; but, in 1837, a new policy was adopted, and the authorities resolved to put an end to it. The opium monopoly was at that time worth from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000, while nine tenths of the British merchants were engaged in the trade. One step led to another



THE ARSENAL, FROM WHICH THE BOXERS OPENED FIRE ON THE LEGATIONS.

A ROAD IN TIEN TSIN. THERE THE BOXERS BOMBARDED THE FOREIGNERS.

and China began to make demands which Elliot, the British representative, felt he could not grant. Hostilities broke out, but the British soon discovered that they had not such an easy task before them. Their troops were more than decimated by disease, and the Chinese fought with a bravery which quite surprised their enemies. When the city of Chin-Kiang-foo fell, after a stubborn resistance, into the hands of the British, it was found that the Tartar soldiers, rather than surrender to the enemy, had destroyed their families and committed suicide. Every Manchu seemed to prefer death to surrender. The war ended with the treaty of Nanking, the most important provision of which was the opening of the ports of Canton, Amoy, Fuhchan, Ningpo and Shanghai, known as the five treaty ports, to British trade and residence. By the same treaty, the island of Hong Kong was ceded to Great Britain. The treaty was signed in 1842. Eight years later there broke out in China that formidable insurrection known as the Taiping rebellion, which threatened the dynasty, and brought Li Hung Chang into prominence. Its leader was Hung Sew-tsenen, a man of humble origin, who had been brought under Protestant missionary influence. In course of time he became a missionary and dreamer, and imagined that he had a prophetic mission to destroy idolatry. As long as the movement was a purely religious one the leader and his followers may have been actuated by sincere motives, but, in 1850, it assumed a positively revolutionary character, and degenerated into fanaticism and li-

A MANDARIN'S HOUSE IN PEKING.

cense. The rebellion now took on gigantic proportions, and spread devastation for years. A small force raised by the Shanghai merchants, under the command of an American, named Ward, and later of others, had for years been struggling against it, when Li Hung Chang, then governor general of the Kiang provinces, applied for the services of an English officer, Charles George Gordon, known as "Chinese Gordon," was authorized to accept the command. It was through his instrumentality that the rebellion was finally crushed. It had lasted fourteen years, and it was attended by an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, which completely eclipse our own losses during the Civil War. In fact it was perhaps the bloodiest civil war known to history. Its object was the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, but in this it failed ignominiously. It cost 20,000,000 lives and 3,000,000,000 taels.

In 1857, another war broke out between England and China, England being really the aggressor, and basing her actions upon an imaginary grievance, the capture of men accused of piracy on board the "Arrow," a Chin-

ese vessel, flying the English flag, which it had no right to fly. France had a real complaint against China, namely the murder of missionaries, for which no redress had been obtained. The conflict ended with the capture of Canton by the allied French and English forces, and a treaty was signed, in virtue of which France and England were to have representatives at the Chinese court, at least on special occasions, and China was to be represented at London and Paris. France and England obtained certain concessions for their subjects, and the Chinese promised to tolerate Christianity within their dominions.

The peace thus secured lasted only a year, for as the Chinese appeared to delay the ratification of the treaty of Tien-Tsin, France and England sent their Envoys with the English fleet, to the mouth of the Peiho river. The Taku forts by which the mouth of the river is defended opened fire on them, and the English were forced to retreat, and relinquish the attempt to reach Pekin.

More than a year later, in August, 1860, the allied French and English captured the Taku forts, occupied Tien-Tsin, and marched on Pekin, into which they, soon after, forced an entrance. As a punishment for the murder of several English and Frenchmen whom the Chinese had captured, the troops, by command of Lord Elgin, destroyed the Chinese summer palace, and the accumulated art treasures of the Chinese perished. The Europeans had obtained their point, but the love for foreigners was not increased in the heart of the Chinese. Meanwhile both Russia and the United States viewed with anxiety the conflict that had arisen, the former lending its influence to the latter in its desire to act as mediator. On June 18, 1857, a treaty of peace was signed between this country and China, by which they mutually promised each other lasting peace and friendship, and the United States undertook to exercise its good offices, in behalf of China, should any nation act unjustly or oppressively toward it. Certain ports were assigned to American commerce, while the United States promised not to allow these privileges to be abused. The result of this treaty was a rapid increase in American Chinese trade, which has been steadily assuming greater proportions. America obtained also in consequence a representative in the Chinese empire; Mr. Burlingame, who had represented the United States six years, and was, after his resignation, appointed by China its minister plenipotentiary to the Western Powers. This embassy left China in 1867. Another treaty was now concluded by this country with China, which admitted the latter to all the rights of civilized nations, guaranteed the territorial integrity of the Chinese empire, and secured exemption from religious persecution in both countries.

The United States was the first country visited by the embassy, and hence it proceeded to the nations of Europe. Treaties were concluded with England, which was at first disposed to receive the ambassadors coldly, with France, Russia, and other Powers, and China had, finally, taken its place among the civilized nations of the world, and its international relations had begun in earnest.

Meanwhile, Chinese emigration had

been increasing, the overflowing population of the Celestial empire had found an outlet, and the Chinese were settling in increasing numbers in North and South America, and the West Indies, as well as in other parts of Asia, and the islands of the Pacific.

In 1884 new complications arose with a European power, when France, fighting in Tonquin, crossed over into regions over which China claimed suzerainty, and which were occupied by Chinese troops. Hostilities with China were thus precipitated. Admiral Courbet destroyed the Chinese fleet and arsenal at Foo-Chow, and the French gained other advantages. The Chinese, however, showed themselves no mean adversaries, and the disastrous conflict ended without any substantial results.

In the meantime, the present ruler of China, Kwang-Su, had ascended the throne. He succeeded Ting-Chi in 1875, assumed his majority in 1887, but his aunt, the Empress Regent, remained virtual ruler until his marriage in 1889. The old dowager-empress, of the euphonious name of Tze-Hsi, is one of those women who, from time to time, appear in history, to mould the fate of kingdoms and empires, to make or break. Semiramis, Cleopatra, Elizabeth of England, Catherine de Medicis, Catherine of Russia, are names that go to show the influence for good or evil of women in the history of nations. This is not the first time that China has been governed by a woman. As far back as the seventh century of our era, the Empress Wu usurped the government, and reigned successfully. History in many ways repeats itself, but, whatever the success of the reign of Tze-Hsi, this much is certain, that it is not passing in undisturbed repose. Will her generals, like those of the Empress Wu, be victorious? The Empress Tze-Hsi is now sixty-six years old. I believe that she is of humble origin, and that at one time she was a slave. Her rise to power forms one of the Oriental romances of the nineteenth century. Until 1881 she was co-regent with another dowager-empress, then sole regent until the Emperor married in 1889.

I have made special reference to the old empress because she is an important factor in Chinese politics, and her reign is, perhaps, the turning point in the history of the empire. In the Chinese mind the emperor is the greatest of all sovereigns, and this has frequently been a cause of dispute between China and the Western Powers, who demanded for their representatives the treatment that should be accorded to the ambassadors of equal sovereigns, a treatment granted grudgingly and tardily by the Chinese court. The foreign ministers were regarded as unwelcome guests thrust upon China by the Western barbarians, and, as a general rule, their relations with the court took place only through the Tsungli-Yamen, while, outside of their official capacity, they were socially ostracized in Pekin.

Since 1842 the aversion to foreigners has been steadily on the increase. In former ages Christianity was propagated in China without hindrance, but, since the treaties with the Western Powers, obliging the government to protect the missionaries and their converts, the Christian religion has become an object of hatred. It is regarded as a menace to the social fabric, and the Taiping rebellion is re-

called in which the leader was nominally a Christian convert, whose ostensible striving was to Christianize China, and who enjoyed the sympathy of a number of Europeans. The sight of a missionary reminds the Chinese of their humiliation, and of the growing ascendency of the great Powers of the West.

Ever and anon, there have been anti-foreign riots in China, and during the last decade, these have increased, with the rising demands of the European Powers. Scarcely a year has passed since 1890 without such disturbances, which were often instigated by the literati, and by men in high places, and fomented by the hideous calumnies that numerous pamphlets and placards disseminated throughout the country, against the Christians of all sects and creeds. The riots of 1896 resulted in the destruction of the German Catholic Mission, and the war with Japan became the source of fresh anti-foreign agitation, the Japanese having acquired the art of war from the hated foreign devils. Secret societies, too, were doing their work, some of them favoring a republic. In fact, more than one leader of these societies had received his education at an American university. Beneath these various agitations there ran an undercurrent of opposition to the Manchu dynasty.

Meanwhile China was opening more and more to foreign intercourse. After the Japanese war new treaty ports were opened, and Japan obtained the most favored nation treatment. In 1896, China and Russia had come to an agreement, the latter obtaining important concessions and permission to extend its railroad system over Chinese territory. A year later Germany landed a force and stores at Kaochow, with the ostensible purpose of obtaining redress for the murder of the German Catholic missionaries. This redress was finally given, and China leased to Germany a strip of land on the Bay of Kaochow. About the same time, Port Arthur and Talienwan were leased to Russia. England obtained Wei-Hai-Wei, but she opposed territorial occupation that would tend to the dismemberment of the Chinese empire, and declared herself ready to defend, even at the cost of war, the open door policy, by which freedom of access to the commerce of China should be preserved to Great Britain and all nations.

Following the example set by Russia and Germany, France and Italy put in their claims, and came in for a share of Chinese concessions. Thus was China harassed on all sides, while the increasing encroachments of the Powers only added fuel to the flame, and excited the agitation that was stirring the heart of the empire.

Meanwhile there were signs that western ideas were beginning to permeate China. Education was increasing rapidly and the Emperor himself startled the world by a new decree, in which he gave the official class the right to memorialize the throne. He made no secret of the fact that he intended to introduce reforms, and explained his new policy by declaring that, in many respects, western civilization was superior to that of the Chinese. This was done mainly under the influence of Kan-Yu-Mei, who had gained the Emperor's confidence. The reactionary party took the alarm, and the dowager-empress again came to the front. On September 22, 1898,

she managed to obtain from the Emperor an imperial edict by which he resigned all power into her hands. Kan-Yu-Mei was banished, and the old dowager-empress, as regent, assumed control of the government. A year later, the Emperor, Kwang-Su, acting under the influence of the old dowager-empress, finally abdicated in favor of Tu Chun, the son of Tsai Yi, Prince Tuan, who was made heir to the late Emperor Ting Chi. It may here be mentioned in passing, that, in the eyes of many Chinese, Prince Tuan is regarded as being the legitimate successor to the throne.

Undoubtedly as from this distant standpoint we turn our eyes toward the great empire of Asia, we see dark clouds gathering in the east. Amid the many contradictory rumors that have reached us recently it is exceedingly difficult to understand the present state of the Chinese question, and to prognosticate the results of contemporary events. The situation, I think, may be summed up briefly. In a country so honeycombed by secret societies it is not surprising to witness the birth of a new one. That which may appear astonishing is the rapidity with which it is spreading. Born in obscurity, and sweeping down from the northern provinces, the Boxer agitation is the greatest and most pregnant movement that has convulsed China since the Taiping rebellion. Finding favor, as it seems, in the highest places, and allied with the imperial troops, it has brought China into collision with the rest of the world It may, or it may not be an opposition against the reigning dynasty, and allied to the anti-Manchu society of the Triads which has existed for centuries, but whatever its nature in this respect, it is undoubtedly anti-foreign, and a movement not to be despised.

It has, perhaps, been too much the custom to ridicule the Chinese as fighting men. Whatever they may have been in the past it is safe to say that a great change has taken place in China, and that the Japanese war has awakened their instincts of self-preservation. The assertion that the Chinese are, at the best, but poor soldiers, has not been universally admitted; the best experts have denied it, and the events of the last few weeks have completely overthrown it. It would not take the Chinese very long to render themselves efficient in the manufacture of the modern implements of war, and, laying aside their indifference and apathy, to learn how to use them well. In fact China has for some time, possessed arsenals and dockyards, fitted with the most modern appliances, at various centres, such as Foo-Chow, Nankin, Shanghai, Tien-Tsin, Port Li, Wei-Hai-Wei, Port Arthur, and Kirin. Who does not see what a menace to the world would be a Chinese army of forty or fifty millions of men, armed with the most modern weapons and acting together with a powerful navy, and a fleet of transports? Instead of being the invaded China might soon become the invader. This "yellow peril" has for a long time been anticipated by earnest students of history. The fact that Admiral Seymour, with nearly three thousand men, has been driven back by the Chinese, and failed in his attempt to reach Pekin, is well calculated to open the eyes of the world.

This much, too, will be in favor of the Chinese, that they will possess unity of action in fighting against foreign aggression, while the diversity

of interests and mutual jealousies will remain a danger that will constantly menace the allied forces, and tend to undermine any concerted action on their part.

If it is true, that Europeans have been massacred in Pekin by the action, or with the connivance of the government, or even if the diplomatic representatives of the Powers are held as hostages, China has placed itself without the pale of international law and drawn upon itself a richly merited chastisement. The nations of the world cannot afford to overlook the injury done to their people, nor is it likely that they will, but, on the other hand, they have to thank themselves for the present state of affairs. Had they let China alone to manage its own interests, had they not gradually encroached upon its territory, there might have been no need today of sending combined armies to the Orient. As it is, the danger confronting western civilization is enormous, and another crusade has been inaugurated, different in principle from its predecessors of the Middle Ages, but being, probably, the advance guard of a life and death struggle between the East and the West, between two great civilizations, the most ancient, and the most modern. Many indeed are the complications that may ensue. Let us suppose, that through some unforeseen accident, Japan should abandon the cause of the allies, and unite itself with the Chinese, with whom the Japanese have far more affinities than with us, that, further, the Moslem world should join forces with Japan and China against Christendom, it is not at all unlikely that scenes would be enacted similar to those witnessed at the great incursion of the barbarians in the fifth century. It is by no means improbable that such a conflict will arise, and the spirit of conquest manifested by the nations of the West can only precipitate the final catastrophe, when Asia shall again let loose its hordes of Tartars, Mongols and Turks, and overrun Europe, as though a swarm of locusts were passing over the land, leaving death and desolation in its pathway. The ocean that rolls between the western shores of America, and the eastern coasts of Asia is a protection, for the present at least, but what if a gigantic fleet is, in course of time, to sweep the seas under the flags of China, Japan and Turkey?

However, it is useless to conjecture, for the struggle is on, and the outcome no human eye can foresee. Europe cannot now recede, the advance on Pekin has begun, and what is required is concerted action, and the laying aside of petty jealousies and selfish interests.

THE ISOLATION OF PETER DWIGHT.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

When Peter Dwight married Cecil Hale, he thought he had found and attained all that was attainable in this life. Not that he expected too much, that is to say not that he expected Cecil Hale to be the embodiment of perfection, which no one ever was, but that it seemed to him his life, from this onward was to be set in certain strict lines which would not deviate to the commonplaceness of the heretofore, but which, while bringing upon him new responsibilities would also reward him with greater joys. And in a measure he had not been deceived. His wife was all that man commonly gets here below, more in fact than the many ever attain to, in that she supplied all that made his life complete. While she lived he had been supremely happy, with that joy that comes of a comfortable home and growing family. It seemed to him that his life's purpose was quite fulfilled. And then Cecil died!

Perhaps it was the greatest shock of his life, this sudden separation from one who had become as it were indispensable to him. For weeks his heart bled silently as something which had been fearfully wrenched and bruised. To be sure his children were left him, which meant or ought to mean a great deal. People in consoling him told him how he ought to be thankful this was his first blow—thankful that he still had so many loving hearts left to cull choicest flowers from. But with all their love somehow he felt bereft. She was gone, and who could ever make up for her? Often when the household lay forgetful, wrapt in silent night, he, awake, lay thoughtfully contemplating the emptiness which seemed so momentarily growing upon him, this great and awful gulf which kept ever widening! He still saw her, still remembered the color of her hair, the texture of her dress as it was that last fateful day! So one sees a loved one standing on the shore while the ship bears us away, and so she grew more indistinct to his earthly eyes—albeit his spiritual vision daily grew more keen.

His children were still about him. It was but a short time before they could laugh gaily and long; and their laughter while it rejoiced him, chilled his heart. But he was just. They were young, he was old! It was not to be expected they were to mope, he knew in his heart they had loved their mother as dearly as children might. Their laughter now was but the sequence of youth—the result of ardent animal spirits nearing their zenith. With him such things, if not dead, were dying, and he, too, had lived after his mother's death, though God knows he had loved her dearly. It was but the nature of things that they should laugh in their proud youth while he wept in silence. After a time he grew accustomed to it. There was his boy. Edmund had been his mother's pride; she had loved her daughters but even more her son, and when she had gone Edmund sorrowed deeply. Yet now he could laugh as though there were no empty place at their table—no absent voice to move his heart—and yet

he was a good son. That type of young man who speedily begins to make a name for himself. Already he was favorably known in legal matters, his opinion was sometimes asked by older men who seemed to wait upon his advice. All of which was very conducive to a father's pride. Sometimes he found pleasure in it; more frequently it brought a pang of pain. He himself was not a celebrity nor was he ever likely to become one, yet often he found himself longing in a vague undefinable way for a something that seemed to be lacking. Edmund with all his undoubted affection was absorbed in his profession. Night after night he came home but to ruminate in silence over the matters of the day, it was hard to get a word from him. His father coming in quite joyous with some sprightly happening would have his ardor chilled speedily, for Edmund looking up from his brief or some volume of learned opinions would answer in monoysyllables or disjointed sentences which said as plain as could be "I am not interested," whereupon Peter would subside with a sudden dull pain at his heart—a sudden realization that he was becoming isolated. He could not fathom whether it was he who was at fault or they—his children! He only knew that with every day it became more marked and distinct. Perhaps it was the way with young men.

Then there were his daughters, one with the face of her dead mother, the other with a resemblance to himself. Both were dutiful and loving, but even they were growing away from him; it was inevitable he knew, but even so it was fraught with pain. Cecil, the eldest, was already engaged. But the thought of her marriage he always put from him, not that he objected to her future husband who was in every way worthy of her but that he feared the isolation, that he would if he could avoid the parting with her. As for Clare, the younger, he preferred to ignore such a contingency as marriage even though his inner consciousness made him aware that she too was likely soon to leave him.

"Papa," said Cecil one evening, "do you know Edmund won his case today—everybody says it is so clever of him."

"He is talented," said her father.

"Papa!—why don't you take some interest in what he does?" exclaimed the girl, reproachfully. He started—he take interest! Were they so blind that they could not mark his pride in his son.

"Why, surely I take the greatest possible interest."

"You don't seem to. He tells you all about the difficulties of it—the hard work and all that, and grows so enthusiastic—while you sit there with never a word or at most—a yes—or no."

"But I understand nothing of law, child, nothing whatever, you know that!"

"But neither do I," exclaimed Cecil, "yet I love to hear him tell about it—just because he is so wrapt up in it."

"—And you think me unappreciative," he asked almost wistfully—there was a dull pain at his heart that his own should so poorly interpret him. Perhaps Cecil dimly guessed the reproach, for bending over him suddenly she twined her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Dear good Papa," she murmured, "we know you love us. I didn't mean that—did I?"

"I suppose not, Cecil," he replied vaguely; the touch of her fresh young cheek against his own compensated him somewhat. He drew her head down on a level with his own and gazed earnestly into her eyes; and in the space of a few magic seconds she was her mother again! The same truthful eyes, the same noble mouth and chin. "You are very like your mother, dear," he murmured softly; she guessed now partly what he was thinking of and kissed him again, while her dark hair mingled with the gray as he sat silent for a few moments. It was at times such as this that he appreciated they were not altogether gone from him after all. After a time Cecil spoke again.

"Dearest Papa," she whispered, "there is something else—I—I wanted to ask you—can't you guess?"

"No," he said, though he thought he might.

"Well," she continued, "it's about my—about Henry." He knew without looking that she was blushing furiously—that her heart was fluttering with joy, not pain, despite her tremulous accents.

"About Henry," he repeated.

"Yes—he wants to know if—that is—when we can be married! You know he has waited a long time—and oh, dear Papa," her arms closed about him again, "don't think I want to leave you but—but we would like to be married in three months!"

"In three months!" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes!" whispered the girl." "He wants it so much and—"

"—And you are ready to go, Cecil," asked her father.

"Well, I suppose I've got to be sometime, Papa," she said with a short little laugh.

"But it is a serious matter—this marrying—does my Cecil know there is often more sorrow than joy to it?"

"But you were very happy with my mother," she said.

"Very happy."

"And perhaps I will be as happy," she continued.

"Let us hope so," he said with grave earnestness.

"Then you consent?" she cried, bending before him with dancing eyes.

"I suppose so, child," he answered, but there was no laughter in his tones. "It must come sooner or later—I only wish for your happiness. Let it be three months then."

And three months it was. Cecil, all joy and happiness, made her preparations and the day came at last. Her father walked up the isle of the church with her on his arm, no quiver on his face, no moisture in his eye, and again he stepped down its length, but she now leant on the arm of another who could claim her more irrevocably than he. There were felicitations from everybody. He was congratulated a hundred times on the possession of such a charming daughter, and it was doubtless supposed by everyone that he was supremely happy. Then came the bustle, the farewell, a kiss, and Cecil was gone!

Next morning when they breakfasted together the room seemed suddenly grown large and empty, not to him merely, for Edmund observed, "Jove! how strange it seems without her." Yet in a very few days for all one could see, things were as before; weddings are not supposed to be tearful affairs. Edmund daily grew more

absorbed in his work. After dinner he always betook himself to his room where his father knew he often remained at work until far in the morning. The elder man, silent and thoughtful, sat upstairs with Clare—or alone. When Edmund was about it seemed as if a strange constraint held the father's tongue even when he would have spoken. Their conversation speedily withered and died. It was true that Edmund cared for none of those things the elder man found interesting, just as he himself cared nothing for legal matters and things of the kind his son was always talking about. Yet the younger man never deliberately neglected his father; with the blindness that comes to many of us, at times he failed to note how the other longed, fairly longed, to speak of the years gone by in the old companionable way. It never occurred to him that his father wished for something which he might have supplied. Meanwhile he was a very busy man with many calls on his spare time.

"Great boy, that son of yours," old friends would say admiringly, meeting Peter Dwight on the street, "getting on at an at an amazing pace—you ought to be proud, sir, proud indeed!" Others would remark, "you must be a happy man with such children, creditable in every way." No doubt there were many who envied him, who would have been most surprised to learn that he could grieve. Meantime Clare twining her arms about his neck one day asked him as Cecil had done, to let her go away. And again he walked up the aisle of the selfsame church and came down without his child. He had thought he could never feel drearily bereft again after Cecil's marriage, but now it seemed he suffered more. But the world saw none of it in his pallid face, and of course his children guessed none of it. The growing sense of the needlessness of his life was being daily borne in upon him, the conviction that at last his children could live without him, made his heart grow colder. Was it weakness that remembered so strongly the time when they could not do without him? Was it maudlin sentimentality that brought back so vividly the clasp of their soft baby fingers about his neck? Ah! that precious, golden time—when they cried for him! Yes! He would gladly have held it to his heart again if he might.

So there were only he and Edmund left. The young man gave no sign of marrying; instead he seemed perfectly content in the lonely house with his father. Perhaps he was too busy to fall in love. He was intensely interested in his profession; it was in his thoughts always—at home as well as in the office. Perhaps it was selfishness, for after all self is at the bottom of most successes. In all sincerity he thought his father quite content with his quiet life. He would have been immeasurably surprised to find it otherwise. Meantime Peter Dwight went to see his daughters and they came regularly to see him; yet though their presence rejoiced him and the laughter of their children warmed his heart, it was not the same warmth of the long ago, the same tenderness that would never come again. The two young mothers while they talked to him, caressed him, could not keep their eyes from wandering to the children. Their hearts were there! He knew it!

One evening he and Edmund sat together as they often did after dinner.

The younger man had been telling of some notable work of the day which promised great results; his eyes shone, his cheeks burned with the vital enthusiasm of his young manhood. Life no doubt seemed a glorious thing to him, and yet in thirty years, Peter reflected, gray twilights would have come to this radiant prospect too. How different things would stand revealed then—no enchantments—no illusions! But Edmund was talking.

"Yes, father, I have been very successful when one comes to think of it—and I arrived at the successful stage earlier than I expected. Thank Heaven! I can marry now and feel that I have nothing to fear in the prospect."

"You are going to marry?" asked the other, wth something tightening about his heart.

"Yes!" said Edmund—"don't you think," he added, laughingly, "that it's high time I should! Just think how dangerously near becoming a bachelor I was—and you could never approve of that—you were not one yourself you know!" He walked over and laid his hand tenderly on the elder man's shoulder. "It's the way of the world, father, you know that! And I could no more resist than better men have done. She is a lovely girl," he continued proudly, "and will make you a charming daughter. By Jove! I never thought I'd be so lucky."

The other smiled a wan smile of approval which Edmund seemed to think quite sufficient, for with a smile of supreme content he stepped lightly from the room. If there was any realization of what his words meant to his father there was nothing in his demeanor to show it. He sprang lightly up the steps whistling gaily—thinking perhaps of his would-be bride as ardent lovers are wont to think, while below his father listened intently to the departing footstep. So they were gone out of his life—these, his children! Ah, well! Life is fraught with much pain after all. He looked about him. The room was empty of all save himself. The fire in the grate had burnt well nigh out. With a great sense of loneliness he stepped to the window and leaning his forehead against the cold glass, gazed out into the starlight night. And none but the pitying angels understood!

ON THE ROAD TO MECCA.

BY RODERICK GILL.

When the worn Moslem trudging lone
  To Mecca's myriad-lighted fane
Sees on his path the piece of stone
  Called "silent pilgrim," he draws rein,
And from his humble beast descends
  To move the rock a pace along.
So thou—ere yet earth's journey ends,
  Pause sometimes while thine arm is strong,
To speed God's laggards toward their goal:
  That when life's checkered dream is o'er,
And they have reached the shrine, thy soul
  Shall find them at the Temple door.

AUTUMN.

BY JOHN A. FOOTE.

So much I loved the gladsome summertime,
  With its bright warmth of sunshine, and the song
  Of birds chanting its praises loud and long,
That, when the first chill hint of winter's breath
  Betrayed the coming of a sterner clime,
I sorrowed for the summer's early death.

But, when I raised my tear-dimmed eyes from earth,
  And looked upon the flowers and the trees;—
  One last, fond look, before the wintry breeze
Should leave them, gaunt and shivering in its blast,—
  My soul stood all amazed at the bright birth
Of autumn foliage, and my grief was past.

So, in the joyful summertime of life,
  When pain and sorrow come to mar our bliss,—
  As when a loved one falls in Death's cold kiss,—
If we would lift our pain-seared hearts above
  The selfish sorrow born of earthly strife,
Our grief would be transformed in God's great love.

AMERICAN CLAIMS IN ALASKA.

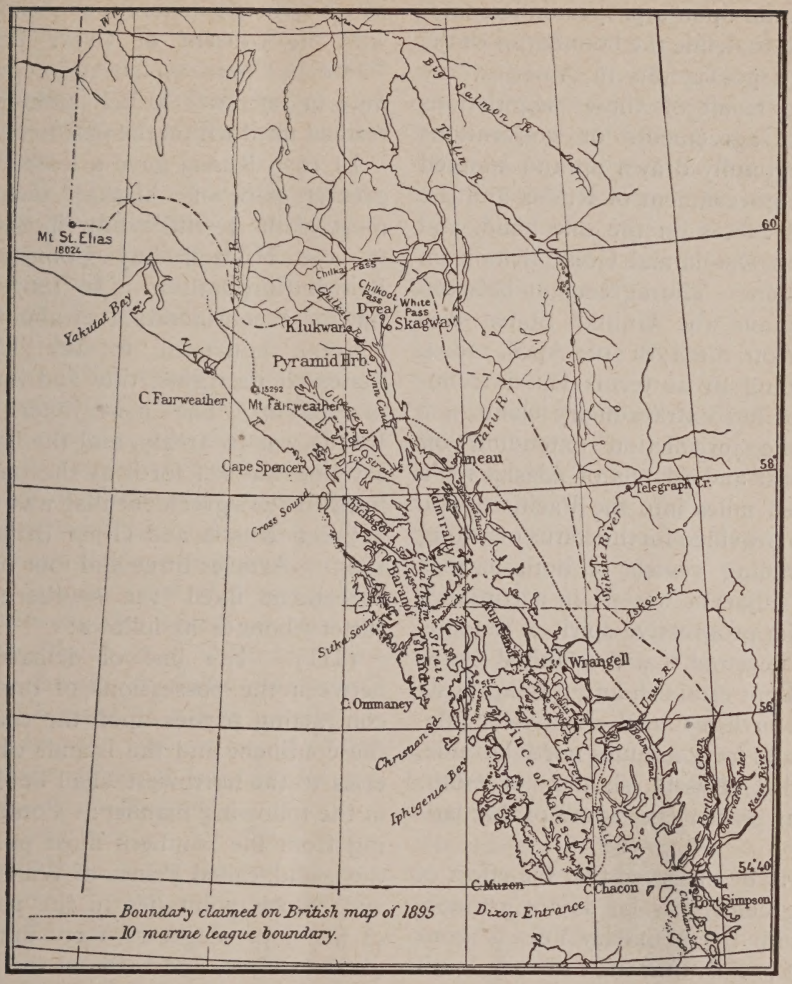
BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

The attention of the American people has been so deeply engrossed by the heroic struggle of the South-African republics to maintain their independence, by the exciting events in the Philippine Islands, and more recently by the extraordinary situation in China, that they are hardly in a mental state to appreciate the full significance of the late arrangement entered into by Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State of the United States, with the government of Great Britain, respecting a portion of the Territory of Alaska.

This is briefly the effect of the arrangement: Mr. Hay has for the time being agreed that a part of that territory, in extent about equal to one of our small States, with some thousands of American citizens thereon, shall be transferred to the jurisdiction of Great Britain. Some time in the future the eventual status of the transferred territory is to be determined.

A statement of the salient facts in reference to the boundary of the district in question should be opportune and interesting. I shall endeavor to set them forth as clearly as possible. The title of the American people to the territory of Alaska comes from the Empire of Russia, by a deed or treaty of cession of the year 1867. Russia's title rested upon discovery and settlement effected many years before by Russian subjects. Russian traders and navigators had visited the northwestern coast of the American continent centuries ago. Bering, the navigator whose name was given to a great body of water off the coast, was one of the first great explorers. Russian merchants organized a great trading company, under the name of the Russian-American Company, which received valuable concessions from several Russian emperors to induce the exploitation of the country, which was accomplished by the establishment of trading posts and settlements at advantageous points along the coast.

In 1799 the Czar, Paul I, granted to the Russian-American Company the use of all the hunting grounds and establishments existing on the northwest coast of America from the fifty-fifth degree north latitude to Bering Strait, and the company was authorized not only to make new discoveries north, but also south of the fifty-fifth degree of latitude and to occupy as Russian possessions the new lands which they might discover. It may be observed that this ukase of the emperor was of legal force and effect. Again in 1821 the Czar Alexander by an imperial ukase extended and amplified the monopoly of Russian subjects not only upon the coast but upon the high seas adjoining it. He declared that every species of industry on land or sea, "including the whole of the northwest coast of America, beginning from Bering Strait to the fifty-first degree of northern latitude" was exclusively confined to Russian subjects, and that foreign ships, except when they were forced by stress of weather, must not approach within one hundred miles of the coast or the islands off the main land claimed by Russia.



SOUTH-EASTERN ALASKA.

I direct attention to the extension of the Russian claim set forth in that ukase. It will be noted that the ukase of Paul I in 1799 fixed the southern boundary at the fifty-fifth degree of north latitude, while twenty-two years later the southern boundary of the Russian possessions was declared to be four degrees farther south at the fifty-first degree north latitude, and also that the seas for one hundred miles from the islands and the coast were held to be Russian waters closed to foreigners for purposes of navigation, fishing, or trade.

The ukase, however, of 1821 was immediately questioned by the United States and Great Britain, who strenuously objected to the extraordinary claim set up by the emperor. Representations having been made that the claim was untenable negotiations were commenced between the governments of the three countries to defin-

itely settle upon a proper understanding and to define the boundaries of the Russian possessions in America.

As a result of these negotiations national agreements or conventions were carefully drawn up and adopted by the government of Russia and the United States on the one hand, and between Russia and Great Britain on the other. The agreement between Russia and the United States was signed on the 17th of April, 1824. According to its terms Russia relinquished her extraordinary claim of a maritime jurisdiction extending off the coast and islands of Alaska for a hundred miles into the Pacific ocean. It also provided for the status of fishing and trading vessels of both nations in the adjacent waters, in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age, and it declared that the United States should not establish any trading posts in the territory north of fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north latitude, and that Russia should not establish any posts to the south of that latitude.

It will be observed that the effect of this agreement as far as any connection with the boundary line is concerned is this, that the territory south of fifty-four degrees was to be left for settlement between the United States and Great Britain. The agreement between Russia and Great Britain was signed on the 28th of February, 1825. This agreement is the one with which we are more especially concerned at the present time because it is the one that defines specifically the boundary line determining the Russian and British territory in North America. The third and fourth articles of this agreement described the southern and eastern boundary of the territory over which Russia exercised dominion, with the consent of Great Britain. There has been no question or dispute in reference to the territory described until within the past few years.

In 1839 Russia gave a lease of the greater part of Alaska, including most of the territory now in dispute, to the Hudson Bay Company, a British Corporation. In 1867 Russia, for a consideration of about $7,000,000, conveyed to the United States all its rights, title and interest in Alaska. The conveyance from Russia was by treaty, and the boundary line was set forth as the one defined in the agreement that was made between Russia and Great Britain in 1825. Articles three and four of that agreement fixed the southern and eastern bounds as follows:

(III) The line of demarcation between the possessions of the high contracting parties upon the coast of the continent and the islands of America to the northwest, shall be drawn in the following manner: Commencing from the southern most point of the island, called Prince of Wales' Island, which point lies in the parallel of fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, north latitude, and between the 131st and 133rd degree of west longitude (Meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude; from this last mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same Meridian), and, finally, from the said point of intersection, the said

Meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the frozen ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the Continent of America to the northwest.

IV. It is intended in reference to the line of demarcation determined upon in the preceding article;

First, That the island known as Prince of Wales' Island shall belong wholly to Russia.

Second, That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast, from the fifty-sixth degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom.

In these terms are defined the boundary lines of the territory as settled between Russia and Great Britain seventy-five years ago.

Briefly stated the dividing line started from the extreme southern point of Prince of Wales' Island, thence it ran to the entrance of Portland Channel, up Portland Channel to the head of the channel, thence north to the fifty-sixth degree north latitude, thence at a distance of thirty miles from the coast and parallel to its windings to a point intersecting the one hundred and forty-first degree of longitude, thence northerly along that degree to the Arctic ocean. By referring to the map which accompanies this article, the line of demarcation as provided by the convention of 1825 can be readily followed. That line follows the windings of the coast from the neighborhood of Portland Channel as indicated to the specified degree of longitude which runs across Mount St. Elias in the northwest.

This boundary line remained without dispute or question until a few years ago. Russian, British, as well as American maps of Alaska, set forth that boundary as the dividing line. But recently, since the discovery of gold in large quantities in that region, the Canadian authorities made very bold claims to an enormous strip of the main land extending from Behm Canal west of Portland Channel to Mount St. Elias. By referring to the map which indicates roughly the Canadian claim the magnitude of it may be realized.

What is the ground upon which the newly discovered Canadian claim is based? Chiefly this: the Canadians allege that the true meaning of the description of the boundary line by the convention of 1825 is, that the thirty mile line back from the coast should not follow the actual "windings of the coast" as provided in terms between Russia and England, and under which the United States holds title, but that the thirty mile line should extend interiorly from a line intersecting the headlands and promontories along the coast; and hence as a consequence, that Canada was properly entitled to certain tide water inlets, and especially a large portion of the great body of navigable water known as Lynn Canal.

Within a few weeks past we have been informed that Mr. Hay, Secre-

tary of State, on behalf of President McKinley, has surrendered temporarily about one-twentieth portion of the territory claimed by Canada. This strip, from which the American flag has been removed to make way for the British ensign, is in extent about as large as the state of Rhode Island. It contains the fairly rich gold fields of the Porcupine district to the northwest of Klukwan which is indicated on the map, with some thousands of American miners who are thus suddenly transferred to British jurisdiction without their consent; indeed, against their consent, because they have protested and petitioned vigorously against the transfer. It may be worthy of note to observe that these miners who are extracting gold from the earth could do so freely under American jurisdiction without fine or the imposition of onerous taxes. But under Canadian-British jurisdiction they will be obliged to surrender up one-tenth of the product of their labor as a royalty to the Canadian authority.

It may be remembered that one of the constant and most persistent complaints urged by the British against the South African republic was that the latter exacted a royalty of five per cent. from the British miners who pursued their industry in the gold fields of the republic.. But here in Alaska under our own immediate observation we have an American Secretary of State transferring American gold mining territory with the American miners thereon over to the Canadian-British authorities who will insist upon getting double the amount of the royalty on the gold production levied by the Transvaal Volksraad.

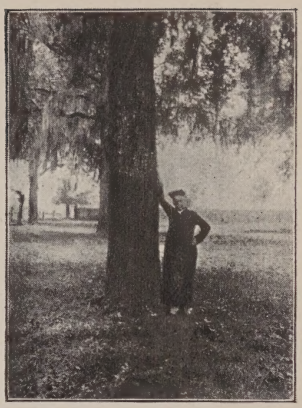
It is true, we are assured, that the cession of this extensive territory is only temporary—that it is to be determined some time in the future whether the temporary arrangement shall be made permanent, whether the territory shall be ultimately restored to the jurisdiction of the United States. But the point is, why should the cession have been made even temporarily in the face of the fact that the line has remained undisputed for nearly three quarters of a century, and that it appears on every map including the British, as set forth by the convention of 1825. The prima facie case for the United States was powerful, dominant, even if a solitary American citizen had not occupied the ground—the fact that some thousands of American miners were there pursuing their industry on territory which has been regarded as American for 33 years, excites one's wonder as to the motives that induced Secretary Hay to haul down the flag in response to a Canadian-British request. A few years ago, when Great Britain insisted upon its claim to gold mining territory claimed also by Venezuela, Mr. Richard Olney, the American Secretary of State, instantly cried halt; on the ground that the Monroe Doctrine was assailed by extending the dominion of any European power on this hemisphere.

Certain thoughts arise in the mind in connection with the recent transaction in Alaska. First, does the Monroe Doctrine apply at the present day under the present administration to English interference? Has the flag been hauled down in pursuance of the Anglo-American alliance?

STRANGERS TO HOPE.

LOUISIANA'S LAZARETTO.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.



THE CHAPLAIN.

Leprosy has always been a dread scourge of humanity; it is a mysterious, loathsome disease, whose deadly grasp science has never yet been able to more than loosen for a moment; but which has always afterwards tightened with a closeness which neither wit nor power nor device of man has ever been able to relax. It is not some disease of past ages nor one that thrives only in far away lands—but it is epidemic in many countries today and endemic in some portions of our own land.

Our new possessions, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and Porto Rico, all shelter hosts of victims of this ancient scourge. Reliable authority places the number of lepers in the States as high as five thousand. There are at least one hundred in New York, from two to three hundred in Louisiana, many in San Francisco, a large number in Minnesota and the Dakotas, and here and there in nearly every state are to be found sporadic cases. Louisiana, however, is the only state

A GROUP OF SISTERS AND LEPERS UNDER THE OAKS, READING.

SISTERS' HOUSE. ONLY UPPER FLOORS INHABITABLE.

making any provision for their isolation, and this until lately in a haphazard way. It is supposed that leprosy was introduced into Louisiana from the West Indies. As early as 1785 a hospital was built for indigent lepers, who might be found begging in the streets. In the Cathedral of New Orleans, on the tomb of Don Andres Almonester, is a slab bearing an inscription telling of his many charities and among them that this leper hospital was founded by him. The hospital gradually fell into decay and according to one writer, quoted by Dr. I. Dyer of New Orleans in his paper read at the Leper Conference at Berlin in 1897: "In a few years the number of patients gradually diminished, either by death or by transportation, the disease disappeared almost entirely, and Leper's Land remained for a considable length of time a wild looking spot." Dr. Dyer in the paper above mentioned says: "No attempt was made to restore the hospital, and the community quietly drifted into a blindly apathetic indifference to the presence of the disease, which could not have been eradicated or kept under control by such loose methods. I could find no definite history of prevalent leprosy from this time until 1878, a period of over seventy years. In this time cases were constantly admitted to Charity Hospital." In 1878, the Board of Health was aroused, and a pest house in the suburbs of New Orleans was established, where, as Dr. Dyer says: "The victims were sent, under a vile contract, by which the contractor profited and the patients suffered." Finally, through the persistent efforts of some physicians and the New Orleans press, the legislature of the state in 1894 passed a bill creating

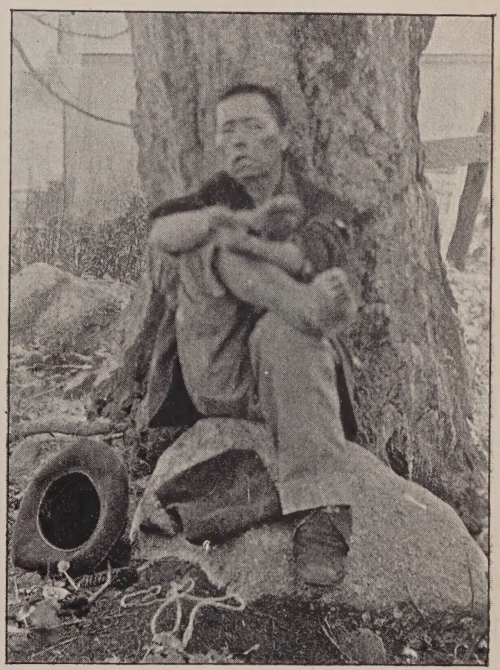
a Board of Control, whose duty it was to provide a home for lepers and their care. When a desirable location was nearly secured the New Orleans City Council refused to permit the erection of the home, although as the Board says in its First Annual Report: "For years the unfortunate victims of leprosy had been allowed to travel on the street cars, eat at public restaurants, beg on the thoroughfares and otherwise expose an unguarded public." A location was finally obtained by lease for five years in Iberville parish, at the "Old Indian Camp" plantation across the Mississippi river from the little hamlet of White Castle about eighty miles from New Orleans. "Finally on the last day of November, 1894," I quote from the Board of Control Report, "the first contingent of lepers was transported from New Orleans by night, to the home. This was accomplished with the greatest difficulty, on a coal barge, towed by a tug. For a time the existence of the home was threatened by the inhabitants of Iberville parish. A rational judgment, however, supplanted an early and misguided prejudice and the poor sufferers were only pitied the more because they wished for themselves the isolation which the law compelled. Every effort was made to obtain reliable informa-

A ROW OF CABINS.

SISTERS AND CHAPLAIN.

tion concerning the number of lepers at large in the state. Communications were addressed to the coroners in every parish (county). This was barren of results and even of acknowledgment, save in two or three instances. By personal persuasion, through individual voluntary inclination and, in some instances, by legal action, the number of lepers has been increased to thirty-one." Of these twenty-two were born in Louisiana, (five of these in the city of New Orleans) two were born in France and two in Germany.

Four Sisters of Charity were placed in charge of these poor creatures,—Sister Beatrice, the Superioress, who came from Lowell, Mass., where she had been in hospital work for years; Sister Anne, who for years had had experience in the surgical wards of the New Orleans great Charity Hospital, and Sisters Cyril and Mary Thomas. The New Orleans Picayune, describing the departure of the Sisters from that city said: "Bound for the leper land!—There was a pause in the busy rush on the levee, men gathered in hushed groups on the river bank and every hat was doffed as four dark robed women made their way through the expectant throng to the landing of the steamer Paul Tulane. Who were they? Ah! who can tell the identity of the Sisters of Charity, those sweet, soft-voiced women who move along the rough paths of the world, making no louder noise than the rustle of an angel's wings, with the light of Heaven in their eyes and the touch of the unseen world in their gentle hands * * * * * It was the sunset hour, the last rays lit up with an aureole of splendor the big ships lying at their moorings, as the little group of nuns swiftly stepped over the planking of the Paul Tulane, and again were heard in hushed whispers the words which sealed their fate. "They are bound for leper-land" * * * * And then the gong sounded, the last bell was rung, the ropes were hauled in; and the steamer started towards its destination. With uncovered heads, silently, reverently, the men ashore looked upward at the little band of Sisters of Charity. They stood on the deck waving their handkerchiefs smilingly at their sister group, who looked



A LEPER FOUND DEAD. ONE OF THE SUFFERERS WHO WERE HOMELESS BEFORE THE SISTERS CAME.

Members of this Order have lately been turned out of the Mayaguez Hospital and Infirmary by an edict of the town council of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, composed chiefly of Free-thinkers. Lay nurses have been installed in their places.

with prayerful hearts, perhaps for the last time, upon their retreating figures. Then a waving of hats and handkerchiefs went up from the men. It was something of the tribute that a hero receives when he goes forth with deathless courage to battle to the end and wrest victory in a cause that is all but lost. And were they not heroines, those women who were going forth to battle in a hopeless land? And the evening Angelus rang while far in the west gleamed the last lingering ray of the setting sun. It rested like a parting benediction on the little band of Sisters of Charity and the last glimpse of them was the smile on their faces as they turned their eyes toward the leper-land."

Last fall the five years' lease of the location expired, but it was renewed for another year and at present writing it is understood that the State has decided to give the Board the $40,000 it has recently asked for to enable it to build a leper hospital, and the Board hopes to have the home ready by next November when the temporary lease expires. The new home is to be attractive and can not but be more so than the present quarters, an old ruined plantation residence, and the cabins and hovels formerly occupied by the slaves of ante-bellum days. It will not be far from New Orleans, so that the home can have the benefit of an expert leprologist, possibly Dr. Dyer, and will be on the railroad as

ONE OF THE CABINS.

THE CHAPEL.

well as on the river, with a large frontage on the latter, so that the lazaretto will be practically without neighbors. Of course the purchase of property will have to be made quietly, as holders of adjoining property would leave no stone unturned to frustrate the movement. In addition to the experience and care of an expert physician, the Board will likely separate the lepers, not only as to race and sex, but as to conditions of the disease. Up to the present time, on account of poor accommodations, it was impossible to separate the patients, except as to sex. It is hoped that the purchase of the necessary land will leave the Board ample funds to erect ten or twelve cottages, in each of which will be placed lepers in different stages of the disease. Then an effort will be made to enforce the State law which requires the sheriffs of the different parishes (counties) to see that all lepers are sent to the State Home.

A leper home or lazaretto is a fearful place at best, and it is a rare privilege to be granted a visit to one. Last winter, the writer armed with the proper letters of introduction from both civil and ecclesiastical authority, obtained through the courtesy of Dr. Dyer of New Orleans, took a train from the Crescent City one morning, on the Texas and Pacific R. R., and, after a dreary journey of four hours through sugar and rice plantations, hundreds of acres of which were submerged in water due to recent heavy rains: passing negro cabins and hovels; and little station houses built on piling, and fringed by a motley group of negro boys and men, was finally landed at the little lumber vil-

lage of White Castle, La. Every courtesy was shown to me by the people there when my mission was made known, and amid a medley and babel of voices ejaculating in Creole French and broken English, a merchant, who told me he was a Jew, kindly led the way through muddy streets down to the levee, where he informed me I could be ferried over to the other side of the turgid and raging Mississippi. On the top of the levee, tied to a post, was an old-fashioned dinner horn, one blast of which brought a hearty response in unmistakable African accent from across the tawny river. Soon shot out from the opposite bank a frail-looking skiff and as it neared my side of the river I saw an aged colored man bravely bending to the oars. A climb down the muddy bank, leaping from mud pile to mud pile,— looking like Alpine rocks, but when touched by the foot softly yielding to the slightest pressure,— soon landed me in the little boat. The wind was quite brisk, the waves tossing themselves into miniature white caps and dashing with violence against the frail bark, tossing spray over us, made the journey anything but comfortable; but assured by my dusky boatman, "Uncle Rome," that "dar was no danger," we finally reached in safety the desired shore. My boatman was a typical ante-bellum darkey, suave, deferential and courteous, his gray and woolly hair, both of face and head, made me

ENTRANCE TO LEPERS' HOME.

think of an illustration in Miss Howard Weeden's "Shadows on the Wall," and his name but added to the remembrance of her lines on "The Old Boatman—Uncle Rome."

" I changed my name, when I got free,
To 'Mister', like de res',
But now dat I am goin' Home,
I likes de ol' name bes'.

" Sweet voices callin' 'Uncle Rome',
Seem ringin' in my ears;
An' swearin' sort o' sociable,
Ol' Master's voice I hears,

" De way he used to call his boat,
Across de river: 'Rome!
You damn ol' nigger, come and bring
Dat boat an' row me home!'

" He's passed Heaven's River now, an' soon
He'll call across its foam:
' You, Rome, you damn ol' nigger, loose
Your boat an' Come Home!' "

Soon I set out for the Leper's Home a mile down the river. The path was along the top of the levee; below on one side lay the fields wild with decayed and decaying vegetation; on the other side the boiling, muddy waters of America's great river. The scene was an awe inspiring one; the last echo of the old darkey's "good bye, Massa," had sounded in my ears, all else was as quiet as midnight. No sign of human anywhere, no step of animal or man, no footprint on the path, for it led to the Leper's Home, and thither goes only a rare visitor, for the place is shunned by all. The river packet now and then makes a hasty landing, puts off freight for the Leper's Home, and is soon lost to view. No one disputed my steps until there broke on my vision the old white house—in neighborhood parlance, "White Castle"—in which the Sisters of Charity live, an old planter's home about which cluster many weird tales of orgies and drinking bouts and great gambling bets in days long gone by. And then on the bank appeared an aged horse,one, no doubt turned loose to die, that had wandered into this solitude. He whinnied as if in alarm at seeing a stranger, and broke into a gallop and ran away as if another leper was to be added to the Home. A few more steps, and climbing down the steep levee I at last caught a full view of Louisiana's Lazaretto, which no pen can describe and no eyes once seeing can ever forget. The State has cast the lepers into the care of these daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, and until recently did but little to keep the home in repair. No sign of human was about, but a loud rap on the door of the lower floor soon brought a kindly-faced Sister, who said: "In the name of God, you are welcome." The old mansion was once the pride of the lower Mississippi, and its owner lavished thousands upon it and its surroundings; but it was deserted in the days following the Civil War, and time has left the mark of its ravages upon it. For years it was avoided on account of unsavory rumors clinging to it. When the Sisters took charge of it, one of the upper rooms, from which all the stucco work and plastering had fallen, was literally crowded with snakes intertwined and hanging from the broken laths. From its upper veranda one can plainly distinguish the faces of passengers on the steamers passing up and down the great river, yellow with the sand and soil that it boils and dilutes till the surface of the water looks like the tawny mane of the roaring lion.

Soon Sister Beatrice, Sister Superioress, appeared and we found ourselves at once on a common footing recalling reminiscences of the old Bay State. She led me to the little chapel and after a short visit to the Blessed

Sacrament, we started to see the lepers, who are housed in the little cabins formerly occupied by the slaves of the plantation. Thirty lepers we saw, "stubs and butts of humanity," as Robert Louis Stevenson once called them, boys and girls, men and women, white and black, young and old. They are very sensitive and do not like to be questioned, but being assured by the Sister that I came as a friend, long ago interested in their sufferings, it was not long until I had their confidence and they gathered about me like a happy crowd of school children. What was my amazement to notice one man with a G. A. R. pin on his coat, an old soldier, who said he had been one of Sherman's drummers, and after the war remained in the South and contracted the disease, and now what shot and shell had not accomplished, leprosy was slowly doing for him. My first intention had been to return to the city by the evening train, but the evening shadows were falling athwart the lepers' chapel ere I noticed the late hour, and at the earnest solicitation of all I consented to remain over night and accept their hospitality. Soon I was given an impromptu serenade by the boys' orchestra of five, and was forced to give them a little speech. It was the strangest audience mortal man could address,—four white-capped Sisters of Charity and thirty of God's afflicted lepers in every form and shape and type of the awful disease. Their disconsolate looking eyes, telling of hearts long strangers to hope, still pierce my soul, seeming to cry out, "Oh! Stranger from the great world, have you no gleam of joy to offer us?"

Night soon fell and silence reigned about the lazaretto; the excitement of a visitor had tired these poor children of God, and soon naught was heard as I fell asleep except the lapping of the waves of the mighty river against the banks of the levee. Morning broke and brought a day like an April day in the north, calm, balmy and invigorating. My steps were turned to the little chapel where soon gathered the Sisters and their patients, and a lady, whom I promised faithfully not to mention by name, who voluntarily followed the Sisters into this exile, as Maj. Joseph Dutton did Father Damien into the leper isle of Molokai:

"A land where exiles ne'er cease mourning,
Where rank disease doth hold foul sway;
A land from which there's no returning,
The lovely isle of Molokai."

This lady comes of good family, but for the love of God and the souls of the lepers has gone to this spot to give her life if need be in assisting the Sisters in this great work of God—inspired charity. The little chapel, perhaps forty by twenty feet, was soon the scene of a picture never to be forgotten once painted on memory's camera. The door was open and through the windows came the balmy air with the hum and echo of insect life, and naught else was heard but the whispered words of the priest offering up the clean oblation of the New Law for these children of God, whom the Old Law named "Unclean—Unclean." Mass finished, a little instruction was given by the priest, and then, as it was Friday, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. The acolyte a leper boy, whose face was a thing of pity and horror, his hands encased in gloves, moved about the sanctuary like one of God's noblemen. Benediction over, the little choir of lepers sang, "Nearer, my God to Thee," and though the voices were broken by the harsh throats afflicted

with this inscrutable curse, never did the hymn have such a meaning to me, as I listened to the plaintive wailing of these afflicted ones, beseeching their God. "Yes, nearer; O God, nearer to Thee, draw these Thy children!" was my prayer, and I confess I did not try to restrain my tears.

The boys, after leaving the chapel, expressed a hope that soon a boat might appear as they were anxious to show me one of their diversions and amusements which the Sisters had planned. Near the levee and in sight of the cabins a large platform had been erected, and above it a tall flag-staff was supported, and when the boats passed up or down the river all the lepers able to do so mounted this platform and the boys on the approach of the steamers raised aloft the Stars and Stripes, the pilots saluted by three prolonged whistles from the boat, and all the lepers cheered and waved their hands. No pilot will pass without doing so, they all know the spot, and to their credit be it said never fail to answer the signal of the lepers. Ere long, I had the pleasure of witnessing the sight and hearing the shouts of the lepers, to whom this, occurring as it does many times during the day, never fails to be a source of diversion and amusement.

The time had come for me to say good-bye; the orchestra was called together on the veranda of the cabins; grouped around were all the lepers, one old colored auntie all smiles, waiting for the music, and below the steps were the Sisters. Just at this moment a leper girl stepped up to me and with all the courtesy of a born dame, handed me a little bunch of violets plucked from the dewy grass and tied with a white slip of ribbon, thanking me for my visit. The music started and my tears too, for no eloquence of human tongue could answer the kindly act of that leprous child. "Yankee Doodle" was played for my special benefit, as one said, I was "a sure enough Yank," and now all I could say or do was, "God bless you all and may we meet in Heaven," and raising my hat I left the lepers to God's tender mercy, and the care of the Daughters of Charity. The last echo I heard was the old colored auntie's words, "God bless you for coming, but I'se sorry you'se gwine so soon." A visitor is a blessing to them, for so few are they that for days and weeks every word of a visitor is cherished and repeated.

Soon I bid farewell to the Sisters and was en route across the river where I called on Dr. Pierce, the physician who visits the home once a week. With the doctor I called on Colonel Bowie, a lumber merchant, doing business on a large scale, who has interested himself in the lepers and, though not a Catholic, is a great friend of the Sisters. He informed me that one of his daughters was married to a son of Father Brennan, the well-known missionary priest of Texas. The Colonel is a genial type of the Southern gentleman, and told me he knew Father Brennan for years. Father Brennan was a Confederate soldier. After the war he studied law, became mayor of his town, and his wife dying studied for the priesthood, and is now one of the best known priests in Texas, devoting much of his time to giving missions to non-Catholics. With a hasty good-bye to these genial gentlemen, I boarded a train for the Crescent City, but I can never leave behind me the memory of the visit to Louisiana's Lazaretto.

BOSCOBEL.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER VII — Con'd.

Madame Paget was full of sympathy. The subtler troubles of life she could not understand; the loss of money, to her, seemed the greatest of misfortunes.

"Poor child," she said with deep commiseration in her tone. "Poor child, you will not care to go to Betty Barrington's now?"

"And why not?" asked Katherine, taking her hat from her maid who was in attendance. "I see no good in staying here."

Madame Paget made no further objection but followed her niece's lead obediently. The trunks were packed and were already strapped upon the coach, the horses were impatient to be gone. Katherine stopped to bid Lady Dunmore and her daughters a ceremonious good bye. It was plain that they had not heard the news. Promising to return in a few weeks the girl took her place in the carriage beside her aunt and ordered the coachman to drive on.

Down the long avenue they went at break-neck speed—the postillions galloping behind—out upon the Duke of Gloucester Street, past the college grounds where the statue of Lord Botetourt stood, white and immovable, beneath the pelting rays of a summer's sun,—faster and faster—until the town was left behind, and then the horses settled down into a steady gait better suited for the rough roads through the forest.

Throughout the journey Katherine sat pale and silent while her aunt chattered and croaked to her heart's content. To see her niece in such a melancholy frame of mind alarmed but did not exactly displease her. It was very wearisome traveling so far and Madame Paget's point of view was never cheerful. Katherine experienced a sense of relief when the old lady fell asleep for her gentle snoring was more soothing than her condolences.

She slumbered on for some hours while Katherine, like many another confronted by a new grief, tried to convince herself of the unreality of her sorrow by enjoying the brightness of the sunlight, the perfume of the woods, the companionship of birds, the glory of the sky that seem the same as they were yesterday and comfort us by their unconsciousness of gloom.

It was late in the afternoon when the coach reached its destination. Poor little Betty was ill in bed with a fever. When she saw Katherine she stretched out her arms to her and cried, "I am so glad—so glad that you have come, for my brother is not here."

She did not realize that in her welcome she had confessed her jealousy, but Katherine did not like her any less for the admission. She knelt down by the bed, and, kissing the throbbing temples, listened while Betty poured into her sympathetic ear the story of the loss of Boscobel.

But before she was half through, Aunt Paget, who had had some ex-

perience with sick people, commanded her to stop and tell the rest another day and indeed it was a wise precaution, for Betty's eyes were shining with excitement and her small, white hands were trembling, and her fever rose that night and for hours she tossed upon her pillows in wild delirium.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PROMISE.

In the morning Betty was no better, and Katherine said that she thought Barrington ought to know of her condition, but Betty pleaded with them not to bring her brother from the palace for he had work to do. So, fearing not to humor her, they recalled the messenger.

That night was but the beginning of a protracted illness and for a long time they feared for Betty's life. The doctor, who came all the way from Williamsburg, stayed three days and applied all the remedies he knew, but she did not improve under his treatment, so he called a colleague in consultation and they bled poor little Betty until her face was as white as the pillow on which it rested, and Katherine interfered.

Madame Paget, feeling herself indispensable, rose to the occasion and managed the house and servants with great executive ability, while Katherine spent all her time in the sick room. Betty clung to her with the helplessness of a child, and, whenever she was out of her sight, she cried piteously for her to return. But during all these long weeks she besought her not to tell her brother for he would worry about her, she said, and to trouble him would do no good, since he must remain at the palace, for she understood that his whole future depended upon the Royal Governor's favor. And so she sent cheerful messages to him, whenever she was able, and he would write her long letters little dreaming that Katherine would carry them for days in her pocket until her frail patient was strong enough to hear them read aloud.

One stormy afternoon Betty seemed so much weaker that Katherine, without asking any questions, sent for Barrington in haste. He came with all possible speed, his face showing the anxiety he had undergone during the journey. That night he and Katherine watched together by the sufferer's bedside ministering her medicine, listening with faint hearts to her irregular breathing, waiting, hoping, fearing until the fever burnt itself out and the crisis was past. Then Katherine fell upon her knees crying,

"Thank God! thank God it is over!" and losing her self control she began to weep hysterically so that she had to leave the room while Barrington looked after her with the expression of martyrdom in his eyes.

He remained a week with Betty, doing all he could to cheer her, but as soon as she had regained some of her former gayety and her recovery was assured he rode away, leaving a formal note of thanks for Katherine.

She read the few words and the letters looked blurred and indistinct before her. She could not understand why he should have written that which might easily have been spoken since they had met daily in the sick room. She crumpled the bit of paper in her hand as she stood by the shuttered casement staring after him as he went slowly down the road, and when he

disappeared from view she leaned heavily upon the window sill and wondered at her own weakness. The next moment her mind was distracted from herself for she saw a crowd of scarlet-coated riders and a pack of hounds break through the thick covert and cross into the wide field opposite. One rider alone was left, his horse had been lamed in jumping the last hedge, —and as he turned to enter the gate to crave the hospitality of the house, Katherine recognized him. He was Charles Barrington.

Katherine ran down stairs to greet him, for his cousin's indifference to her charms had so hurt her pride that at that time she would have welcomed anyone who was likely to give her the admiration which her heart craved and which he had denied her. If she had stopped to analyze her feelings she would have laughingly pitied her own vanity; as it was, she mistook her pleasure for a warmer impulse and her visitor beamed with happiness at her cordial manner.

"It gives me great pleasure to find you here," he said, as he mounted the porch steps, while a groom led his horse to the stables. "I had hoped and feared."

She gave him her hand, which he raised to his lips.

"I thought you feared nothing," she said archly.

"I hoped to find you here but I feared you were angry with me still." He followed her into the darkened parlor which was on one side of the hall.

"Why, you were the angry one. Have you found your—spy?" As she asked the question she was thinking how handsome he was; the scarlet coat became him well, his complexion looked ruddy and more healthful then when she saw him last. His features were far more regular than his cousin's.

He leaned back against the sofa cushions, his whole attitude expressive of rest and contentment.

"I have found you, that is all I care about."

His flattery annoyed her as soon as it was given.

"I do not like your compliments," she sighed. "Is there any further news at the palace?"

"There will be war," he said quietly.

"When?"

His thoughts were fixed on her alone. Love was dominant in his breast, all other things appeared of little moment. He believed that he had conquered her, that her scorn in the palace garden was but a bit of coquetry which she now regretted. He had no wish to talk of—war. He answered her mechanically,

"Soon," he said.

"How you provoke me," she cried impatiently. "Why do you talk in monosyllables? They have been prating of war—war—war. Why do they not act? I have been talking with Mr. Henry. I like his rash speeches. I think his judgment wiser than that of other men."

The man before her paled visibly, there was a look of unrest in his eyes.

"You have talked with Mr. Henry —Where?"

"Here, he stopped and dined with us a week or more ago. In these days Mr. Henry is everywhere, I believe. They say that Williamsburg is no place for treason-mongers, but Mr. Henry fears nothing. Lord Dun-

more has denounced him publicly."

Her visitor was plainly irritated.

"And so you regard him as a hero? Do you consider courage the greatest of all attributes?"

"I consider greatness of heart and soul and mind the highest of all attributes. Mr. Henry interests me.—I would like to talk with him again."

Barrington leaned towards her and grasped the back of the sofa as if he would crush it in his clasp.

"But you will not," he said, trying to control his voice, "you will not?"

Katherine got up and walked away from him. In her white dress she looked like some little spirit in the deep shadow of the room.

"And why not, Mr. Barrington? Is patriotism an infectious disease fatal to the strong-hearted?"

"Because he is my enemy," he cried passionately. "Because he would do all he can to injure me—because he will lie about me to the end; because —"

Her laughter interrupted him.

"You always amuse me when you grow tragic, Mr. Barrington. I have never heard Mr. Henry mention your name. You must have fought duels innumerable if you take offence so easily. The cut upon your face must indeed have been deep for I see you wear the patch upon it even now."

She added the last half tenderly, but he was not to be pacified.

"It will leave a scar which I can never forgive," he returned fiercely. "I have sworn revenge, but all is not yet accomplished."

"And never will be," she said, prophetically, "for revenge but works its own undoing. You should have nobler aims."

"Ah! Katherine," he cried, coming towards her and seizing both her hands in his. "I need someone to help me. A man is but a savage at heart. He needs a woman's influence. Will you not marry me and come to Boscobel? How long will you keep me in this state of torturing uncertainty?"

She felt the strength of her own power over him; she could seek refuge in coquetry no more. His question must be answered. Her eyes fell, her breath came in quick gasps; she wavered. For her interview with Lord Dunmore was rehearsed before her; he had told her that she must find a place for herself in life—that she was almost penniless. The future loomed up before her on one side blank and lonely and on the other—Boscobel. And the man, who offered her this, was not distasteful to her. He exerted a sort of fascination over her. Could this be love? She did not know.

"Oh! give me a little while to think," she said, pitifully pressing her hand to her head. "I—I have been under a strain for so long. Give me time to reflect," and releasing herself from his grasp she fled towards the door like a wild thing escaped from a hunter's trap. On the threshold she encountered Madame Paget, who had puffed down the stairs to tell her that Betty was calling for her. The old lady was surprised and delighted to see their visitor and she begged him to stay to tea, insisting that his cousin Betty bore him no grudge for accepting what rightfully belonged to him. The visitor was easily persuaded and, while Katherine went to attend to Betty's wants, Madame Paget settled herself in the most comfortable chair and

prepared to make herself as entertaining as she knew how.

She had liked this handsome stranger from the first because he listened with such respect to all she had to say, and as she had many opinions and strong prejudices she preferred silence to speech in her presence. She cared little for the individuality of any one. All she wanted was an audience. This afternoon her auditor was tired out with much riding and so he went to sleep after the first hour's tête-à-tête, but he sat with his back to the window so the old lady was not aware of his insensible condition, but chattered on as contentedly as before.

When Betty heard that her cousin was down stairs she dispatched one of the servants with a note, written by her own hand, beseeching him to remain a week at least. Katherine, when she heard of it, was alarmed for her patient's health, thinking that she was wandering in delirium again. But later on she understood the meaning of this hospitality, for Betty was not well versed in the art of deceit and it was plain she did not hate this handsome cousin who had inherited her home. For in the last days she had spent at Boscobel she had seen much of her new found relative as he had come, at her brother's invitation, to look over the estate so that he might acquaint himself with every detail in the management of the plantation.

And during his last visit he had shown himself most kind to Betty insisting upon her taking everything that she most treasured in the house. He had given her the coach, her favorite hounds and her favorite slaves and he would have presented her with much more if her brother had not objected.

And once or twice, when he met her in the hallway, he had paid her compliments which Betty remembered for days and she would smile at herself in the mirror well pleased with her own reflection since he, who had known so many fine ladies, had noticed its pink prettiness.

And now, that he had come to her new home he continued his kindness to his little hostess, carrying her up and down the stairs when she was too weak to walk, reading to her by the hour, playing games with her and riding far to bring her fruit and flowers, and Katherine, seeing Betty's admiration for him, began to view him with her eyes. In many a love affair another woman wields more influence than the man.

It was not jealousy with Katherine that she began to have a better liking for their visitor because she suspected that Betty wanted him, but in spite of this vague feeling she had a generous spirit and she left the two cousins much alone until Barrington remonstrated and renewed his suit so fervently that Katherine, acting half on impulse, promised to marry him a year from that day. And so Charles Barrington, self satisfied, rode away to Boscobel with the light of conquest in his eyes.

Betty knew nothing of what had happened, but she saw her cousin go with regret. She was conscious that he cared nothing for her. Young as she was, she was woman enough to know that,—but she hoped that it might not always be so and that he would come back to her. Katherine read her thoughts and animated by a desire to atone in some way for having won the love of the Master of Boscobel she suggested that Betty go with them to the palace trusting that the red-

coated officers would distract the little country maid's mind and detach her heart from its first unfortunate affection.

As her health returned, Betty's enthusiasm and natural gayety grew apace. She was rejoiced at the prospect of going to the Governor's palace and she could talk of nothing else, but it would be a long time before she could travel, so she told her brother nothing of her plans for she wanted to surprise him. Lady Dunmore, at Katherine's request, had sent Betty an invitation asking her to remain indefinitely. This kindly mark of royal favor did much to hasten Betty's recovery and at last one day they brushed the dust and cobwebs from Madame Paget's shabby coach and off they set for Williamsburg, an ill-assorted trio.

Katherine had been very silent of late. Her mind and heart were troubled by the promise she had made. There was no one in the world, except Father Devereaux, in whom she felt she could confide and he was far away. Sometimes the thought of a life spent with Charles Barrington was intolerable to her. She could not rid herself of a vague distrust; there was something sinister in his manner. Away from him she felt all these things, but when he came he fascinated her for the reason that she could not understand him. His love for her seemed all that she could ask and yet at times she feared him for he looked as if he were capable of any cruelty. She had seen him but twice since she had pledged herself to him and on both occasions he had begged her to advance the date for their marriage but she had listened unmoved to his entreaties.

"I cannot," she said and her tone craved pity. "I cannot." And with that he had to be content.

This morning she huddled in one corner of the carriage and wondered how Betty or anyone else in the world could be gay. She tried to be interested when her little friend pointed out a bit of landscape that claimed her admiration, but the words were uttered with an effort. A mist seemed to have settled over the sun and the woods looked sombre and grey.

As they entered Williamsburg the coach was stopped; the outriders cowered close to the windows, and the driver's voice was heard in angry expostulation. Katherine roused herself and opening a crack in the door she peered out.

The Duke of Gloucester Street was crowded. There were men in dusty, small clothes, and wigs awry; women with their silken petticoats dragging in the mud stood by their sons and husbands with an expression of dread in their eyes; farmers had come from the neighboring fields with their reaping hooks poised dangerously upon their shoulders, and market people wedged their way into the group while their forgotten wares wilted in the baskets they carried on their heads. Children clung to their mothers' skirts and screamed in terror, while the slaves, taking advantage of the unusual excitement, stole away from their work and joined their masters unreproved. And from this throng there came a low murmuring, like distant thunder, a threatening sound that boded some ill-fortune.

"Oh! what is the matter?" cried Katherine, seizing a young girl by her flowing sleeve. "What has happened?"

"Why, don't you know? Lord

Dunmore sent some marines to take the powder from the Old Magazine last night."

"Why, what for?"

"You may well ask," said a rough man, who stood near by and heard her question. "He will rue this day. Did the powder belong to him?"

"No! no!" came the cry from a hundred voices.

"Did the powder belong to the king?" continued the man raising his voice so that all might heed. "Did the powder belong to the king I ask? Have we no rights against robbers? The powder belonged to the colony. Where is it now? They have taken it to the Magdalen man-of-war lying in James River. When her guns are turned against us—we stand unprotected."

A mutter of rage followed this speech, then an old man more pacific than the rest cried,

"Wait for the decision of the council."

"Oh! I beg of you to let us pass," said Katherine, addressing a gentlemanly-looking person on horse back, who seemed calmer than the rest of the crowd. "Can you not make way for us to pass. My aunt has fainted —can you not make way?"

And the man, who was on a level with the coach windows, seeing Madame Paget white and unconscious upon the terrified Betty's shoulders, rode directly into the crowd saying,

"Make way there,—a lady has fainted. Let her pass." And with a word of warning here, a jest there, a smile for all, he parted the people on either side and the coach rolled through the gap he had made straight on to the gates of the palace.

CHAPTER IX.

TO ARMS.

At the entrance of the avenue they were met by Thomas Barrington and some of the royal officers bearing arms.

"Good God!" he cried, when he saw the inmates of the coach, "What brings you here at such a time?"

"Help me with Betty and Aunt Paget," said Katherine, her lips set, her hands trembling, "they have fainted, and tell Lord Dunmore to make ready to defend the palace for the mob is coming here."

She was dimly conscious of a sense of rest in having his strength to lean upon. She saw him turn and give some orders to the men, and then she was hurried into the palace where Lady Dunmore's physician came pompously down the stairs to attend to Betty and Madame Paget, thus relieving her of further responsibility.

Tired, terror-stricken and not knowing what to do next she stopped for a moment in the long drawing room and sat down to recover herself. The place was plainly in a state of defence. Rows of muskets lay upon the floor to arm the household in case of attack.

Alarmed by these ominous preparations for war, she went to find Betty, determined that if she could keep it from her, her protege should know nothing of the danger that surrounded them.

The ladies were up-stairs. Lady Dunmore and her daughters, animated half by hospitality and half by fright, fluttered around their guests, besieging them with endless questions.

The accounts of the travelers varied. Madame Paget said that a mil-

lion men had stopped the coach and threatened them with swords and pistols, and Betty, on recovering from her faint, fell to weeping and praying with such violence that her hysteria effected the other ladies present. Katherine arrived in the midst of it and finding that she had no power to calm this tearful chorus she left the room and climbing a spiral staircase leading to the highest gable she looked out to see if the threatening mob was approaching.

A guard was pacing the linden-bordered avenue that led to the iron gates, but the crowd on the street was almost hidden by the intervening trees. There had been no movement made toward the palace, and Katherine breathed a sigh of relief, for, though the excitement of danger stimulated her to action, she had no desire to face it.

She was on the point of retracing her steps when she heard someone approaching, and, knowing that the staircase was too narrow to admit of two passing, she waited thinking that Betty had followed her. She drew back startled and a trifle confused when she saw Thomas Barrington with his gun in his hands.

"I—I did not know you were here," he began, half apologetically. "I am sorry to disturb you, I have come to watch those men in the street, and to give the alarm if they turn towards the palace. But I think the danger is averted for the people have sent a deputation to the Governor, and his reply was peaceful. He told them that he had removed the powder because of a report that the slaves were rising in a neighboring county, but if the people of Williamsburg desired it he would have it returned in half an hour."

"I do not believe it," cried Katherine, her eyes blazing, "I heard him say that he would proclaim freedom to the slaves and lay Williamsburg in ashes."

"It were wiser not to repeat that," he said, warningly, "until we can send you and the other ladies to Yorktown where you can take refuge on the man-of-war. The Governor is mistaken when he says he can raise a body of negroes and Indians, and with a few troops reduce the people to a state of obedience. They will not listen to him now. I do not trust them, and so I came to watch that mob."

"And I came to watch too, but the crowd stands immovable—I—I think I'll go to Betty."

"I wish you would stay here." He stopped himself and looked straight out of the window as if he had said more than he had intended.

"Stay here," she repeated, wondering at his words. "Is there danger below?"

"There is more danger for me here," he replied, "danger that I shall break the resolution I have made, but stay a moment. I would like to show you that I am not ungrateful for your kindness."

Katherine interrupted him. "Your note performed that purpose," she said wearily.

"And I wrote because I dared not speak," he said. His voice shook. "But now I may tell you, now that there is danger of death for all who stand by the King."

"Danger of death," she echoed, and there was a frightened look in her

eyes. "Does—does this mean war?" She rested one elbow heavily upon the window sill and shuddered at sight of the distant crowd.

"War if I had the power," he cried, choosing to twist her words into a personal question, "but I have nothing to offer you now, the poor are weak. You have promised to marry my cousin. I trust he has another character to show to the woman who loves him for I confess he is a man not much to my liking. I believe his mother was low born, for he has not the instincts of a gentleman; his manner is too studied and suits him but ill. But I am prejudiced. God knows, I have no right to talk of him thus, the world is big enough for him and me—I am but a blunt man, Mistress Murray, and that day at Boscobel we spoke our minds so freely."

"It—it seems so long ago," she said, "and—and I have promised to marry your cousin."

"And you do not love him?" he cried, coming close to her with a storm of pent up passion in his tone, "you do not love him?"

"You have no right to question me," she gasped, burying her face in her hands, "I have promised—I have promised. Is that not enough?" And before he had time to say more she had swept past him and he heard her retreating footsteps on the stairs.

* * * * * *

The next morning Lady Dunmore and her daughters, with all their baggage, were hurried off to Yorktown. Katherine refused to go. She told Lord Dunmore of her engagement to Charles Barrington; she said she had no intention of returning to England. She would remain with her aunt until her marriage.

Betty had gone to the home of one of her relatives in Williamsburg, and Katherine and Madame Paget were invited to stay with her until they could ascertain whether the roads would be safe to travel.

Katherine had passed a restless day for before leaving the palace she had accidently over-heard Lord Dunmore give an order which might bring desolation and despair to Williamsburg, and she, who had obtained this piece of information, was uncertain how to use it. If it were once known that Lord Dunmore was about to send a messenger to arouse the Indians she dreaded the wrath of the colonists. She was solicitous about Lady Dunmore, who had been most kind to her, and she wanted her and her daughters to escape in safety, and so she determined to wait and be silent until the ladies were well on their way to Yorktown. But as the twilight fell, she felt that the time had come for her to act. She did not know to whom to turn for guidance, for she was a stranger in the capital, and her interests were supposed to lie with the King. Who would credit her report? Who would listen patiently to so improbable a story?

She had heard and read much of Indian warfare. She pictured the slaughter of helpless women and children; she saw the town in flames; she heard the wild war whoop of the savage, and the shrieks of the dying. Her blood froze in her veins, and she seemed incapable of thought or action.

Betty recalled her to herself by beginning to prattle, as was her habit,

about her brother's perfections. Katherine gave little heed to what she was saying, but it suddenly occurred to her that she could tell Thomas Barrington all. He would argue with Lord Dunmore, and if protestations proved of no avail he would stop the messenger by force. She left Betty and going out upon the porch she began to pace up and down, too anxious to rest. She remembered that Barrington had told Betty that he would come to her that day. What was detaining him?

The dusk was changing into dark, the clouds hung loweringly upon the horizon, the rising moon was obscured. Where was Barrington? Could he have come and gone by the side entrance of the house while she guarded the front door? She would have to turn to some one else if he did not hasten. Then the sound of horses' hoofs came nearer, but instead of the one whom she hoped to see, Charles Barrington galloped up the narrow road-way.

Could she trust him to stop the messenger? Would he share her fears?—Would he be willing to go himself upon so dangerous an undertaking?

Doubtful, and striving to hide her excitement, Katherine greeted him indifferently.

"How did you know I was here?" she said.

"I was told," he answered, letting his horse loose to graze upon the lawn. "The people of Williamsburg are keeping a close watch upon the palace. Lord Dunmore is terrified in spite of all his boasting. Your wishes are to come true. We shall have war."

The words brought back to her the scene of yesterday; for the moment her present anxiety was forgotten. She was again standing at the head of the turret stairs and Thomas Barrington was beside her and he loved her—she knew it now—and she had promised to marry this man she did not love, this man who was wondering at her silence.

"Oh, I wish it were all over!" she cried, feeling that she must make some reply.

"Before it begins?" he laughed, unpleasantly. I thought you were an advocate of war."

"No, no, to die is a dreadful thing."

His vanity was fired. In his conceit he thought she feared for his safety.

"But, Katherine, I can remain neutral," he said, trying to take possession of her hand.

"And avoid all danger?" she asked, her face flushing. "I fancy the part would be much to your liking."

"Katherine!" the word was one of tender reproach.

"Forgive me," she said, regretting her hasty speech. "Forgive me. I fear I am in a quarrelsome humor, but I have something on my mind which I think I ought to tell you. And yet I do not know—I do not know." She looked towards the palace with dull, expressionless eyes.

"I have experienced your ill humor before," he replied, flicking the dust off his boots with the end of his riding whip. "You have treated me with scant courtesy of late. I do not know the reason for this change."

"And did you expect me to be always reasonable?" she said, softly.

"I thought you were too wise for that."

Again his vanity was flattered, but her answer did not satisfy him.

"Why will you not marry me tomorrow—tonight? You have no place to go, now that Lady Dunmore has left the palace—"

She interrupted him, "I am going to Aunt Paget's home."

"But the roads are not safe to travel. Why will you not come with me to Boscobel? Why postpone our wedding day? The parson of Bruton church will marry us. Will you come?"

"I can not," she cried, retreating from him and the dull look in her eyes gave way to one of terror. "I can not."

"And why not?" he asked, scowling down upon her.

"The year is not yet up. I am free—free for the year."

"And is the freedom of a pauper so pleasant? I never found it so."

His words stung her. "I would I were a man," she cried, "a woman is so weak—so weak."

He seemed to realize that he had gone too far. "A man!" he laughed, "you are more obstinate than one. What would you do if you were a man?"

"I would never marry a woman whose heart I could not win," she said, meaningly. "I would fight for a cause I believed to be just until my breath failed."

He ignored the first part of her remark, taking umbrage at her implied accusation of cowardice.

"There has been no call to arms," he said.

"Mr. Henry has called a Committee of Safety at Hanover," she said, excitedly, "the whole country is rising. Lord Dunmore has placed cannon in front of the palace, and—and he is going to send a messenger to rouse the Indians—the messenger starts tonight."

She could see that the man before her understood the grave importance of her words.

"Who is the messenger?"

"I do not know. You must find that out and stop him—stop him before it is too late."

She blamed herself for having hesitated before confiding in him. The hour was late, every moment was precious. "He starts at six o'clock," she added. "You must make haste."

"But it is after that time now."

"He rides towards the Ohio, you can overtake him if you go now. If you wait it may be too late—Will you go?" she cried imploringly. "Will you go?"

"Now?"

"Yes, yes, there is no time to lose."

"Then I will go," he said, animated more by a desire to become a hero in her eyes than by any feeling of loyalty to the land of his adoption. "It is a dangerous undertaking. I can better accomplish it alone.'"

"Mr. Henry is at an ordinary somewhere near here," she said, vaguely. "He will give you men that can be trusted."

The suggestion angered him. "I will never go to Mr. Henry," he cried.

Katherine wondered at his hatred. "You should lay aside all personal animosity," she said.

"I do not need his assistance nor that of his men. I will go alone. I shall return before morning with the message. Good bye."

His confidence in himself won the

girl's admiration. She looked at him as he stood in the shadow of the porch and his great size made her sure of his victory. She rested on his strength and courage. Why had she doubted him?

He stooped to kiss her at parting, but she eluded him, and going into the house she bade him God speed, through the window, and stood watching him as he mounted his horse and rode away. Then for a long time she remained motionless with her eyes fixed upon the path he had just passed over. She thought of the risks that lay in his way, of the dangers he might encounter, and yet she felt no tremor for his safety.

At last she went slowly up the stairs to her own room, and there she found Betty lying on her high four poster, with her head buried in the pillows.

"What has happened?" said Katherine, wearily flinging herself on the bed beside her friend. "Tell me Betty, dear, what has happened?"

"My brother has gone," she sobbed. "He has gone on a long journey away off. I know not where. He came this afternoon to bid me good bye."

"Then why did I not see him? I have been on the porch for two hours at least."

"But he came in the side door; he was in a great hurry. He kissed me and the next minute he was gone. Oh! I fear it is a mission of danger, for he could tell me nothing."

Katherine sat bolt upright on the bed.

"He could tell you nothing? Why not?"

"I do not know," cried poor little Betty. "I do not know. Oh! Katherine, Katherine, if he is killed I will have no one left to love me."

"Think!" commanded Katherine fiercely, "Think, Betty! Are you sure he told you nothing more?"

"He was carrying a letter," moaned Betty, from among the pillows. "I asked him what was in it. He said he did not know."

And then the truth flashed across Katherine's mind. A steel band seemed to tighten about her temples. She leaned half fainting against the bed post. She knew why Barrington had gone, and whither he was bound; she knew too, why he had been chosen as a messenger, for he could pass unnoticed where the King's officers would be suspected. She felt sure that Lord Dunmore had purposely kept him in ignorance of the contents of the letter; he was but a "go-between" from the Royal Governor to one of his unscrupulous agents in the West. And she had sent some one to arrest him. Arrest—it would mean something more—it would mean murder, for the messenger, when overtaken, would have no warning of his danger. Charles Barrington would show no mercy to his cousin, he would strike the first blow and stand prepared to defend himself if that first blow did not prove fatal. In her terror she screamed aloud.

CHAPTER X.

KATHERINE'S PURSUIT.

"What is the matter," cried Betty, diverted for the moment from her grief. "What is the matter?"

"Why—why did you let him go?" demanded Katherine, wrathful in her despair. "Oh! Betty, why did you let him go?"

"I could not help it, Katherine. It is not like you to blame me for what I could not help."

"Oh! Betty, child, I know not what

I say. It is myself I blame, no other." She tottered to her feet and groped her way to the door. "I must go out —I may not return until late."

"Where?" asked Betty, alarmed to see the one, whose fortitude she had relied upon in such a state of weakness.

"I cannot tell you, Betty. Be quiet. Do not let anyone know I have gone. I will return as soon as possible."

She shut the door upon Betty's importunings, and went into her own room. The necessity for action calmed her. She took down her hat and riding cloak, and putting them on she went hurriedly down the stairs, fearful lest she should meet Madame Paget or some of the other inmates of the house who might question her. But the family had assembled in the long parlor and the doors were closed. She could hear the low notes of a harpsichord. Some one was singing "Lovely Peggy," but the song was too gay to suit the hour, and the singer's heart was not in the words. A gloom rested over Williamsburg which no music could dispel; this effort at cheerfulness sounded like a mockery. Katherine passed through the hall unobserved, and continued on her way to the stables to find John, the coachman, whom she knew she could trust. Her mind was clearer now and her plans were quickly made. She must overtake Charles Barrington, and persuade him to return with her. She did not doubt her own power, for he would excuse her action believing that her love for him had prompted her, and while he rode back with her to Williamsburg she would send John on with a message to Thomas Barrington, couched in such words as would make Lord Dunmore's perfidy apparent. For Betty's brother must be saved. The scent of blood was in the air. Katherine trembled at the shadow of the fence rail. She must not start at shadows, she must be strong —strong to think and act. A man's life depended upon her—the life of the man she loved, for she was willing to confess it now—now when it might be too late. She ran across the kitchen garden, past the quarters of the slaves, to the stables. She found John asleep on the hay, and roused him with an effort. He stumbled sleepily to his feet. She told him to saddle two horses and to come with her as quickly as he could, and amazed but obedient he turned to do her bidding while she watched him and urged him to hasten.

The light from the old stable lantern glimmered down upon her, but the shadow of the rafters hid the fear on her face. She bit her lips until the blood came. John had never been so slow before. As she leaned against the rough wooden stall, her head felt strangely light and dizzy. She must get out into the fresh air,—her courage must not fail her now.

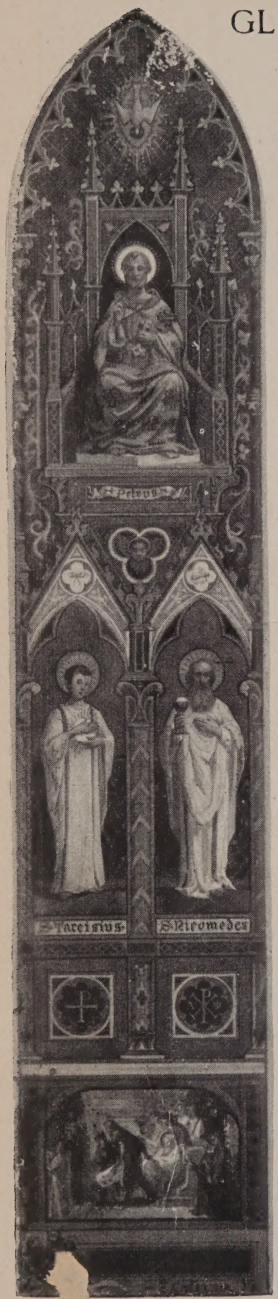
(To be continued.)

THE TWO SISTERS.

GLIMPSES OF CHARITABLE ROME.

LADIES' ALTAR WORK.

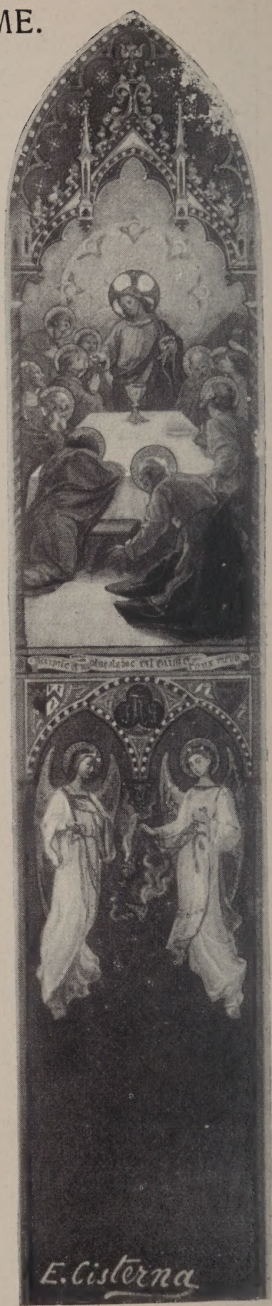
BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.



FRESCOES IN APSE OF

There is an atmosphere of charity in Rome;—borrowed perhaps from such saints of charity as St. Frances of Rome and St. Philip Neri;—and possibly in few places is more done for the poor, though indeed suffering, want and misery of every kind are great. After the complete change which came over the city in 1870, when Rome's population rapidly increased by additions from all parts, people flocked to the new capital of United Italy in the hope of finding prosperity and employment, the old charities which had sufficed for the needs of the people under the papal rule became necessarily insufficient. In addition to this many of the monasteries and convents, that had "fed the hungry and cared for the friendless," were disbanded and deprived of their revenues, leaving the Religious themselves not only poor but often actually in want. Then came the building craze with its subsequent failures and wave of financial depression, which fell, as usual, heaviest on the poor, the people being packed into the damp and wretchedly built houses that arose in all the new quarters. There was instant necessity for assistance, temporal and spiritual, in parts and suburbs of Rome hitherto unbuilt. Now much talk is heard, on the part of "enlightened" strangers, of "indiscriminate charity," "too much almsgiving;" or else its opposite "not enough done for the poor."

It is indeed hard to satisfy everyone.



CHURCH OF CORPUS DOMINI, ROME.

But if these unthinking visitors, who so lightly trip off their platitudes, knew more of the realities, they would speak less slightingly. No doubt there exists plenty of need still for active endeavor, as in every growing and thickly populated quarter of a large city; but nevertheless constant good work is being quietly and unostentatiously accomplished in every direction, and much of it by women. An additional reason for increased effort on the part of Catholics, in the arena of charitable work, is to be had in the fact that Protestants have stepped boldly into the very citadel and centre of Catholicity, bringing with them their works of charity and abundance of money to tempt the faith of the poor Italians.

Perhaps one of the oldest-established works of devotion and charity, singularly suitable to the Eternal City of the apostles, and which may be placed at the head of all the charities, is that of the "Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches"—where the good Religious are ably aided by a staff of charitable ladies to provide for the suitable decoration and furnishing of the poorest sanctuaries consecrated to the Sacramental God, and to supply the vestments of the priests, who daily offer up the Divine Sacrifice on the altars. This truly apostolic work is doubly interesting to us in America just now, for, notwithstanding the fact that the same work (known under the name of the "Tabernacle Society") was carried on for many years in most of our principal cities, the first Convent of the "Perpetual Adoration and Work for poor Churches" has recently been founded in Washington, D. C.

The centre of the Arch-Association to which all the others throughout the world are affiliated is established in the Eternal City. Therefore a short account of the work accomplished by this wonderful Association, as well as of the cosmopolitan gathering of charitable ladies composing its staff of members, may be of interest to their zealous fellowworkers in the United States, who are engaged in the same work.

The Institute of Religious of the

CARDINAL VINCENZO VANNUTELLI, CARDINAL-PROTECTOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF RELIGIOUS, OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION AND WORK FOR POOR CHURCHES.

"Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches" celebrated in 1898, the 50th anniversary of its foundation, and it must indeed be a consolation to its venerable foundress, Madame de Meens, who is still living, to see the humble seed which she sowed in the essentially religious soil of her native land of Belgium grow, flourish, and take root in so many countries all over the earth. The story of its foundation is well known now; how the young

Belgian lady, fresh from the fervor of her convent, seeing the poverty and almost squalor of so many churches in the immediate neighborhood of her home, resolved to devote her life to the work of the Perpetual Adoration and the embellishment of poor churches. Pious co-operators were not wanting to join the enterprise, young ladies of rank and fortune like herself,

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL PAROCCHI,
CARDINAL-VICE-CHANCELLOR OF HOLY CHURCH.

and soon the little band, under the direction of a Jesuit Father, Rev. J. Boone, S. J., formed themselves into a community with a rule of life which was approved by the Holy See. The principal aims of the new society (strictly adhered to now in all the convents of the Order) were as follows:—First—above all to consecrate themselves to the Blessed Sacrament by adoration and the work for poor churches. Second—to live a life of poverty. Third—to accomplish spiritual works of charity by visiting the sick poor and preparing them for the reception of the Sacraments. Fourth—to instruct children and poor persons for First Communion, and also to give retreats to ladies in the world. This work for churches naturally required the assistance of persons outside the religious order, so secular members were enrolled as associates and admitted to the work and privileges of the Association, a provision which largely added to the universal spread of the Institute. The Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was to take place daily in all the churches and chapels of the Institute, thus making the Association not only one of charity but of reparation. Concerning the early existence of this Society it is sufficient to say that it rapidly spread throughout Belgium and Holland, and with every approval from the episcopate accomplished wonderful, practical results, and was raised to an Archconfraternity by Pope Pius IX. For some time the strongest desire of the Association had been to establish itself also in Rome, and after many preliminary difficulties their wish became realized, and the Institute was founded in the Eternal City in 1878.

Like his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII fully approved of and encouraged the new Association which came from the country so beloved by His Holiness during his nunciature, and the Holy Father gladly welcomed them to Rome. The Religious took possession of their first house in Rome on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Shortly afterwards in the year 1881 the Sovereign Pontiff confirmed

by a papal brief the transfer of the seat of the Arch-Association from Belgium to Rome, and from that time dates its extraordinary activity here.

The first active president of the Ladies' part of the Arch-Association and personally nominated by the Pope, was the Princess Massimo, who still holds the office. This Princess (half sister to the Comte de Chambord) is the wife of the head of a most prominent princely house in the Roman patriciate, tracing back its descent to the ancient Roman family of the Massimi. The family residence of Prince Massimo "Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne" (as it is called in Rome on account of the columns in its facade) is one of the most old-world and mediæval in appearance of the Roman palaces, and it was in the chapel of this palace that one of St. Philip Neri's miracles took place, that of raising Paul Massimo (a young scion of the house) to life.

INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF CORPUS DOMINI, VIA NOMENTANA, ROME.

Princess Massimo, who is noted for her deep and unaffected piety and unbounded charity, even among the many charitable ladies of highest rank in Rome, has been truly indefatigable at the head of this work Association with which she has been faithfully associated for so many years, and freely and unselfishly has the patrician lady given to it invaluable time and influence.

The first audience of the "Arch-Association" with His Holiness Leo XIII, to present him with offerings of vestments, altar-furniture, linen, etc., took place in 1879, the Holy Father warmly congratulating the ladies on their work, which he gratefully accepted for the poor churches. This audience of the Religious and the Ladies of the Association with the Holy Father gradually became a yearly event, and one which is looked forward to with the greatest eagerness

PRINCESS MASSIMO,
PRESIDENT OF THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

by all the members. It forms a great source of encouragement in their endeavors and also a visible reward for their work when the ladies yearly receive the Pope's special blessing and the inestimable honor and privilege of an interview with him. The audience partakes too of a familiar nature. Leo XIII is like a father among his children, and after making the tour of the room, and personally examining the exhibition, His Holiness specially praises the various pieces of beautiful church work. Each lady is presented separately by name to His Holiness by the president, and spoken to personally, her nationality, diocese, stay in Rome, and other matters of personal interest, being kindly inquired into by the venerable Pontiff, who has the truly royal gift of remembering names and faces and showing interest in each person. Apropos of the first audience of the Work-Society with the Pope in 1879, it is interesting to note that the convent chapel was blessed on the same day, and appropriately given the name of the Church of Corpus Domini. Meanwhile, as time went on, the Association grew and prospered. To give some idea of the usefulness of the work it may be stated that during the first fifteen years of its existence, vestments, church vessels, etc., to the value of 1,600,000 lire, were distributed to poor missions. Affiliations in foreign countries also increased, the first foundation in England being in 1880. At the present time in the United States it counts centres in Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Albany, Cincinnati, Columbus, Kansas City, Detroit, Providence, San Francisco and San Jose.

The sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII in 1887 was signalized by a collection of splendid gifts for the altar from the Association and its affiliations all over the world, among them being specially noticed the offerings from Philadelphia, Washington and New York.

The first house of the Religious in Rome had been for some time growing too small for their needs, and great was the joy of the community when a generous benefactor of the Society in Belgium offered the greater part of the funds for the building of a church and convent. The "Via Nomentana" just outside Porta Pia, (the same road in which stands the beautiful basilica of St. Agnes), was chosen as the site of the new convent, and the foundation stone of the church was laid on May 31st, 1886, by Cardinal Parrocchi, Cardinal Vicar of Rome. Three years afterwards the opening took place at the time of the Corpus Christi festivals in 1889.

MRS. RUXTON.

Ever since its establishment in the new building on Via Nomentana the society has continued its good work, steadily widening its sphere of usefulness, bestowing innumerable benefits not only on the poor churches included in its works, but on the poor residing in the vicinity, the catechism classes held regularly for children and girls being one of the most useful and religious works in Rome.

A faithful friend and patron of the society always is His Eminence, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who was appointed its Cardinal-Protector in 1891. Since his residence in Brussels, where he was at one time Auditor of the Papal Nunciature, His Eminence has had the interests of the Association closely at heart, losing no opportunity of interesting himself in its behalf. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who is one of the most prominent members of the Sacred College, has been especially connected with the celebrations of the year of jubilee, being appointed as the papal delegate "Ad Latere" for the opening and closing of the "Holy Door" in the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which His Eminence is arch-priest.

In 1895 the Association received a notable director in the person of Monsignor Radini-Tedeschi, who is not only one of the most eloquent Italian orators of the present day, but also a zealous promoter and organizer of every good work in the Catholic cause. He is the moving power in Eucharistic and Catholic Congresses, in Pilgrimages, in fact in all things which tend to solidify and unite the laity in practical religion. Under his care the "Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches" has wonderfully developed. The addresses of Monsignor Radini-Tedeschi at the monthly meetings of the Association are among its striking features, and in one of them, delivered not long ago, the Director spoke especially of the good work done by the affiliated societies in the United States, calling attention to the first establishment in America, that of Philadelphia, and also the society founded at Washington by Archbishop Keane, which was to be the forerunner of the first convent of the Order of Religious in our land. The last two notable events

MRS. HART.

in the annals of the Association, which bring it up to the present time, are its promotion to the dignity of a Roman "Prima-Primaria" Association, and its 50th anniversary of foundation, which was celebrated with much solemnity in Rome, where Leo XIII sent it an especial letter of commendation.

Enough has surely been said to show the vigorous life of this universal Arch-Association. And now a little as to its head-quarters and its practical every-day duties in Rome. The church and adjoining convent-buildings (not yet completed) are in the gothic style of architecture, and built in the solid red brick which characterizes the convents of this order all over the world. The interior of the church is singularly beautiful, being pure gothic and wonderfully harmonious. There are three naves divided by columns. During the first years of the church's existence, the decorations were simplicity itself, so much had been spent on building that there was little left for decoration. However, various offerings came in, the Holy Father presented one of the altars, and a charitable lady belonging to the Association, Mrs. Osborne Christmas, took the matter up, and with the greatest energy, organized several charity concerts, which speedily remedied the defect and largely helped to provide the funds necessary to cover the walls with the exquisite fresco-decorations now being executed. The frescoes are the work of a prominent Roman painter, Professor Cisterna, and appear

FRESCOES OF ANGELS BY PROFESSOR CISTERNA, IN CHURCH OF CORPUS DOMINI.

thoroughly in keeping with the architecture. Those in the tribune are divided into arched compartments, representing in the centre the Last Supper and the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, surrounded by saints and martyrs of the Eucharist, St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, (as the head of the Church) St. Thomas of Aquinas, St. Juliana, and others. Below them are exquisite frescoes illustrative of the Church of the Catacombs. Figures of angels adorn the vaulted ceiling of the apse; and a singularly lovely frieze of life-size angelic figures, (twenty-four in number, twelve on each side) playing on musical instruments, runs above the columns which divide the nave into aisles. These figures (also by Professor Cisterna) are perhaps the most striking artistic feature of the church together with the graceful wrought-iron gilded "Rood-Screen" which forms the "Grille," and completes the subtle harmony and restfulness of pure Gothic architecture. When sufficient funds have been collected to complete the decorations even to stained-glass windows to cast a mellow radiance over the pictured saints and angels of the Eucharist, who float in ceaseless adoration before the will be second to none in beauty, fitly Presence exposed on the altar, this Roman shrine of Our Eucharistic Lord embodying the devotion it represents throughout the world.

The convent closely connects with the church, and is an ample and commodious building, not yet, however, fully completed. The community in residence at present consists of twenty-five in all, including the lay Sisters, the Lady Superior being Madame de Robiano, (one of the first companions of Madam de Meens) who is ably assisted by Madame Dinan. The Sisters are chiefly Belgian, but some little time ago an American lady formed part of the community, Madame Adelaide D'Tuvilliers of Germantown, Philadelphia, who was at the convent in Rome for fifteen months. To the great sorrow of her community and all who knew her (especially American visitors or residents in Rome) this good religious was called away from her apostolic work at the comparatively early age of forty-two years. After a short illness she died in Rome in December, 1898.

Now as to the active work of the Association. Two regular meetings take place every month, one in the morning with general communion for the members, and one in the afternoon of the third Friday of the month with an address by the director. Apart from this the "Zelators" or Ladies of the Council hold separate meetings at stated periods to discuss ways and means. An immense amount of charity is done for the poor churches in the vicinity of Rome and also in other parts, even in the far distant missions of Syria, grateful and often pathetic letters being received from foreign bishops. To quote one year as an example it suffices to state that as many as 148 poor churches were provided for during the course of 1898, about 6,206 lire worth of stuffs for vestments being distributed in that year among the poor missions. The Association counted 1500 members at the end of last year, but by no means all active workers, though a considerable number of devoted ladies are faithful to the weekly and bi-weekly meetings at the convent where the work is done. Two large rooms are given up to the work tables and on two days of the week

the Sisters attend to preside over the work. Besides this many ladies go to work at other times, as the materials are always provided for them. A branch work room of the Association has also been opened in another part of Rome for those distant from the convent.

The ladies accomplish a considerable amount of needlework at home too, the results of this constant industry being demonstrated in the beautifully-embroidered vestments, etc., presented yearly to the Pope, and in the half yearly exhibitions of work which take place at the convent. These work exhibitions, attended by a large gathering of prelates and distinguished visitors, are generally presided over by the Cardinal-Protector, Vannutelli, or by Cardinal Parrocchi, whose splendid orations have often been a feature of the meetings. On the occasion of his last visit to Rome Cardinal Gibbons was the honored guest at one of the summer exhibitions. His Eminence greatly admired the show of vestments, expressing his praise for the zealous cosmopolitan workers who contributed to the success, for many lands are represented in this truly Catholic work.

Among the most important members of the society after Princess Massimo are Princess Barberini, Marchesa Serlupi (nèe Fitzgerald), Madame Merry del Val, (wife of the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican) and many other Roman ladies of rank and distinction, for the greater part of the associates are Roman, though they are valuably aided in the work by ladies belonging to the English speaking colony. Those interested in the same work in their home centres naturally wish to visit the convent when they come to Rome; and very often give any time they can spare from the manifold attractions of a Roman winter to aiding in the society's work. Mrs. D. Osborne Christmas of Whitsfield, mentioned before in connection with the decoration of the church, is one of the most constantly-active and zealous members of the Association and literally untiring in her efforts for its spread and development. This charitable lady is the wife of Mr. William Osborne Christmas, private Chamberlain to His Holiness, and a prominent resident of the English-speaking colony in Rome, where he is also widely known for his interest in the various Roman charities. Mrs. Lee-Cooper, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Mulhall (wife of the eminent Irish statistician), Miss Clifford, Miss Hussey-Walsh, Mrs. and Miss Coxon, Miss MacNair, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Carkeet, and Miss Sampson, are all members of the English-speaking colony interested in this work, the last named lady's unique applique embroidery with which she decorates several vestments yearly being always much admired.

Mrs. John D. Hart, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., for some time resident in Rome, has been an active member of the Association for about four years, and her beautiful ecclesiastical embroidery (an accomplishment acquired at the Visitation Convent in St. Louis, of which Mrs. Hart is a graduate) has been thoroughly appreciated by the Roman centre. It is often shown in the adornment of chasubles presented to the Holy Father, or displayed at the half yearly work exhibitions. Boston also has its zealous representative in the Arch-Association of Rome in the person of Miss Anne

Cary, resident in the Eternal City for several winters. This charitable lady rarely misses the weekly reunions where she accomplishes much practical work in addition to embroidery executed at home. Neither is her interest confined to the Roman centre, for when traveling in England or on the continent Miss Cary makes it a point to visit the affiliated societies established in cities where she may find herself. Mrs. and Miss Ruxton of New York (now resident in Rome) who were prominent workers in the affiliated society of their native city before coming abroad still continue their lively interest in the "Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches" by being active members in spite of many other demands on their time and charity. Among the American visitors to the convent on Via Nomentana this winter was Mrs. Holmes Gower of Washington, who is greatly interested in the new foundation there. This fellow-worker from Washington hopes to convey her impressions of the Roman centre to her confreres in the Capital on her return to the United States next summer. With this short résumé of its American members I must close the account of a prominent Roman charity, a charity essentially Catholic, and modern in its practical spirit, in which (as Cardinal Parrocchi remarked in one of his discourses) "the woman of today can fulfill a high mission not only for her religion but for her country. To aid in the preservation of her religion in districts where, through poverty, its outward beautiful accompaniments (so eloquent of the high mysteries it celebrates) are wanting, is surely one of the most sublime acts of Catholic charity ever confided to womanly hands, and one which might bear for motto, 'I have loved O Lord the beauty of thy House.'"

INSPIRATION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The poet's eye should pierce the heart of things:
As in the rich corolla of the rose
Its golden House of Life forever glows,
So, centered fair amid Earth's outer rings,—
Her roseate petals,—lies the Power that brings
All else to silent order and repose.
Nature, as seen of sense, but humbly shows
That secret source, whence odorous sweetness springs.
Into this deep of beauty thou must sink,
O Poet, emulous of shining bays!
"I am the Life!" said He, who knew life's heart,
Its glory-heights, and even to the brink
Of Calvary walked its love-scented ways:
And of that mystic Life inspired thou art!

CATHOLIC RIGHTS AND NEEDS.

BY RT. REV. JAMES A. MCFAUL.

Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, N. J., on August 4th, addressed the Knights of Columbus, assembled at Atlantic City, to celebrate "Embarkation Day." The subject was the same as that which attracted so much public attention to his address delivered about two months ago at Trenton: "The Influence of Organization." The Bishop said in part:

"Catholics as well as non-Catholics are beginning to realize that there is much discrimination against Catholics; that bigotry has not only striven to prevent us from obtaining our rights as American citizens, but that, in very many instances, it has succeeded.

"You remember that, in my Trenton address, I distinctly stated my opposition to a Catholic political party, saying that such a movement would be unwise; that I even went so far as to advise against the excessive accentuation of our rights as American citizens. This clear declaration of my position, however, was of no avail. The bigots immediately commenced to misrepresent me. They always know what a Catholic bishop, or a Catholic priest, intends to say better than he does himself. In vain does he protest, in the clearest language, that he has been misrepresented. They are too shrewd to be duped, and are certain that he means just the very opposite of what he asserts. They scent their prey from afar, and are of the number of those so well designated by one of our public men when he said: 'They know it all; but generally know it all wrong.'

"But, why should we take up our time with misrepresentations? The bigots, after all, are in a minority. Americans, as a rule, are intelligent and liberal-minded—anxious that all men shall possess equal rights, and ready to assist in a just and honorable cause—to them we make our appeal. This great audience will applaud the courage with which we express our convictions; stand shoulder to shoulder with us in the attainment of our rights, and assist us to redress the grievances we are suffering. It is necessary, however, to assure them that we make no demand simply as Catholics; but that we insist on possessing all the rights and privileges of American citizens; and that we will endeavor, by every legitimate means guaranteed to American citizens, to obtain them.

"Let no one suppose that this is a movement to introduce Catholics, as Catholics, to political office. We know very well that in the United States political office does not belong to the adherents of any form of religion, as such. It is, however, the right of every American citizen, possessing the requisite qualifications for political office, not to be discriminated against simply because he is a Catholic, or because he has favored Catholics, when there was question of their rights as citizens.

"Non-Catholics tell us: 'Keep re-

ligion out of politics.' We reply, 'That is just what we desire.' But they hardly practice their own advice or we would certainly see Catholics better represented, in proportion to their numbers, in the affairs of our country.

"It is not against any political party, as such, that we are directing the attention of Catholics. With party affiliations we do not desire to interfere. In our political and civil relations we must, indeed, be guided and controlled by the laws of morality. There is not one code of ethics, one interpretation of the Ten Commandments, for the individual and another for the nation. The words of our Saviour are as true today as when He uttered them nineteen centuries ago: 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' We must cast our ballots in the light of moral principles, and conscientiously. The elective franchise is the foundation stone of our liberties; it must be kept pure. Any act by which it is contaminated, directed from the purpose of the founders of this country, is a blow aimed at the solidity, the purity, and the life of our free institutions. The Church goes no further than the inculcation of these doctrines. Thus instructed by the principles of morality in relation to God, the individual, and society, shall the citizen cast his ballot. Let it be clearly understood, then, that this is not a political campaign; it is however, a campaign of education whereby the grievances under which we are laboring will be made known.

"Some have asked: 'Of what have you to complain? What grievances are you suffering?' I cannot presume to occupy your time long enough to enter fully into this phase of the subject, but I shall mention some of them, and in doing so shall take the liberty to repeat the salient points of my letter to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, assembled in Boston, and of my address in Trenton.

"Gentlemen, can any man, for a moment, suppose that, if we were united, not as the senseless American Protective Association for the purpose of preventing our fellow-countrymen from obtaining their rights as citizens under the constitutions of the states and the nation, but in defense of those rights and for the redress of grievances—that we would have been obliged to listen to the heartrending tales of desecration and pillage which have come to us from the Philippines, or that several representative Catholics would not have been selected to investigate and report upon affairs so intimately connected with the welfare of the Catholic religion in those countries over which the flag of our country has recently been unfurled?

"Again, would not the influence accruing from union and its employment in legitimate channels, whereby our representatives in State Legislatures and the National Congress would have been brought to the exact knowledge of our grievances, have had some effect in beating back the efforts of bigotry, which have, we may say, destroyed our Indian schools?

"That you may readily understand the great injustice done these schools, permit me to employ the language used by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ryan and Kane, in an appeal to the faithful for funds to support these institutions: 'Despite the fact

that religious Orders and other Catholic bodies have equipped schools for the education of Indian children—in full confidence that the government would not reverse its recognized and successful policy of subsidizing these schools—yet in the height of their success, and, notwithstanding that they were doing the work cheaper and better than it could be done by the government, the greater part of the subsidy has been withdrawn, and eventually will be withdrawn entirely; and these well-founded good works of Catholic benevolence, begun in good faith and with great expenditure of time and money, are to be abandoned to their fate.'

"The objection to government appropriation for these schools is the old threadbare one, which is constantly in the mouths of fanatics: 'The schools are sectarian.' In this way they strive to cover up their preference for unbelief when there is a question of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. They would rather have the Indian children grow up without religious training than to be educated as Catholics. In their blind hatred, they place themselves in opposition to all Christianity by designating a Christianity so diluted that it is reduced to the level of a refined paganism with the title 'Non-sectarian.' No one is so foolish as not to understand their motive; no one so blind as not to perceive that the source of action is their frenzied hatred of the Catholic Church.

"I might proceed farther and enumerate many other grievances, such as want of representation on the boards of management of public institutions, the compelling of Catholic inmates to be present at non-Catholic worship and instruction, the disregard of the regulations of our religion in relation to abstinence, etc., but I prefer to direct your attention, at this time, to other evils which demand an instant remedy.

"Among recent outrages upon the Catholic conscience is the civil marriage law in Cuba, whereby it is declared that only civil marriages are legal. The effect of this decree of General Brooke is to degrade marriage, to make it a mere civil contract, and the religious celebration a mere ceremony without value in the eye of the civil law. What possible necessity could there be for a departure in Cuba from the law existing in the United States, which recognizes the validity of the religious ceremony as regards civil effects? This is simply another example of the disregard of Catholic rights against which we should most earnestly protest.

"I would be wanting in duty did I not urge the necessity of obtaining more Catholic chaplains in the army and navy. Catholics have poured out their blood like water on every battlefield of our country; they have left home and its sacred endearments and sacrificed their lives on land and sea that the ensign of the free might ever wave unsullied; that this land might remain a stalwart among nations. Shall our brave Catholic lads then be deprived of the consolation of their religion while in the service of their country? Alas! in the late war with Spain how many brave souls have gone forth to meet their God deprived of the rites of our holy faith? Shall we suffer such treatment? Shall we allow bigotry to follow us in peace

and in war, and deprive us of our sacred rights?

"'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' He that will not defend it and maintain it is unworthy of its possession. How long did our fathers groan under civil and religious tyranny and oppression in the old lands beyond the sea! They fled from countries cursed of monarchy and religious persecution; they came into this great land, they have spent their blood and treasure in the foundation of its liberties they have helped to cement and bind together the magnificent edifice of freedom in this Western World; and with the help of God, we, their children, will defend and enjoy our constitutional rights.

"It is not necessary now for me to say through what channels the influence of Catholics should be exercised, nor to state how Catholic societies may unite, preserving their identity and special objects, for the purpose of obtaining our constitutional rights and removing grievances. Suitable measures will gradually suggest themselves to the leaders among the laity, as the cause grows and prospers and passes from theory to practice.

"These are the thoughts which forcibly present themselves to my mind on this occasion. Warm them into life, cherish them, take the other Catholic societies of the country into your confidence, discuss the problems I have proposed with a view to their best solution; thus will you imitate the courage of the illustrious figure whose name you revere, and confer countless blessings on your co-religionists and on our beloved country."

CHILDREN OF THE HILLS.

BY ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.

Barbara Latham swung back the creaking white gate, and then turned to look down the long village street. The snug little New England cottages, white-painted, gabled-roofed, small-windowed, straggled in uneven lines on either side of the dusty road. Among them the general store stood out square and uncompromising, with the little cobbler's shop on one side and the blacksmith's on the other. A heavy wagon stood outside and old Farmer Littleton and Abner were lounging on the stout front wheel

waiting for the freshly shod horses before setting out for the farm-house just visible in the shadow of the farthest hill. They were the only living things in sight, and Barbara could almost hear Abner drawling an occasional word or two about the morrow's work, and the farmer's slow-answering monosyllables as he puffed at his old brown pipe.

Beyond the blacksmith's a few more white-fenced gardens and scattered cottages, a few more gnarled trees and another stretch of zigzag road,—the whole outlined against a background of green hills that hemmed in to the north and south, to the east and the west, the quiet valley in which drowsed the village of Underhill. The sun rose over the crest of a hill, hovered between hills all the long day, and hid its hot face at night behind a rounding wall of hilltops.

That was all, and Barbara's restless eyes measured the white monotony of the houses and the green monotony of the hills with a flashing look of scorn.

"Oh, how I hate it all!" she whispered, breathing fast. "These everlasting hills smother me! They shut out everything that is worth living for —they shut in the littleness, the limitations! To be fenced in a sleepy little corner while the great open of the world lies outside, where men and women pant and struggle, work and think! These hills, this life, these people,—it's like a living death! Oh, I am glad, glad,—to get away from it all, at last, at last—away from the hills —to life!"

She closed her eyes and drew a long, deep breath. Then she raised her flushed face to the west and the exultant lines about her mouth softened a little. The green hills lifted their tall heads to be crowned with the glory that flooded the evening sky. Beneath, the long shadows lay purple, like the vesture of new-made kings. A quivering shaft of golden light shot through a narrow opening here and there and laid its touch of royalty on the little peaked roofs and small-paned windows. It burnished the girl's brown hair and fed the fires that blazed in her upturned eyes.

"Yes, you are beautiful now," she murmured half-reluctantly. "Ah, you are very beautiful!"—as the light softened and the violet deepened, and the crimson and saffron and purple and gold melted into swimming clouds of mellowed glory that flushed the heavens from end to end.

The old gate near her swayed a little and a footfall crushed the long grasses behind her. "Ah, Dick, it is you!" she said, holding out her hand to him without turning her eyes from the dying light. "Look,—even these stifling hills have their brief moments of borrowed beauty!"

"Oh, they're pretty enough," answered the young man disdainfully. "It's not the hills that I quarrel with, though their smiling sameness maddens me sometimes. It's the life that they hold—or the lack of it. I want to be a part of the things that are! That men are doing out in the world, the great national life that pulses and burns—I must be of it, Barbara! And I—"

"And you are come to bid me good bye," said the girl, turning towards him smiling. "Is tomorrow really the tomorrow, the morrow we have waited for all these years? Dick,

it is glorious to be on the edge of fulfilment!"

He looked at her with confident eyes, while his lips were smiling, too. "For me it is tomorrow," he said happily. "And you?"

"Next week," she answered blithely, "next week! Then we two shall be no longer hill-bound and helpless while the world moves on! It is strange that we both at once have broken the bonds, and at the same time will fare forth into life—we who have fretted and fumed and writhed together ever since we were old enough to think. But there will be all the distance from New York to Chicago between us—"

"I wish we were to be together—really," said the young man slowly. "I wish—but I suppose it is hopeless to think of it yet."

The girl looked at him quickly. Then she said decisively, "Not yet, nor at any time. You must not go into your new life with any fetter forged in the old. Not even a fetter of sentiment—no intangible links or tacit faith-keeping! We both must be free, Dick. Our lives will be quite apart. I, with my aunt in Chicago, after my year of downright study, shall have years of downright work,—work that will admit no distractions. You, with your law books and your politics—oh, you won't be able to keep out of them!—have a career to make, a place to work and fight for in the ranks. All this childish nonsense of ours,—we won't have time for it and we'll soon forget all about it. Some day, at the end of busy years, when you are a brilliant leader of men and I am a famous writer of books,—some day we shall meet in the stress of the great world we are going to. We shall talk about these old hill-hemmed days—perhaps we may pretend we found a simple, unworldly charm in them—we shall compare our experiences and marvel at the changes in each other. But not till then."

The young man looked at her perplexedly. "You surely do not mean it, Barbara? We have always understood, you know,—we have grown up —"

"That's just it," she interrupted. "We've grown up the only possible people in an impossible place. We've been so much of one mind in trying to get out of it, and we've confided our rebellions and our plans so much to each other, that we've drifted into a hazy agreement that there's nothing for it but to go on all our lives in the same way. Why, Dick, we're the only two people in Underhill who can talk of anything but crops or prayer-meeting or jellying! But now it will be quite different. You will meet men and women of another world, and so shall I. I have thought it all out and I know it will be better for us both if we owe each other no allegiance."

"I do not understand, Barbara. You say we must be nothing to each other, that we must not even see each other until our dreams have fulfilled themselves, and yet—yet if either of us ever does anything in the world it will be due to the other. We have fostered our hopes together, we have builded our castles together, we have made life here a little less unbearable because we have been together."

"I know, Dick," she said softly, "I know. And I am glad you do not forget. But we must part none the less

—we must. Try to believe that my way is best. These tendrils, if we cherish them, would sap the heart from our work. I should be your undoing and you would be mine."

The young man drew himself up a little proudly. "Of course it must be as you wish, Barbara. I would not bind you if you would be free. But I shan't promise never to seek you out—I shan't promise anything! You may do as you like."

She smiled up into his face. "Dear Dick! Of course you won't understand! But there, we'll say no more about it!—What's the use of spoiling our last evening by quarreling?" She leaned over the gate and pulled at the long grasses that bordered the road. The dust from a passing wagon flew into her eyes and she drew back hastily. "Oh, good evening, Farmer Littleton!" she called out, as the old man in the front seat mumbled a greeting that was half drowned in the creaking of the rusty axled wheels.

"They do say," they heard him telling Abner as the wagon rumbled on, —"they do say as how them foolish young things is goin' 'way from Underhill with some outlandish scheme 'r other in their heads. Flyin' in the face o' Providence, I call it—"

The rest was lost in the distance. Barbara turned to her companion with her eyes full of laughter. "They all 'do be sayin' that!" she exclaimed. "But one can look at it all with a tolerant kindness—when the time is so short. I confess that things don't seem quite so bad, now that I'm going to leave them. Haven't you a little tenderness for the old life now?"

"Not a bit," answered the young man promptly, the old smiling confidence restored to his clear-cut, eager face. "Not a bit, and not a shadow of regret. I can think of nothing but the future. Do you know, Barbara, I have hungered for that future so long and dreamed of it so endlessly that it has taken form and personality? It is something big and lusty and brawny, with such muscle and sinew as has never stretched under the flabby covering of life here. There's rushing red blood in the veins of it—none of the sluggish stuff that sends men to sleep forever as they sleep here in the hills. Its hands are laden with promise; its brow is crowned with light. There is the force in it that makes things happen! Its power is to be in the thick of strenuous deeds." His voice grew fuller and his eyes shone. "Ah, to mould history, to make destiny,—that is power, that is the strength of Life!"

His head was thrown back and the far-looking eyes flashed in the half-darkness. His chest heaved, his fine nostrils dilated, and there was the strength to do and conquer in the lines of the well-cut mouth and the straight blunt chin. As he stood there, an extreme type of the ambition that strains strength and drains life for the fever of conquest, the girl who looked up at him, unseen, out of the quiet and shadow of the little New England garden, knew that for him there should be no defeat.

She saw that he had quite forgotten her, forgotten where he was, forgotten everything but that foretaste of stressful victory. Her eyes fell a little wistfully. Then she went over to him and touched his arm gently. "Dick,—look! The dusk is deepening! I must go in now. Perhaps it

is the last time we shall look on the hills together."

He started and then looked down at her with a smile. "What an inconsistent creature you are, Barbara!" he said. "I believe you are beginning to regret."

She shredded the long grass in her hand musingly. "No, hardly that," she answered, slowly. "But we women have so many ways and byways of feeling that you men," and she smiled at him whimsically—"need not take into account. I am allowing myself the luxury of being a woman these last few days, because once away I'll have to put it all from me. Then it shall be work—no sentiment about it — but hard, unremitting work!"

"God speed you!" he put in lightly. "And when, pray, may I bask in the fame that all this work will bring you?"

"Not for years," she replied seriously. "Years. It will be of slow building. It may never come."

"There I have the advantage of you," he laughed. "I am more sure of myself. Now, I have not a doubt, —I know the things I work for will come!"

The girl raised her eyes to his smiling ones, wistfully. "Yes, you have the advantage," she assented quietly. Then as she heard the tinkle of cowbells from the hill-side and the singsong call of the herdsboy as he drove the cattle out of the fields,—"Dick, Dick, we must say good bye," she said as she held out her hand. "It will be for long, but not for always. I—I hope we shall be friends in the striving and the silence as we have been friends in the planning and the dreaming. May your dreams come true, Dick! It is the best that I can wish for you—"

He clasped her hands long and silently. "Good bye, Barbara," he said at last. "Good bye! You—you were my light and my spur in the sleep of the hills—I shall not forget—I shall not forget."

He turned quickly and strode down the dusty path. The girl leaning over the old gateway watched his erect form and swinging stride until it was blurred and lost in the fast-falling darkness. She sighed a little as she turned reluctantly to go into the house. "The odds are uneven," she said. "He will forget after tomorrow. It is better so—but it is hard—hard to be a woman!"

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II.

"No-o, we hevn't changed much'm," drawled old Farmer Littleton in his slow fashion of speech, as he drew up his rattling spring wagon in front of the Latham cottage, and let the tall, black-gowned woman who sat beside him alight as best she might over the dusty front wheel. "Folks here in Underhill ain't much use fer noo notions, an' I don't know but we git 'long as well es most other folks. Land sakes, Mis' Barbary, what's a few years more'n' less anyhow? Why, I kin rec'lect Underhill fifty years agone, an' there been't much diff'runce in it ever since. I kin 'bout count on two hands the houses es been built an the graves 'es been dug in the cem'tary. No, we don't 'low to change much, but it's a pretty good place fer hangin' on, is Underhill," and Farmer

Littleton shifted his pipe to the other side of his mouth contentedly. "I'm afeared you'll find it pretty lonesome up yonder," nodding his head towards the house. "Abner's Marthy 'lowed to come down an' set things to rights when she heerd you was comin' but there was nothin' said 'bout when you'd get here. I'm real glad I happened to take that corn over to Justusville today. 'Now father,' says Abner, 'jest leave it be till next week. I'll take it over when I go.' Oh, I'll jes' jog along, says I. I want to see the 'Patriot' anyhow, and get me some baccy. An' I'm real glad I did, Mis' Barbary."

"Indeed I thank you," said Barbara quickly, "for making my homecoming less lonely."

"An' so you're back at Underhill for good?" went on the old man placidly, ignoring her interruption. "Well, folks here ain't quite so spry as they air in the city, an' maybe it'll seem quiet-like at first, but land, Mis' Barbary, they's other things than noise in the world! Dear, dear, you must be pretty near played out after that long ride on the cars, an' I'd best be movin' on fer home. "G'lang! G'lang," he shouted to the slow-moving horses, and they began to jog on lazily. "Ef they's anything you want," he called back as they trotted off, "jes' step into Prissy's. She's livin' in John Grimeses old house, two doors beyond you there."

"Thank you," cried Barbara, "I'll do very nicely, I'm sure."

Then as the farmer was lost to view in a cloud of dust, she opened the old creaking gate and leaned upon it wearily.

"At last!" she sighed. "At last!" She dropped her bag in the familiar long grasses that grew up about the gate-posts and looked about her curiously. Down the long road the little white houses straggled just as she had left them. There stood the general store as squarely and importantly as ever. The grass-bordered gravel walk that led up to her uncle's cottage ran in the same unbroken line, but the prim little garden was weed-sown here and there and woefully unkempt. The brown holland blinds were drawn over the small-paned windows and the angular little house looked lonely in its neglected setting.

"But it's just the same," she murmured, "just as if I had left it only yesterday. The same sleepy air, the same far-off tinkle of cow-bells, the same houses, the same people, the same life! It has nestled here in the hills and the hurrying world has left it behind. Ah, the same old hills, the dear, friendly, homely hills! Still unchanging, though cities burn and races die and the great fires of life spend themselves and turn to ashes! I am come to you, O, hills, for rest and peace at last! I have had all I want of life, and there is mercy in your sameness now—there is sleep!" She leaned against the worn old gate-post lovingly, and breathed in long, contented draughts of the late afternoon air. A flood of tender memory, let loose by the sight of the familiar things on every side, swept over her and steeped her in its glamor. She heard no approaching footsteps, but when a voice out of her dream whispered, "Barbara!" she did not start. She only turned slowly and held out both her hands. "Dick!" she cried, "Dick!" And there fell a long silence

while they looked into each other's eyes.

He saw a woman older than her years, whose pale face was a little drawn about the mouth and nostrils, and in whose dark eyes dwelt the shadows of deep-felt experiences; whose brow, once hopeful, was now patient. That was the key-note of the whole face. Patience sat in the place of hope. The eager receptiveness of the girl had made way in the woman for a settled acceptance of life's unfulfilments.

She saw a man with face still as clear-cut and confident as the boy's. The lines about the mouth and chin bespoke conscious power. The eyes were less luminous, but their light was keener and their glance went further home. The boy's abandon was the man's magnetism; the boy's confidence was the self-poise and balance of the man wont to mould the minds of other men. But the old ardor had changed to restlessness, and in the restlessness there was something of discontent.

They had not seen each other for ten years, yet each read in the other's face, without need of words, the record of a whole decade of hard-lived life.

"You were part of my dream," said the woman at last. "I was living again the night we said good bye to fare forth into the world. Ah, such simple, hopeful hearts as we carried with us.!"

"And bring back?" he asked.

She laughed a little nervously. "Let each look into himself for the answer," she said. "You, Richard,—I suppose I hardly dare call you my old Dick—you have fought to the winning. I always knew you would. You had the victory in you even in the old days. Oh, I have heard the echoes of your plaudits—I wonder if you ever thought that your old friend of the hills was following that last election fight and was—well, was half sorry when you were returned so gloriously." He looked at her questioningly. "Yes," she went on in answer to his glance, "half sorry. You see, I remembered the old Dick, and I had seen some of the blasting of the fever of success. I think I wanted the old Dick to be always the same—and I—I was afraid." She paused, but went on in a moment with a smile that made her face youthful. "But there, Dick, your dreams have come true! Tell me how it feels to realize one's hopes?"

Something of the self-confident air of the man of the world went out of his face, leaving there a larger discontent than her first scrutiny had revealed. "Are one's hopes ever realized?" he asked a trifle bitterly. "One never knows how high the farthest peak till one has scaled a few. I—yes, I have had a taste of the success I dreamed of long ago, but there is no success without cost, and our dreaming did not count the cost, Barbara."

She interrupted him with an impulsive gesture that brought back the girl. "But you have succeeded, Dick!" she cried. "You have not known the bitterness of failure!"

"Yes, I have succeeded," he answered slowly, "and yet, Barbara—I am here.—Confess that you are wondering,"—and he flashed a quick smile at her,—"what brings me back, just in the hour of my triumph, back to the haunts that I hated—none

knows so well as you how much. A very pretty newspaper story it would make—can't you see the phrases? Newly returned congressman, boyhood's home, weeping over a grave, probably; mingling with simple old friends, and all the rest of it—but you know, Barbara, what a miserable mockery it all is. Then why am I in Underhill?"

"Well, why?" she repeated. "Tell me the whole story."

"It's a simple enough story," he said, "I've often imagined myself telling you. It's a story of work. In the first place, you know, I got a better start than most men. My uncle had been one of the best counsellors in New York in his day. He had somehow lost his grip—the world has no room for old men nowadays—but I got the profit of his long experience and such influence as he had left. For all that, the first two years were fearful. I knew so very little—enough law, perhaps, for a stripling, but nothing of the world. And that's what a lawyer needs most; he can know his lawbooks from cover to cover, but if he doesn't know men, it's all up with him. Bah, the revolt and bitterness of that first knowledge!—I can smile back at it now—I've learned to smile at many ugly things—but then—well, I'd seen nothing but my books and the hills and the hearts of a few honest folk who were simpler than myself. I was determined that nothing should stop me, however, so I got over the awakening and set myself to make things better." He shrugged his shoulders and took a stride or two up the narrow path, then he stood against the gate, facing her. "I got into ward politics, aired my views in a speech or two, and began to pick up a few clients. Things shaped themselves more or less to my will from that time forward. Not without work of course. This is the first time I've been away from New York for ten years, except for a run up into the country for a client, and my two sessions in the Albany legislature. Whatever success I can claim, I owe to work and—my reform ideas. The working men are always looking for some one who will cry down the existing state of things, and they took up my little protest and echoed and strengthened it. It was their vote that brought me all the municipal offices; and it is their vote that is sending me up to Congress. I'm pretty deep in politics, Barbara, as you used to predict I should be. I can't be satisfied without power, and I've held some office or other ever since the close of those first two years. That's about all. I haven't had time for anything else in the ten years since we parted. It has been all work and ambition—one thing gained only to reach out for another. There's been nothing sweet or gentle or beautiful in it,—only handling men and pleading cases, and the strain and tension for the next leap.—"

"One thing I have always been glad of," said Barbara, when he paused. "You are still the reformer, you have not grown weary of fighting against abuses, you still are working for purity and honesty in public life. It has helped to keep me from pessimism to know that the years have not robbed you of all your ideals."

He put up his hand in weary protest. "You must not misunderstand, Barbara. I did start out reforming because I felt the corruption so deep-

ly. But politics wears callous spots on a man's soul, and I kept it up,—well, because I found reform expedient, as much as for anything else. For me, that stand of reform was the best investment I ever made, and now it's my stock in trade." He looked at her a little defiantly, but he found no surprise in the eyes that met his, only a look of resigned understanding. He was silent a moment and his glance traveled over the outline of the encircling hills. "I'm sick of it all, Barbara!" he cried at last. "That's why I'm here. I was hungry for a sight of the hills! After all the fever and complexity of life out there,—" motioning towards the horizon—"I longed for their calm strength and simplicity. I saw men burning their hearts out and trampling each other down and dwarfing their good instincts in the strife for place and power, and I thought of these big, restful hills, so quiet and unchanging and unmindful. I really hungered for them! And as I walked up the valley this morning, I felt the sense of kinship with them, the old native sense that will be in me till I die!"

Barbara's eyes kindled. "That is it!" she exclaimed. "I have felt it too, and the feeling has grown stronger each year I have been away. I was homesick for these hills," and she looked out at them lovingly, "oh, so homesick! I wanted to see the rolling greenness of them—I wanted to feel the silences. I have called out to them, I have prayed for their quiet and their peace. Ah, Dick," she went closer to him as she spoke and laid her hand upon his arm, while her eyes were shining. "Ah, Dick, we are children of the hills, you and I! Like foolish children we ran away,—like tired children, we come back,—"

He laid a detaining hand upon hers and looked at her closely for a space that neither of them counted. There was a question in his eyes when he spoke.

"Barbara, my hunger for the hills was half hunger for you. When my heart cried out for them, it cried out for you." He glanced at her black gown—"You—you—?"

She smiled at the perplexity in his face. "No, I have not married," she said. "Like you, I had not time for the sweetnesses of life." She moved gently away from him and the smile died out of her face. He waited silently while she seemed to strengthen herself as if for an ordeal. When at length she raised her eyes the expression in them startled him. "If it has been hard for you," she said, "what has it been for me? If success has been bitter, think what it means to have failed! Oh, and I started out so bravely, so hopefully! How I did work!—But the labor was sweet because I saw so much at the end of it. It was all very well while I was studying. That was my training ground and I was always thinking and planning for the days that were to come. The rubbing against others in the University shattered a few of my ideals, but not enough of them, and I went out into the heart of Chicago still with head in the clouds and feet above the earth. I wonder if you can imagine what it is to go out breadwinning in a city like Chicago with hope and high purposes in your heart? It is one of those little, one-act tragedies that your realists like to talk about—" and she laughed with the concentrated

bitterness of years. "By the end of the first day I was mentally and spiritually foundered—I could not find myself. By the end of the first week I was crushed—utterly crushed. The shock was too sudden and too complete for recovery—I shall never quite get the scars out of my consciousness. After six months of sodden and hopeless readjustment, I settled down into the machine I have been ever since. It was the only way I could earn my bread, and the little stock of money that had been my mother's was all gone. Even as a machine, the daily struggle for enough to eat and to wear, the oppression and stagnation of the life, the little-souled men and the men with no souls at all, the women who smiled for them and who measured all life with a tape-measure—oh, it was heart-sickening! If you knew what a curse it is to be a woman in the grinding strain with men! The chances are so unequal—she is everywhere handicapped and helpless! I grew to be indifferent, hardened, emotionless, with no feeling but weariness,—weariness, and a longing for the hills, the quiet, soft-bosomed hills!"

The afternoon light was gathering into the west and her eyes were drinking in the glow that crested the farthest hill. Richard made a step towards her but she held him back with a gesture. "My uncle died a month ago," she went on in a more natural tone, "and when I heard that he had left me the little house and the little garden here in the shadow of the hills, I left Chicago forever, with a great relief in my heart,—and came—home." She lingered over the last word and repeated it softly to herself. Then she turned to him smiling. "There is a living for everybody in Underhill, and if I have no bread to give you with the tea I shall make you by and by, why, I shall send you over to my next door neighbor to borrow, though I strongly suspect she has a sample of her baking on my little kitchen table already. Come—I have not been in yet!"

"Wait a little," he pleaded. "Look, the hills are making us a glory of welcome!"

She turned with him and together they watched the play of sunset light on the broad brows of the hills. The warmth was still in her eyes when she said, after a long silence, "It was thus that they looked when last we stood together, Dick, just as they look tonight. But then we had words only to speak our hate of them!"

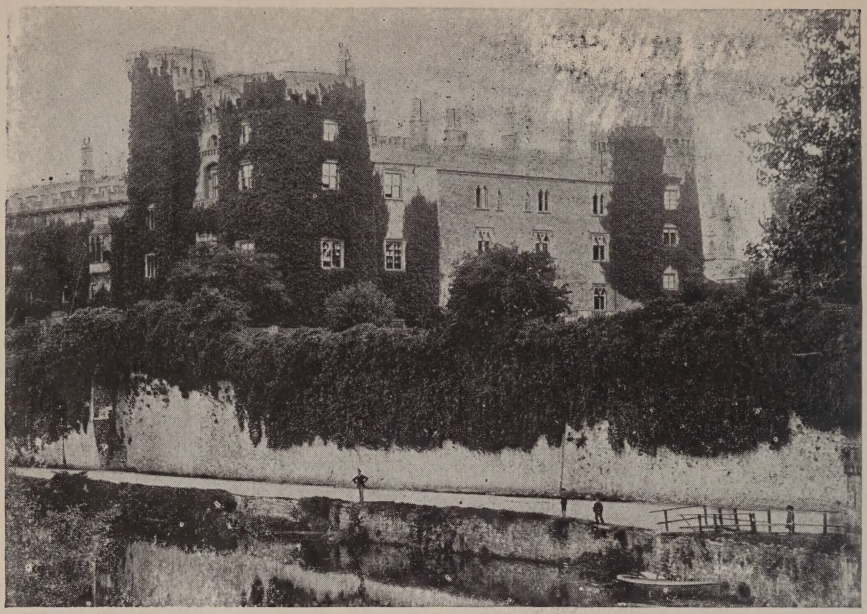
"That, and our glowing dreams of the new life," he answered. "'When next we meet,' you said, 'it will be in the stress of the great world we are going to.' I have waited so long for that meeting, Barbara!"

"And here in the hills we have met at last," she said smiling. "Just where we parted! How these motherly old hills must smile at our childishness!"

Richard Brant bared his head in the glory of the reddening sun. "We have brought back to them our successes and our defeats, Barbara, and they have brought us to each other under their quiet and their peace. Ah, the hills are kind to their children!"

Barbara bowed her head. "Kinder than they deserve," she whispered. Then she turned, a deep content shining in her eyes and on her brow, and hand in hand they walked up the little garden path and disappeared in the narrow doorway.

GOING FORTH TO DEEDS OF VALOR.



THE BRIDGE OF ORMONDE.

A BALLAD OF KILKENNY.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD (SLIAV-NA-MON).

Ormonde's castle stones are high,
  Ormonde's brazen gates are grand—
Rich is the lord of Ormonde, why
  Coveted he my cot and land?

Steady and clear the river flows
  Under the Bridge of Ormonde,
Far with the flood my spirit goes
  Out from the shades of Ormonde.

I see the home was once mine own,
Desolate now its cold hearth-stone,
Barren the fields and weed-o'ergrown,
  Stamped with the Curse of Ormonde!

"Rent or the Land," they said that day,
And drove us out on the bleak highway—
I cannot weep, and I cannot pray,
  Cursing the greed of Ormonde.

The Bridge of Ormonde.

Proudly above Kilkenny Town
  Tower the Walls of Ormonde.
I wander up and I wander down
  Over the Bridge of Ormonde.

My heart is broken, my hopes are dead,
No roof to shelter a hoary head,
While he lies soft in a downy bed,
  Safe in the palace of Ormonde.

The Tyrant!—Safe!—Ah that dread desire,
My soul is seethed with hellish fire!—
Christ rescue me from these whispers dire!
  Close by the Gates of Ormonde.

Peaceful and still the waters flow
  Under the walls of Ormonde.
Would that my troubled breast were so,
  Here by the Halls of Ormonde.

Mother of God!—(the sweet words bless),
Hinder my hand from wickedness!
Aid! Oh! aid me in sore distress,
  Lone on the Bridge of Ormonde.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Few addresses delivered recently have received from the secular press as general attention as that delivered by Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, at Atlantic City, on the occasion of the assembling of the Knights of Columbus, to celebrate Embarkation Day. The greater part of this now famous speech has been reprinted in another part of this issue for the benefit of readers who may not have had an opportunity of reading it. The New York Herald in a recent Sunday edition gives the following synopsis and also quotes at length from the speech:

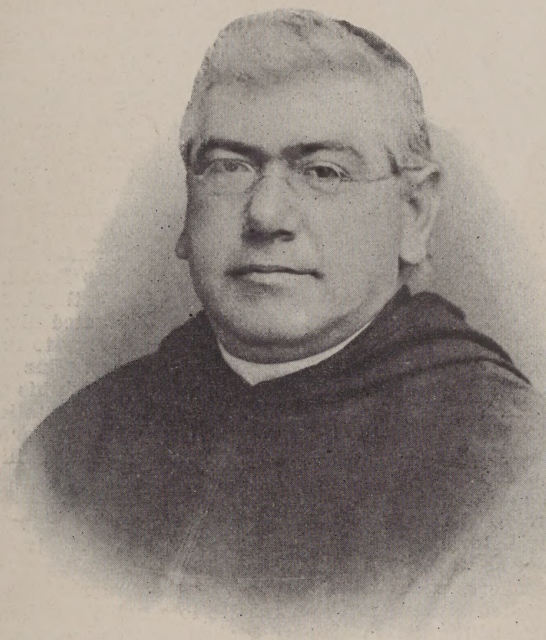
"Knights of Columbus, celebrating the embarkation of Christopher Columbus from Palos, Spain, for America, listened to an address by the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, on the importance of organization. The society is one of the leading organizations of Roman Catholic laymen in America, and, therefore, this address was listened to with more than ordinary interest.

"Bishop McFaul emphasized the fact that it is not the purpose of those who seek to federate the various Roman Catholic societies of laymen to form a Catholic political party. Such a federation would, he said, accomplish great good, however, in righting some of the wrongs the church had suffered in legislation and in the administration of the laws.

"He cited the desecration of Roman Catholic churches in the Philippines, the absence of Catholics on the commissions sent to America's new possessions, the civil marriage law of Cuba, the small number of Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, and the withdrawal of the appropriation for the Catholic Indian schools.

"Before the addresses were made solemn high mass was celebrated in the church of Our Lady of the Sea, at which the Rev. T. P. Carroll, of Newark, N. J., state chaplain of the Knights, was celebrant. At the close of the services the Knights marched to an ocean pier, where reunion ceremonies were held. James Andrew Burns, State Deputy Supreme Knight of New Jersey, presided, and besides Bishop McFaul, the speakers were Supreme Knight E. L. Hearn of Boston, V. J. Dowling of New York, National Chaplain Garrett J. Barry of Boston, Dominick I. Murphy of Washington, D. C., and the Rev. John W. Norris, chancellor of the Trenton diocese."

Most Rev. Thomas Rodriguez has been appointed by Pope Leo XIII Prior General of the whole Augustinian order. He succeeds Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, who filled this honorable position at the time of his appointment as Papal Ablegate to the United States.



MOST REV. THOS. RODRIGUEZ, O. S. A. PRIORGENERAL OF THE AUGUSTINIANS.

Father Rodriguez was born in the province of Palencia, Spain, forty-six years ago, entered the Augustinian Order at the age of sixteen, and was ordained priest for the Philippine missions in the year 1876. Before becoming a priest, he taught philosophy and subsequently theology at the college of St. Mary de La Vid, in the province of Burgos, up to the year 1885. From there he passed to the Escurial University of Madrid, the royal monastery of San Lorenzo, entrusted to the Augustinian Fathers by the late king of Spain, Alphonsus XII. Here, besides teaching theology and acting as spiritual director

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

for the secular youth, he assumed the editorship, under the management of the Augustinian Fathers, of the well-known Spanish Ecclesiastical Review, La Ciaudad de Dios. In 1894 he was sent to the Philippine islands, where, upon his arrival, he at once applied himself to the task of mastering one of the native dialects—a duty imposed on every member of the order assigned to that field of labor. Shortly after this he was made rector of the seminary and College of Vigan in the diocese of New Segovia. From the Philippines the general chapter, held in Rome, September 28, 1895, recalled him to fill the office of Procurator-General, a position second only to that of the head of the Order. On the appointment of Monsignor Martinelli as Delegate Apostolic to the United States in July of the following year, Father Rodriguez succeeded him with the title of Vicar-General, which title he retained until his present appointment as Prior-General.

The steady advancement of Father Rodriguez from the humblest to the highest position in the Order may well be considered a mark of great confidence, as well as a deserving tribute to his activity and zeal in the cause of religion.

Several able articles showing deep scholarship have been contributed to the Catholic press by Rev. Cornelius O'Sullivan, pastor of Machias, Me. Among those that best reveal the writer's intellectual attainments are a series of papers on "The Errors of the Protestant Bible" and "Irish Devotion to Mary" that appeared in The Globe Review. Father O'Sullivan has also contributed to DONAHOE'S, and we are pleased to announce will in the near future appear again in our pages.

Rev. Cornelius O'Sullivan was born in Castle Island, Kerry, Ireland, in 1845. He received his primary education under a private tutor, and made part of his classical course in his native town, in the academy conducted by Mr. Timothy Brosnan.

Coming to this country at the age of eighteen years, he made his college course with the Jesuits, and took his course in theology in the Grand Seminary, Nicolet, Canada. He was ordained by the late Bishop Bacon, in the Cathedral Chapel, Portland, 1872, and since that time has devoted himself with most commendable energy to the works of the ministry. Several fine churches have been erected through his efforts, and numerous other manifestations of his success in parish work bear eloquent testimony to his zeal and ability in administering affairs.

Brother Amadeus, Superior General of the Brothers of Charity, was recently decorated by the King of Spain with the cross of the Order of Charles III., as a tribute to a noble religious, who has undertaken so many works of charity for relieving human misery and distress.

During his administration, which covers twenty-three years, the Order has made wonderful progress. He has founded twenty-eight establishments in Belgium, England, Ireland and Canada, and all are in a prosperous condition. He also founded the Workingmen's Hotel of Charleroi, a social work of the first order, and it is considered a model of its kind.

Brother Amadeus is constantly receiving requests to found houses in various parts of Europe and America. He has very progressive views on education, and its importance as an aid to religion, and he is thoroughly up-to-date in the best and most practical methods of training the young mind.

At the last Antwerp Exposition, the exhibits of the great Montreal Establishment, and the Industrial School of the

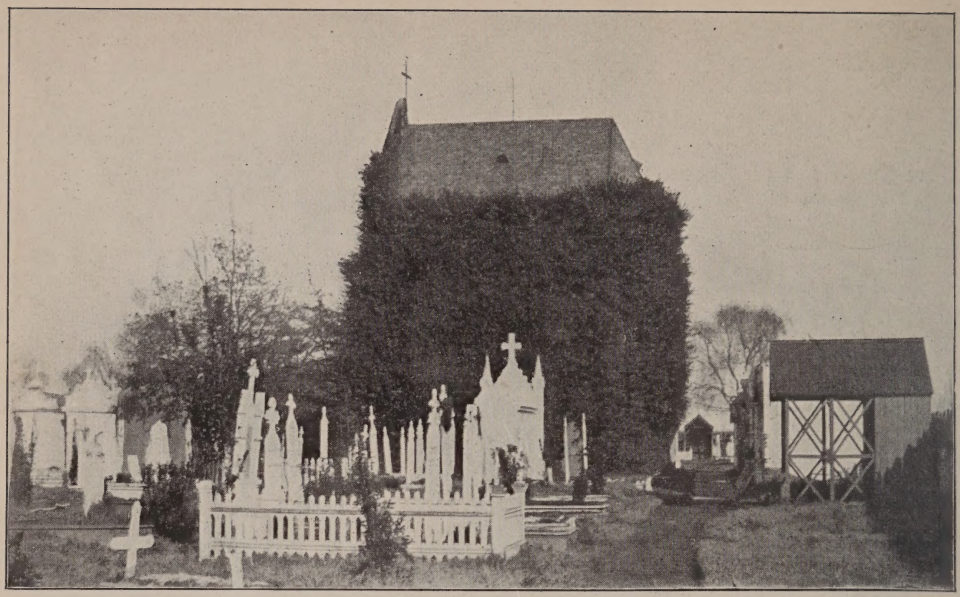
Courtesy of the *Weekly Bouquet*.

BROTHER AMADEUS, SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE BROTHERS OF CHARITY.

House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, won many medals for merit, and received warm praise from the authorities.

A few years ago King Leopold of Belgium, in acknowledgment of his services, conferred on him the title of Officer of the Order of Leopold, and the King of Portugal, in recognition of his good work in the cause of education, made him a Chevalier of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception of Villa Viciosa. The rules of the congregation through his efforts were approved in Rome in 1888, and Leo XIII. expressed his praise and interest in the work of the order.

Inspired by divine grace, Brother Amadeus is an instrument in God's hands to save thousands of souls. He has a clear sense of duty—the stimulus of enthusiasm is kept alive in all its glow and freshness, and from year to year, constant important improvements in the condition of society are effected, the distress of the poor and outcast is relieved, and all his work is crowned with success.



THE SHRINE OF ST. ROCH.

AT ST. ROCH'S.

THE QUEEREST LITTLE CHAPEL IN AMERICA.

MARIE LINDA BENSEL.

There is a quaint and curious little chapel which is the Mecca of many a traveler, when sojourning in the romantic old Crescent City, as New Orleans is often termed. To the shrine of St. Roch's, the faithful and the unfaithful go, alike. Some because they believe, and some with that morbid curiosity incidental to thorough sight-seeing. In houses of worship the land over anthems and glorias ring out at the services. But at St. Roch's there are no songs and no sermons. There are myriad lights gleaming on the little altar, but the only celebrant is the spirit of the good St. Roch himself, and he hovers near and importunes of the Great and Real Presence the granting of the gifts which the faithful desire. For it is written of St. Roch's that whosoever shall journey there on foot, nine days, with faith in the heart, and shall pray at St. Roch's altar, that wish shall be granted unto him.

There is, perhaps, nowhere in America a more curious little chapel, no one beset with more traditions. Situated in the lower section of the city, where the Latin element strongly predominates, the very children are educated with a reverence for, and a faith in, St. Roch. Thousands of prayers have ascended from this little altar from hearts sorely stricken. They will tell you that they have been an-

swered. If their prayer has not been heard, with that sturdy faith characteristic of the Creoles, that "it was not for the best." Oh, beautiful faith! But if you will but glance at the altar you will see grateful tributes from those whose petitions have been heard. There are numberless small marble tablets, some bearing the words, "thanks" or "merci," cut in large, deep letters into their whiteness. The simple words are eloquent when one realizes the burden that has been lifted from some heart. Here and there one sees the waxen image of a hand or of a child's tiny foot, to signify that some one has been cured of some ailment by the good saint. There are crutches without number standing about just as they were discarded by their owners, because the good saint heard their fervent prayers, and they need them no longer. And so the blind, and the maimed, and the halt, and the deaf, and the sorely afflicted both in mind and body, may come, and they do come. You will find them there at all hours. For has it not been said that if they pray daily they will be healed?

At first gaze one shivers, for it is a saddening sight, but as the eye becomes accustomed to the surroundings, one realizes that some unseen presence may be about to remind of the ills that beset humanity, and from which none of us are secure. It may remind one also, that, somewhere on high, there is a great, white throne where all of us may lay down our burdens and find peace and rest. This simple altar in the dim chapel must be like unto that Mercy Seat where humanity at the last brings its ills, and lays them down. Aye, and even broken hearts will the good saint mend, they say, and it is whispered that he will bring parted lovers together, and restore lost treasure.

And so while from other altars there are prayers ascending, from St. Roch's there are only the dim whispers rising out of the gloom. Some of the whispers will be agonizing appeals, while others are joy-notes of thanks. The only sermons preached at St. Roch's are such as these, and we must draw our own conclusions. If there is any service it is outside the chapel, under the southern sky, beneath the blue that gleams between the lacy green of the oak branches. The birds must sing the matins till their very throats seem to burst with the music of their threnodies, for the voice of the southern mocker is sweet and all powerful. The tiny chapel itself is so small that there is room for but very few within.

They have built a new chapel at St. Roch's, farther back in the cemetery, but it is too modern. It is not the shrine so hallowed with memories. It is the little old chapel which appeals to the heart. Over its walls clambers the glossy ivy, and winter and summer it is green. In the land of southern sunshine this is possible. Protectingly does the ivy cling upon the walls, and grows into every niche and cranny, and hangs lovingly over the open door. Rain or shine, the door is open, so that there is scarcely a fourth wall to the chapel. But inside all is dim and quiet, and were it not for the many candles of the faithful burning there, one could scarcely discern the outlines of the interior. The only light, save the candles, is the patch of sunlight at the entrance, where the shadows of the

ivy are silhouetted against the grey of the stone floor. On the stained-glass windows back of the altar the dust of many years has collected, and the light is dimmed. Still it streams softly and lovingly, and lights up the face of the good saint, as he stands staff in hand, by the side of the altar. Foot-falls echo irreverently, and whispers resound strangely. On a small table by the altar-side are many candles burning, candles that have been "blessed," and with whose burning a prayer arises. Some are still tall and burn bravely, while others are sputtering in their sockets and going out, as a life.

In the shell walk before the chapel is what was once known as the wishing well, the virtue of whose waters was heralded far and wide. Now it has been transformed into a pretty grotto, a shrine over which the Blessed Virgin smiles benignly. Growing in profusion about the graves is the famous clover, whose tiny green leaf is spotted a bright scarlet, the red being, according to tradition, a drop of the Saviour's blood. Others say that at one time a beautiful Creole maiden sought her own life in the quiet of St. Roch's, and that the blood-stained dagger falling upon the green clover beneath left the dark, tiny stain which marks all the clover growing there still. It is true, however, that this clover grows only in the cemetery of St. Roch's. The fanciful idea is well dilated upon by the guides, and visitors eagerly seek all the information concerning it, which, however, they soon find to be very meager.

Tradition is rife in this old Campo Santo. It is over the gate that one sees the awkward and gloomy white board sign, with its glaring black letters, "Campo Santo." The very gate breathes of the traditions within. You find almost any day some one to tell you that his or her prayers have been heard, limbs made straight, sight restored, arms grown strong. If there is a child ill, "pray for it at St. Roch's" is the almost unwritten mandate of the women of the Latin neighborhoods, not alone from the town itself, but often from the parishes, as the state divisions are termed in Louisiana.

As you turn to go, the sun gleams afresh, and casts soft lines of light athwart the stone floor, and lights up in love beams the face of the saint. And out of the darkness shall come light, and out of the gloom come joy. Out of despair shall come hope, and from sorrow come rejoicing. From dawn till sunset the singing birds are the witnesses to those who come as pilgrims to the shrine, and praying, go away again with peace in the heart and good in the mind. All along the niches of the wall of the cemetery are silent sleepers. On those high shelves of brick repose the sainted dead, laid away in the peculiar fashion of the southern burial, in cemented vaults. And so the birds sing the matins in the trees overhead, and the full-throated voice of the southern mocker is beautiful to hear.

A CONTRITE HEART.

A LEGEND.

BY NEIL CAREW.

Life in the merry land of England was rich with adventure in the time of— but no; this is a legend, and one should not tell the date of a legend, even if one knows it. Let it suffice to say that it was a time of brave knights, fair ladies and learned monks, of jousting, hawking, and liberal hospitality dispensed by abbots ruling in their monasteries like princes. The temporal importance of the monastic orders was indeed considerable and all the learning of the age was to be found within those gray walls. It was here that the missals were illuminated with quaint designs, and the makers of books were company good enough to be sought by the nobles, who were heartily welcomed and entertained with the best that the monastery afforded.

Famous for the scholarship of its inmates and its hospitality was one monastery whose massive buildings rose, cold and severe, amid a peaceful landscape, its broad fields of tilled ground, cultivated by the brothers, lying around it in a green circle which contrasted strongly with the grim aspect of the edifice. It suggested a stern dowager who had grown old and gray while the emerald necklace she had donned as a girl retained its freshness.

The red light of the setting sun cast a ruddy glow over it one evening in summer. On an overlooking hill a man sat contemplating the sunset, but it is unlikely that he was indulging in any poetic similes. That his mind was preoccupied might be seen from the lines between his eyes, lines not of vexation but betokening intense mental effort. The furrows which age had marked upon his face looked deeper than was natural, owing to the tension of the muscles, and one hand opened and shut nervously from time to time. In the other he held the bridle of a big, calm-eyed mare that grazed beside him, turning now and again to shove her soft nose into her master's hand. The harness of both man and beast proclaimed them fighters, and judging from the richness of the trappings their state was no mean one. The man's shirt of mail was finely wrought and his sword hilt gleamed with red and green flashes. But, in truth, there was little need of the testimony of such externals; there was in the soldier's face that look which only comes from a long life of command, and the face was one which hinted at fierce struggles.

At last he rose, an expression of resolve in his eyes, and stood for a moment with his arm around the mare's neck. Then he took the reins, and knotting them so that they could not hang down and trip her, threw them over her back.

"Now go," he said; "thou art too good a steed to find aught but tender treatment. I have no fear for thy welfare."

Another thought seemed to strike him, for he hesitated; then he divested himself of his armor and threw it among the bushes. But the sword he kept.

This done he started to walk down the hill. The mare, however, had no

idea of being left behind. Still nibbling the grass as she walked, she followed him as a matter of course. Her master paused and took up a stone which he made a pretence of throwing at her, but aiming it so that it struck the ground some paces from her. She looked at it with interest, as a faithful dog might do, and still came on. Then the soldier picked up another and hit her with it, not hard but full on the flank. She jumped back startled, wheeled around and galloped toward the village, which could be seen in the distance. Then the man turned sharply and pursued his way over the winding road to the monastery.

Arrived there he knocked at the gate, and when the porter opened to him, said:

"I would see the abbot."

"Ho-ho!" cried the porter, with little courtesy for the stranger who came on foot, "who is this saucy knave who would have our abbot at his beck and call as if he were the king?"

The old man's brow clouded, but he made a great effort, and not only controlled his anger, but answered even humbly:

"Say to the abbot that one who repents of his sins craves admission."

Something in his manner impressed the porter—or perhaps it was that jewelled sword, which he now caught sight of for the first time. Without further ado he flung the heavy door wide open and the soldier passed in.

Next morning a new brother took his place among the monks who filed into the chapel when the bell rang for matins. They scrutinized him covertly as they chanted the psalms and litanies. He seemed ill at ease in his cowl and he stood silent and stern among them, for what knew he of the Latin sentences that rolled so easily off their tongues? Only when he caught the familiar words, "Ave Maria," did he attempt to join in the devotions. At every recurrence of the "Hail, Mary," he bowed his head and repeated the phrase reverently.

And so it was always, though he lived many years in the Order. Brother Anselmo, as he was henceforth called, was stricter than any of his companions in keeping fast and doing penance. But the chants and Latin prayers remained always foreign to his tongue, the rough soldier could not suddenly acquire the learning he had spent a lifetime in scoffing at, and he spent hours in saying over the litanies after the monks who tried to teach them to him—for with reading he had not the slightest acquaintance—only to have the meaningless sentences slip from his memory as soon as his lips had framed them. It was a great sorrow to him that it should be so, for he wished to honor God and the blessed saints with his whole soul, but he was proven incapable. Try as he would, he could remember nothing but the simple "Ave Maria," and this he said over and over, being the best that he could do. It came to be a joke among the monks, who had little patience with such stupidity. Used as they were to books and study, it seemed to them a small thing to memorize a short prayer or so, and they could not understand why Anselmo was unable to do it. Among them were some who were at little pains to conceal their feelings, and "Brother Ave Maria" furnished them with many a jest.

What had been his name or condition in the world they never knew, for in answer to their questions he replied

merely that he was a penitent who would fain spend his last days imploring forgiveness for a life of wickedness. It was said that the abbot knew his history, but to the others he was only an ignorant old man. Sometimes, when a party of knights passed by, or the shadow of a hunting falcon, soaring in the blue sky without, fell across the windows of his cell, there was a gleam in Brother Anselmo's eyes that was strangely at variance with his monkish garb; but then he would turn his face resolutely away from the sight, and gripping his rosary hard between his strong old fingers, would murmur "Ave Maria, Ave Maria," between clenched teeth; and later he would perform some special act of humility.

There was but one person who did not regard him with impatience—a young brother, scarcely more than a boy, who had been brought to the monastery when an infant by his parents and dedicated to the service of God in pious acknowledgment of blessings showered upon them. He was a noble born and chafed under the restraints of the Order. Between him and Brother Anselmo a friendship sprang up; but even this was not to last, for the abbot feared that the youth's mind would be disturbed by the old soldier, in whom the warlike spirit still burned despite his efforts to force it into submission.

The last link with the world was broken when one of the other monks, discovering that he kept a sword in his cell, reported it to the abbot, who reproved him for clinging to the vanities of the world, and ordered him to give it up; the crown of the Virgin Mary over the altar shone with several new rubies and emeralds thenceforth, and a lonely look was in Brother Anselmo's eyes.

Thus he lived, grew feeble, and died, still repeating his one prayer, "Ave Maria." They buried him in the chapel yard, and save by Brother Sebastian, the young monk, he was little mourned and soon forgotten.

The next spring, when the earth put forth her green, the brothers came to tend the garden. It had been neglected, for the spring was early, and the fields must be sown before time could be spared for the flowers, so the graves were already overgrown. The monks clipped and trimmed and dug; but suddenly they were arrested by the sight of a new flower, the like of which had never been seen before, flooding the obscure corner where it bloomed with a gold and purple glory. Erect and proud it stood, holding its head like a king. Three petals curved upward encircling the pistil, and three others opened out beneath them. And as the brothers examined the outspread petals, behold, they saw thereon, as on the leaves of a book, the words "Ave Maria" lettered in golden veins.

There was confusion in the monastery. The abbot was summoned to the spot, the brothers poured out from the cloisters to see the miracle and admire the beautiful flower. When they were all gathered before it the abbot resolved to probe the mystery.

"Fetch a spade," he ordered.

And when it was brought, with his own hands he dug carefully around the strange plant. The roots grew deep down, and soon the spade struck a coffin.

"Who is buried here?" asked the abbot.

None knew until the young Sebastian spoke up:

"It is Brother Anselmo's grave," he said.

The abbot dug deeper, following

the roots of the flower down to their bed. The rough wooden coffin was split; the roots sprang from Brother Anselmo's lips.

And thus it was known that the Blessed Virgin had accepted the whole-hearted devotion of the old soldier and was content with his simple prayer. Those who had despised him in his life turned away silently from his grave to seek in the solitude of their own cells that humility without which their worship could be only worthless form.

To-day the holy words are no longer to be read on the petals of the flower-de-luce, but the beauty of its lesson still nestles in its golden heart.

THOU ART MY WILL.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Speak to me love, my sweet-heart,
  Frown not in bitter scorn;
Out of thy dear sweet presence
  Ne'er shall my will be torn.

Soul of my soul, my Angel!
  Heart of mine inmost heart!
One both in heart and spirit,
  We were not born to part.

What though thy foot unfettered
  Walks amid wealth and pride?
What though my life is chastened,
  Honor and power denied?

Thou art my will, my Angel;
  Thou art my hope, my heart;
Strong with thy love, I fear not;
  Power cannot make us part.

THE PRESIDENT'S RIDE.

THE STORY OF A RAILROAD STRIKE.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

Donald McPhab had been Master Mechanic of the Western Division of the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad for fifteen years. He had grown round-shouldered and gray working at the bench in their repair shops before his promotion, and even then, it had come to him unsought and a surprise. Not but it was welcome enough to him and his, for the increase of salary enabled him to keep his numerous family in better shape. His two older girls had, to be sure, grown up and were taking care of themselves; but there were three younger girls and five boys.

Donald was in charge of the shops at the western terminus of the road, on the outskirts of San Filippo, a pretty little city, which, during the boom of '87, had strode up and over, at a single bound, three or four miles of hills sloping down to the tide water of the Pacific Ocean.

From the front veranda of his story and a half cottage standing on the southern slope of the eastern hill, McPhab could see every train passing in and out of San Filippo station. He could see every movement about the roundhouse, shops and sheds. All this had become so much a part of his living that the squeaking of a dry axle or the ominous grating of a dry bearing was as painful to him as the twinge of his sciatica in the rainy season.

Horace Babson, President of the A. & G. W., had made his home in San Filippo a few years before, owing to a rheumatic affliction for which his wife had found some climatic relief there. A far more pretentious city would have deemed itself highly honored in claiming such a railroad magnate as its own, and you may rest assured that San Filippo showered its honors, social and political, upon him. But it was only during his occasional flying visits in his private car that he was caught within the limits of the State. The executive offices of his company were in Chicago, and there he spent most of his time. Yet no man might hope to be elected to any public office in the state save by the power of his backing. A word or nod from Babson to the chairman of the state central committee was sufficient to nominate a gubernatorial candidate.

He owned and directed one morning newspaper of the city, which was his chief weapon in striking down any rash opponent of his measures. He controlled about every money making enterprise from the great Oceanside Hotel to the shipping of the port, pilot and harbor commissions, the city water supply, all the street car lines, tug boat, ballasting ships, street grading and paving appliances and garbage outfit.

All this was known to McPhab, but he was never asked to help pack a caucas till Guy, Mr. Babson's son, who was to come before the Fall convention as a candidate for congressman, bade him. McPhab replied that he

was no politician, and knew nothing about such business.

"Then it's about time you took your first lesson, Mc," was Guy's retort, "we can't well hope to succeed in the railroad business these days without keeping up our political fences as well as our rolling stock."

"Faith, it's true enough for ye, I suppose, Sir," replied McPhab, reflectively, "but, as I said before, I know no more about the ways of primaries than I do about navigation, an' that's nothing at all, Sir."

"You can never learn younger, Mc, so get about it," authoritatively, "and see that your men are all trained to voting right."

"I have no right to meddle wid my men's votin', Sir."

"You have the right of my orders as much as if I told you to get out engine Seventy-nine and couple her to my private car for a run of inspection over the Division." The young man had been nearly two years Division Superintendent, to which position he had been raised with very little practical experience in the business. A couple of years after leaving college he had married the daughter of a multi-millionaire banker, whom he had met at his father's great Oceanside Hotel. The banker made the young couple a wedding present of several blocks of the Company's stock, by means of which the office was secured for Guy.

"Young men should have responsible positions," the banker said, "nothing like it for developing character and manly self-dependence."

The president smiled at the banker's notions of the railroad business. But then he could secretly instruct Daily, his efficient assistant superintendent, who had grown up in the business, to act as if all responsibility of the right management of the Division devolved upon himself "till Guy had gotten well broke in."

Friction all along the line was shortly the outcome of this "kid glove management," as the old employees called it. Guy issued to this and that man orders which should have been given to his assistant, and from him gone out to the others. Daily believed that methodical routine was everything in successful railroad management. Nor could Guy's handsome presence and winning affability make up to him for the breach of it. Guy was aiming to make himself popular with every man on the Division coming on election time. He was a far better politician than he was a railroad man, and was, therefore, successful in making friends of all but McPhab and about half a dozen of his best shop hands. The latter Guy ordered to be discharged for no other reason than that their services were no longer required. McPhab refused to discharge men who had worked so many years under him and with whose work he could find no fault. The superintendent ordered the men sent to the pay office, where they were preemptorily discharged. That evening they all called at Mc's to inquire what they had done to merit such treatment. He told them the whole story, convincing them that it was no fault of his. They were not half satisfied; still they could not believe their manly old boss capable of adding falsehood to deceit.

Next morning there came down to McPhab six men, with orders from Superintendent Babson to employ them in place of the discharged machinists. After glancing at the order, Mc ran his steel gray eyes over each

man with a look that almost made the applicants shiver with the intensity of his scrutiny. Mc believed more in the research or examination of his own eyes than he did in the mere memorized replies of applicants for positions. Not one of them had the steady, bright mechanical eye, and firm, resolute personality that he looked for in men to work at his benches. But he was courteous enough to ask what railroad shops they had worked in last. Two had done nothing since crossing the continent for their health. One of them came from the shop of a street railway in a Northern city, and the other three had been discharged from the N. C. & W. for participating in unions. McPhab finally told them that they were not just the men that he wanted. To this they demurred, with the statement that Mr. Babson had employed them, and that they simply came to him to be set to work. This of course left no doubt in Mc's mind about their being very poor journeymen, as he had first decided. Their impertinence nettled him too, and this added to the sting of Babson's snub of yesterday in the matter of discharging his best men left him in no happy frame of mind.

"Ye may take yer orders back to Mr. Babson an' let him set ye to work then!" he retorted, "for divil a one a ye'll ever strike a blow in these shops while I'm in charge of 'em."

At this, they went their ways, muttering some retort as they passed out of the wide smoky doorway.

Next morning when the Master Mechanic went into the Superintendent's office for his orders for the day, Daily saluted him, "Well Mc, there's the divil to pay about yer not setting them machinists to work yesterday. Faith, I'm glad I'm well shot of it, an' that it's all between yerself an' the boss."

"It's not a pleasant affair, Sir, that's a fact. Mr. Babson's not in yet?"

"Not yet, Mc. Sit down an' take a smoke," opening a drawer in the desk at which he sat, and passing a box of cigars. "They were over at the old man's at a great banquet last night given in honor of a crowd of distinguished railroad officials visiting here, and he will not be on hand quite so soon."

"Maybe I'd best not wait then, Sir," lighting a cigar, "we're crowded wid work and shorthanded, as ye know, if yerself can give me the instructions."

"There's nothing new since yesterday, that I'm aware of, Mc. Still you'd best wait till he comes in."

The office boy came in with the morning mail, with which Daily at once busied himself. McPhab was looking over some manufacturer's circulars that came addressed to himself, when Mr. Babson came in.

"Morning, Daily," he saluted, passing McPhab unnoticed, as he strode over to his own private office back of where Daily sat. "What's the latest from the Overland?"

"Last's from Colton at seven twenty-six, Sir. She'll be in on time all right."

"Everything right about the local Northern Express?" holding the knob of the door with head thrown rather haughtily back on shoulders.

"At the depot all ready to start on time, Sir; Grey has just telephoned."

"All right, Daily. Tell McPhab I want to see him right away! Has he been in yet this morning?"

"Here now, Sir; there he sits waiting to see you."

The change from a smiling, good-natured glow to a dark, repulsive frown that came over the young man's face as he turned his flashing eyes upon McPhab was a surprise even to Daily. "Why in—didn't you set those six men to work that I sent down to you yesterday, Mc?" he questioned angrily.

"Just because they were not the sort of men I wanted, Sir," retorted Mc, quietly, yet with a caustic undertone in his voice that provoked Babson still more.

"Then by——I'll see that you put 'em to work!" he stormed, "you're not running both ends of this Division, Sir!"

"I can't put such men to work and be responsible for what they do. I am expected to keep my end of the line up, Sir. But I can't do it with such men—nor can I see why you should urge me to employ them. Another thing, Sir; they would have no regard for me after knowin' that it was yerself that employed them."

"We don't want any more advice from you, Sir," retorted Babson. "You may go on about your business and set those men to work the moment they show up in the shops."

"I can't do that, Mr. Babson, in justice to the Company or you either."

"Then I'll see that they are set to work myself. We can run this Division without you, probably." Babson's passion had subsided to a less loud white heat.

"Not a doubt of it, Sir," returned Mc, still looking him resolutely in the face, "an' faith ye may run it. The world'll run roun' on its axis just the same after the pair of us are forgotten."

"That settles it then," said Babson, cooling down. "I will see the pay clerk and tell him to give you your time check when you call for it." Then to Daily, "Put Bagby in charge of the shops for the present, Daily!" At this Babson slipped into his private office and shut the door.

"Good bye, Mr. Daily," said McPhab, rising to go.

Daily was deeply touched by the pathetic look in the thin, swarthy face in which the lines deepened. "Come in an' see me often, Mc. Ye'll be all at sea loafing, but I hope it won't be for long."

"I'm gettin' rather old to go huntin' a position with a strange company now, Sir, after bein' most of my life wid this. It's younger men they're lookin' for. Master mechanics grow up from sarvin' apprenticeships at benches as I did myself. Good luck to ye, Sir. The old woman and girls'll be glad to see ye when ye come, Sir."

The tear in McPhab's voice touched all the tender emotions of the manly young assistant's heart. He was glad when the old man went out so that Babson might not come in and catch him in such womanish mood as that into which he had fallen under the spell of McPhab's look.

* * * * * *

No sooner had the news of McPhab's discharge from the employ of the A. & G. W. gone out amongst the machinists', engine men's and trainmen's unions than there was an active movement set on foot for his reinstatement. Apart from Mc's standing for the best that there was in their craft, they regarded his action in the matter of refusing to have incompetent men forced upon him by the young superintendent as not only a manly vindica-

tion of the dignity of their business, but an essential safeguard of the lives of the traveling public. Mc had never joined any of their trades unions. But he was in hearty sympathy with the right principles for which they stood, and assured them that as soon as they had shown their ability to conduct them on strictly just and peaceful lines he would be with them. Nothing was to be gained by violence or law breaking.

The first McPhab knew of their taking up his case was when he read the report in the morning paper of a delegation from several of the unions having waited upon Mr. Babson with a demand that he be at once reinstated. This of course the hot-headed young Babson flatly refused, with the ironical reminder that he could run his business without their aid or interference.

"We don't come to question your ability in the matter, Sir," replied the spokesman of the delegation affably, "but we do claim that men have the right to live in the business to which they have given the most and best of their lives. You cannot operate your road without men, Sir."

"I have no time to waste in such silly dispute," retorted Babson curtly.

"Then you may expect to find the whole A. & G. W. system without a man to move a train within forty-eight hours, Sir," was the calm rejoinder.

"I will listen to no more of your lawless threats, Sir," stormed Babson, walking abruptly out, leaving the five adroit delegates with Daily.

"Best not do anything in the matter till the president of the road has been advised of what has happened, and is heard from, gentlemen," counseled Daily. "We will wire him at once."

"We will give you all the time that is consistent with our duty in the premises, Sir. But that young man will have to modify his temper a bit if he is to manage divisions a great while."

"Thanks. Call tomorrow morning. We will hear from the president by that time, I hope."

The delegates having bade him a polite "Good day, Sir," and gone out, Daily struck off a message to the elder Babson, briefly stating the facts in the case. Scarcely had the telegraph operator started the last word upon the wire when Guy came in again.

"One must cut those—meddlesome loafers short, Daily," he said, smiling as he walked up to Daily's desk. "I turned 'em down in good shape, didn't I? No other way of getting rid of 'em without being talked to death."

"That's right, Sir. It's far easier getting rid of them than averting a strike over our whole system."

"Oh, pshaw, Daily! They were only on the bluff. No danger of a strike now when there's so many men idle. I could pave a track from here to Chicago with men in twenty-four hours' time."

"Perhaps not with trained reliable railroad men capable of operating your line well, Sir."

"It's time a halt was called upon the domination of these walking delegates, Daily. We'll just show 'em for once that we can run this division independent of such disturbing loafers."

"Strikes are incalculably costly things to such a system as ours, Sir. I have wired yer father how things stand so that he may take the necessary steps to avert the strike."

"You did very wrong, Daily—without consulting me first. Such a message should have come from me, not you."

"Faith, I took l'ave of havin' it come from yerself, Sir. There wasn't a minute to be lost, and I had no notion of how long ye'd be away or where ye'd gone."

Babson was yet too much dependent upon Daily's superior practical knowledge of his business to take chances of losing the benefit of it by giving way to his exasperation at Daily's having taken such responsibility on his own shoulders. "You should by all means have waited to advise with me before doing this thing," he said, choking with suppressed rage as he began writing a dispatch to his father. The substance of it was that there was no occasion for any fear of a strike. Daily had wired under his name without authority.

These conflicting dispatches coming so near together set the old man Babson's mind in a turmoil of doubt. Out of this effort to reach a correct conclusion as to what was best to be done he came with the reflection, "It was a bad mistake to put that boy in such a responsible position, so ill-equipped and inexperienced. McPhab must be reinstated at once. Only a fool of a boy would have let him go." Then he wrote on a telegraph blank to his son Guy, "Offer McPhab fifty dollars per month increase wages to resume his position on your division at once."

This was to his son's temper as a lighted torch applied to a powder magazine. Several hours were lost in waiting for him to cool off so as to enable him to go about the business with tolerable calmness, and even then he was obliged to put the matter of asking McPhab to return to his position in Daily's hands. He could never humble himself so much as to go in person to the poor old mechanic and with a kind, apologetic word for the ill he had done him, wipe out the wrong, make a friend of an enemy, and perhaps avert a calamity from befalling hundreds of his employees, thousands of others, and his company besides.

Daily was of course well pleased to bring good news to the McPhab household. In fact, nothing else possible for Babson to have set him about could have yielded him such delight. Nor would he admit to himself that the bearing of this message promising him a between times chat with Jean, Mc's eldest daughter, had much part in the pleasure of it. The equal blend of Scotch and Irish in Jean's blood had not only given her a rare personality, but Daily had already fathomed a mind and sounded a heart as bright and deep as the sea, tender and true as love and truth. Daily could not wait to go home to supper before delivering his message of coming good to his old friend. The moment the office was closed he hastened on and reached the door when the family were at supper. Jean started up at his ring. A wave of light flashed over her pretty face.

"Sure, it's not at this hour ye'd be lookin' for him, child," bantered the mother.

"That's Matthew's ring, whatever brings him," said the father.

"He brings some good news, I am sure," returned Jean, laughingly, as she went to the door.

Nothing would do the family but Daily's sitting down at the table with them. Jean's maiden modesty would

not allow her to seat him by herself when laying a cover for him. But the mother interposed, insisting upon his filling his wonted place, to the infinite amusement of the younger members of the family. Daily and Jean both stood the cross-fire of raillery quite well. He lost little time in broaching the subject of his visit. Donald himself was the only one receiving the news with manifest apathy. This was a great disappointment to Daily. He now passed over the telegram to the old man, believing that the president's direct, substantial recognition of his abilities would have the desired effect. But Donald read the message with the same apathy that he had heard it spoken of.

"I can niver sarve the Company under Guy Babson again," he said, with grave determination. "He has no respect or feeling for God or man, though he may grow out of his gross vanity some day."

"I wouldn't let such a fellow's vanity and insensibility drive me to neglect my own intersets, if I were you, Papa," said Jean.

"No more would I if it was only myself he insulted, child. But he would have me aid him make the men on the division sell their votes as well as their labor."

"Yer too sensitive about the like, Father," corrected the wife, "ye know that ye have a big family on yer hands."

"The crisis is altogether too serious for the road and the men, McPhab," said Daily, sharply, "for you to allow your dislike for the president's son to precipitate us into such a strike. It is not only incalculable loss of money to both, but perhaps life as well."

"I dinna care ta hear mair a this gash, Mat Daily!'" retorted the old man.

The moment that McPhab began to speak in Scotch dialect, Daily knew that further remonstrance with him was hopelessly futile. So he thereupon pocketed his telegram and changed the subject to a yacht race that was to come off in the San Filippo Bay on the following afternoon. After supper he spent an hour on the front veranda with the family. In the gleams of moonlight through the thick fronds and flowers of the climbing roses that covered the whole front of the cottage, Jean looked more lovely than ever. But Daily knew that she rather disliked too frequent and protracted visits during courtship. He knew her reasons for this too, and so he bade them all good night as he rose to go early.

"Heaven grant that your father may reconsider his rash purpose, Jean," he whispered in her ear.

"Amen, Mat," she returned softly, "but I fear the worst. Father is so immovably set in his purposes."

"Do everything possible to convince him of the error of his ways," he said as he went down the steps.

Next morning Guy Babson was a little troubled at being obliged to wire his father of his failure to induce their old master mechanic to resume charge of the shops. Shortly before noon came a reply from the president that McPhab must be at any cost reinstated. Nothing short of that could avert the impending strike the whole length of their lines. Daily hinted that if the superintendent himself approached Mc in a compromising spirit, the old man might meet him half way. But the fiery youth averred that it would be a mighty long strike before

he stooped to McPhab. Daily tried Mc again with no better success. To the telegram of their second failure came an answer that about all the federated unions of railroad men west of Chicago had declared in favor of a strike. They had now included in their demands that the six men discharged from the Western Division shops be re-employed with McPhab. No effort should be spared to find the men and set all to work at once.

This was a sharper thorn in the flesh of young Babson. He now began to come to some sense of the emergency of the situation. The men were readily located in a neighboring town working in the shops of a local road and agreed to come back at their old wages, which was a half a dollar day more than they were getting. But McPhab could not be induced to come back.

On receipt of this ominous news, President Babson started West in his private car. But the strike was ordered on shortly afterwards and he was tied up near Denver. Strenuous efforts were made to induce the crew to run his train on to San Filippo. Once he reached that point differences could be adjusted and further loss to all concerned obviated. But they said they had been ordered out and must stay out until the strike was called off by the proper authorities. Then he offered to double, treble their wages during the run. But they were as immovable as ever. An effort was now made to employ a non-union crew. There were "scabs" enough to be had in Denver, but the armed strikers stood guard and kept the others from boarding the train.

Every day of this tie-up meant a loss of more than a hundred thousand dollars to the Company, and as much more to the men. Meetings of Babson and the officers of local unions looking toward conciliation were held, but all to no purpose. The wires were kept hot with dispatches east, west, north and south with overtures of adjustment. Tiring at last of failure in these directions, Babson conceived the idea of manning the train with his private secretary, his valet, cook, waiter and himself. It was such a novel and romantic notion that his men took to it with alacrity. The news of it flashed westward all along the main line. The president's unique way of surmounting such a difficulty appealed so forcibly to the managers of the strike that they sent out orders to every station to clear the main line by side-tracking all tied-up trains.

A vast crowd of the strikers and citizens were on hand to see the start of the president's train. Babson himself, in overalls, jumper and skull cap, was in the cab grasping the throttle. He had driven an engine several years in his early railroad days and his men all knew him to be a master of the situation in that respect. His valet was shoveling coal into the roaring furnace beside him and the secretary stood on the "Cythian's" after platform ready for action.

The start was made amid the mirth and huzzas of the multitude. Mike Driscol, the late engineer of 105, swore that she never pulled out of a station with signs of a firmer hand on the throttle. Fearing some malicious injury to the track, or misplacement of a switch, Babson ran only while there was daylight. This gave him about fifteen hours' work out of the twenty-four, which was about all he and his soft-handed crew could stand. All the

stations at the populous towns and cities were crowded with merry throngs eager for a glance at President Babson in his new rôle of engineer.

Enthusiasm ran high in his praise amongst the crowd. Little children clapped their pink dimpled hands and cheered him. Men and women hailed him as a messenger of peace—a bringer of conciliation. Babson was as much delighted as he was surprised to find so much good will and gratitude amongst the people of all ages and conditions. The many unmistakeable signs of it cheered him on his way, shortened his journey and lightened his labor. It was about five o'clock of a bright afternoon when President Babson's train came curving swiftly in around the sparkling bay shore and pulled gracefully up at her place in front of the San Filippo depot.

Daily and Guy Babson were elbowing their way as fast as they could through the vast crowd to the cab. The high caste engineer," as some of the men on the platform called him, was still at his post giving orders to his foreman, and blowing off his steam, when his son and Daily came up. Guy shrank back a little with an involuntary shudder at sight of the grim resolute face of his father. The rigid muscles had not yet relaxed their determined tension and the look of the grey soot-rimmed eyes still glowed with the far-seeing vigilance of the journey.

"Great heavens, Father!" saluted Guy, as he recovered himself, "I never could quite believe it till I saw you. Such a dreadful strain at your time of life may have a very bad effect."

The strikers were by this time bunched up around the engine, every man leaning eagerly to hear every word from the president and superintendent.

"No occasion for the least concern about evil effects, Guy" returned the father, "I am all right; just a little tired. But that's only from long physical inactivity. Another run across the continent would set me straight as a whip. You're looking as sprightly as ever, Mr. Daily."

"Faith, I was never better, Sir, thank ye," said Daily, reaching his white hand, which the president shook warmly in his sooty right, and then laughed to see the black mark of his four fingers which Daily feigned not to notice, "barrin' for this ruinous strike, Sir."

"Ah, yes, it never should have happened," returned the president, "where's McPhab?"

"At home, I suppose, Father," answered Guy.

"Then you go to his house, Daily, and tell him, with my compliments, to meet me at my house at seven-thirty this evening."

At this, an old engineer forgot himself so far as to step up in the cab and offer his services to take care of 105. But several voices thereupon reminded him of his breaking one of the most inviolate rules of the strike and he came down by the run.

"I'll see that Mc's wid ye on time, Sir," said Daily, starting off, rejoiced at the outlook of a speedy adjustment of matters, and starting of trains all along the lines.

President Babson had, by this time, his engine in such shape as to feel it safe enough to leave the rest to his fireman, and so he went back to his private car to take a warm bath and

have himself shaved, and dressed in his customary raiment. He was now, and for months thenceforth, the topic of every tongue and mark of every eye, wherever he went. His son, of course, accompanied him home. The old man drew out of him about everything he cared to know of the causes of the strike, and on summing it all up saw that his son was to blame. But instead of reprimand the father spoke hopefully of the prospect of an early resumption of traffic.

McPhab was at first disposed to decline Babson's invitation coming through Daily. But by aid of his wife and Jean, Daily at last convinced him that following such a course would only be the means of prolonging the strike and thus keeping the bread out of the mouths of the families of the poor strikers. So Mc went. The elder Babson gave him a cordial welcome. He assured him that the Western Division could not well prosper without him, so he must resume his charge of the repair shops at once—tomorrow; take on his six discharged mechanics and let the countless wheels of industry hum again. But the Scotch in Mc's blood made him inflexible. Nor would he yield till Babson Junior assured him in the presence of his father that neither McPhab or his men's franchise would ever again be meddled with.

Next morning McPhab shed joy and sunshine all over San Filippo on his early walk down to take charge of the shops. Every one, even to six or seven year tots, had come to know the cause of the strike and they knew that his return to his old place meant the end of it. The wires, an hour later, flashed the news eastward across the Rockies. Before noon meetings of the head officers of federated trades unions were in session, and by four o'clock on that same afternoon the strike was called off. In the evening, it chanced to be his night, Daily urged upon Jean that delays were dangerous and there could be no fitter celebration of the end of the strike than their marriage. But after exhausting his persuasive powers, the best he had accomplished was gaining her consent to have it on the first anniversary day of the end of the strike.

From that day to this there has never been another strike on the A. & G. W. McPhab is in his seventies and still in his old place. The elder Babson retired from the presidency years ago, and Guy now fills his father's place. The old man has made the story of the strike his "grouse in the gun room," and never tells it in company without adding that the object lesson which he taught his son, in running 105 across the continent himself, was the best education the boy ever had.

It was in honor of that event and the hero of it that Daily and Jean named their first boy Babson.

A BIT OF WRECKAGE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

She had drifted in to them on a bit of wreckage one gray Easter morning, when the wind was sharp with late winter and the air heavy with sluggish masses of fog. Old Captain Siah had gone down to the beach in hopes of being able to peer out far enough to see the topsail of his son's boat, which was long overdue; and with the secondary object of bringing back a mess of crabs or clams for dinner. But the fog was too dense for even his anxious gaze to penetrate; and instead of crabs or clams, he brought back this bit of humanity wrapped in many layers of soft flannel.

There was no name or mark upon the clothing so they called her Easter, and then waited until she was two or three years old; and after that, still having no clue to her identity, added their own name. By that time they had come to regard her as their own, and were already beginning to plan good things for her future. The topsail which Captain Siah had been peering for that day never emerged from the sullen banks of fog, and as the years went by, the things they had hoped for their son they hoped for her.

And they hoped still more. Their son had been like them, content with the present, and with no ambition beyond the horizon of his everyday life. But this girl was different. They felt it in her every action, and saw it in the clear, resolute earnestness of her big gray eyes. Before she was six she had learned the alphabet, mostly by herself, and when she was ten was hoarding pennies to buy books. But for all that, she was equal to any of the fisher-girls in rowing a boat, and could set lobster-pots and catch crabs and dig clams with the best of them. When not at work she was generally with her books, or gazing out across the sea with a wistful, speculative expression in her eyes.

"Blood will tell," Captain Siah would say to his wife oracularly. "Easter thinks she belongs to us, but for all that she's follerin' on arter her own father an' mother. Likely they were scholars an' gentlefolks, an' she's already p'intin' that way. The sea gave her to us in place of him that's gone, but we must bring her up accordin' to her natur'."

So as she grew older they provided books out of their scanty means, and when she was twelve began to send her to a school twenty-five or thirty miles up the coast, the captain taking her in his boat Monday morning and returning for her Friday afternoon. At this school she saw a piano for the first time, and her fingers sought the keys as naturally as her eyes had turned to the printed pages of books, and when one day she came across a schoolmate playing a violin, there came into her face an expression as of one finding something that belonged to her and which she had long missed.

The schoolmate was sympathetic as well as observant, and when Easter next returned home she had the violin as a loan from her new friend. Captain Siah looked it over with a broad grin expanding his countenance.

"So you've taken to fiddlin', Easter," he said, jovially. "Well, well, I wonder what next." Then he stroked

his white beard reflectively. "Seems too bad you haven't one of your own," with manifest regret in his voice, "guess I'd better run across to the lighthouse. One of the keepers used to have a ch'ice fiddle he wanted to sell. Mebbe I can make a trade."

When she came back the next Friday the violin was waiting for her, and with it was a pile of music and a music-stand.

"Thought I'd better trade for the whole contraption," explained Captain Siah, beamingly. "I knew you'd be wantin' 'em all."

As Easter advanced in years, there came to her a longing for something broader and more complete than this out-of-the-way place could offer. She had learned that she belonged to the outside world, and it seemed as though she must return to it and strive for all her father and mother could have wished for her. The very beating of the surf upon the shore was like a perpetual reminder of wasted time and opportunity.

And all the time the old couple were watching over her with loving solicitude, whatever she desired was their law, and whatever she thought was right they were ready to second.

"You must decide this for yourself, Easter," Captain Siah said to her one day. "If you feel you can do the Lord's work better in the world, why, it's your bounden duty to go. You've been a good daughter to us, an' sartain sure we'll miss you. There's only we three, an' Martha an' me feel to you as if you was really our own." He gazed out across the sea, which was never without its whitecaps and moaning breakers, and a softness stole into his rugged features. "We've talked about it consider'ble atween ourselves, Easter," he went on, after a long silence, "an' we'd like to sell out an' go wherever you go, but we can't. The Lord has placed us here beside the sea, an' has j'ined us to it by a love which will not be divided. Them breakers an' the great waste an' whitecaps are as much to our lives as books an' music are to yours. We'd die if we went away. The Lord gave you to us, Easter, an' we've done by you as well as we knew how—an' now if you find His work can be done better elsewhere, why, we won't say a word to hinder." He rose heavily and was turning away from the pile of wreckage on which he had been lounging, when another thought made him pause.

"How about the music an' teachin', Easter?" he asked, anxiously. "Your goin' will take a good deal from Martha an' me, but it will take more from these poor creeturs. We've done most of our work, an' now it's pretty much a question of comfort an' pleasure; but they're only jest learnin' to begin."

"I don't know, father—I can't decide." Easter threw out her hands a little wearily, as though wishing that some outside aid would help her in the decision. "I have concluded to go, and concluded to stay, but whichever way I decide it always seems that the other way is the right one. What do you advise, father? Shall I go or stay? I will do whatever you think best."

The old man's face brightened, and his lips began to tremble with eagerness,—then he shook his head and allowed it to sink back upon his breast.

"This is a matter of personal responsibility, Easter," he said, solemnly, "an' no man has a right to come atween a questioner an' God. You must decide it for yourself."

They walked on for some time in silence, then Easter paused abruptly.

"I will go down to the old wreck on the beach, father," she said, "I can think better there."

This had long been a favorite retreat of hers, and she had gone to it with all her childish troubles, and for a solitary place to practice on her violin and to read her books. On one side the sea stretched away to where its misty line joined the sky, beyond which she was in the habit of imagining her world; and on the other side was the white ribbon of beach sand and the great desolate wilderness of swamp and forest behind. Up the coast the ribbon gradually lost itself in jagged rocks and cliffs, and down the coast it wound in and out behind caves and bays until it finally disappeared in the distance.

This afternoon Easter sat for a long time gazing out toward the world which she had never seen,—then her gaze wandered in to the shore, to the weather-beaten house which had so long been her home, and on to the straggling village a half-mile or so below. She knew every house and every inmate, and her eyes grew tender as they rested upon the children playing along the shore. They were very ignorant in all matters save a knowledge of the sea, but with a little help and guidance she felt that many of them were capable of more than average good work in the world.

She had been growing nearer to these people during the last year or two, and it had come about through her trying to teach some of the smaller children to read. Gradually larger ones had come into her class, until at the end of a few months she had girls older than herself. Then one Sunday she had taken her violin and played for an hour, and after that had sung a few of the simple hymns she had learned at school. Some of the older children had ridiculed her teaching, but not one of them had scoffed at her music. The next Sunday they were there again, and with them came most of the grown people.

Over yonder in the great world were the opportunities she longed for, which were to make her like the dear unknown father and mother. They were her right, her inheritance, she told herself wistfully; why should she not seek them? Was it not her duty?

But yet, were there not clearer opportunities here? Over yonder she might gain her ambition, perhaps, but was she sure of anything more? Here, she could already recognize a need, a way to leading the fishermen's children to a nobler plane of usefulness. Were not many lives more than one?

Out over the waves the sea-gulls wheeled and circled, but she did not see them, she was looking beyond, even beyond the horizon. And, as she gazed, the decision she had been striving for began to grow stronger in her face, and presently she sank softly upon her knees in the sand; the breakers moaned and sobbed, and the moaning and sobbing came to her like a meditative, admonitory chant. When she rose her eyes were clear and calm and her lips firm.

Captain Siah was standing in his doorway when she returned, buoyant and decided.

"I will stay, father," she announced, simply.

A quick light came into his eyes, but he only said:

"I don't know whether you have decided wisely or not, Easter, but I'm glad."

QUESTION BOX.

Herewith I send you a cutting out of the Chicago Record, which will explain itself. If Luther was the first Protestant in the 16th century, how could a church erected in 633 be a Protestant church, when there was no such thing as Protestantism then existing? So writes "Subscriber." We append the clipping:

"The oldest protestant church edifice now standing, I would say in reply to an inquiry, is that of St. Ethelburga at the little village of Lyminge, near Canterbury, Kent county, England, and was erected in the year 633 by the daughter of the Saxon king Ethelbert of Kent. Her mother was the Christian Princess Bertha, daughter of King Charlbert of France, and through her influence Ethelbert and his court were converted to Christianity. Ethelburga married King Edwin of Northumbria in 628. After he was slain at the battle of Heathfield the widow returned to Lyminge and devoted the remainder of her life to works of piety and benevolence—among others the building of this church, in which she was buried in 647. Her grave is still pointed out. The church was nearly destroyed by the Danes in 965, but was rebuilt by Archbishop Dunstan of Canterbury. It has been restored several times since with the same materials and without altering the plans; so that it now stands almost exactly the same as when first erected nearly 1,300 years ago."

"Subscriber" is correct in his impressions. The protestant religion began with Martin Luther less than four hundred years ago. Consequently, a church erected nearly thirteen hundred years ago could not be erected as a protestant church. It was erected by Catholics and was devoted for many centuries to Catholic worship. But at the time of the reformation, Catholic churches, monasteries, abbeys were seized upon by that expensive voluptuary, Henry VIII, and his followers, who devoted some to their own use, and some to that of the new religion. This policy of stealing the property of the Catholic church was continued by the successors of Henry, and it is a policy which has always won the applause of Protestantism. We have heard the gladsome cry of exultation when Victor Emmanuel stole the possessions of the Pope, and we have not yet heard, listen as we may, the condemnation from our own fellow-countrymen, to say nothing of our government, of those officers (heroes?) and privates who "appropriated" vestments, chalices and other church belongings in the Philippines. Rather, we are listening with no amazement, unless it be amazement at our own supineness, at the propositions sedulously advanced by many a protestant minister that the United States government dispose, not according to justice and the rights of the possessors, but according to the supposed interests of the invading sects, of the church property in these islands. That this is the property of the church, that it is controlled by the monks, absolves the protestant preacher from considering in its regard the voice of God: Thou shalt not steal. So a church thirteen hundred years old has that age as an edifice, but not as a protestant edifice. To speak of it, then, as the oldest protestant edifice is inaccurate. To speak of it as the oldest building in which protestant services are now held is another thing. As to the truth even of this statement, we have made no investigation, and so we have no indorsement or criticism to present.

Why are we obliged to make an offering for Masses? Since so many Catholics insist that we have to "pay" for them, would it not be better not to have any money in connection with them? What satisfactory explanation can we give a Protestant in this matter?

We are not obliged to have the Masses said, nor is the priest obliged to say them; at least he is not obliged to say them for our intention. The priest is obliged to give the people the opportunity of attending mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. He feels it to be his duty also, his priestly duty, to say mass every day, in so far as may be possible, and to say mass at an hour convenient for some people to attend. His own love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament are sufficient reasons why he will try to be always faithful to the daily mass. The love and devotion of the pious members of the congregation who can find the leisure moments for attending daily mass will be added to his own priestly motives. But even when his piety and devotion lead him to say mass,

there is nothing to bind him to the saying of that mass for this or that particular person. So some one asks him to "say mass tomorrow for my intention," and offers him not pay, because no pay can be given for spiritual things or benifits, but what the church calls an alms. If he accepts this, then he is obliged to offer a mass for the person or for the intention of the person who makes the offering.

It might be better to have no money offered at the celebration of a mass, at a baptism, or at a marriage, but what may be better in theory is not always better in practice. There is, on the other hand, a disposition among most Catholics to make an offering to the priest on these occasions. But all should understand and know that in case of poverty, no one need be deprived of the Sacraments, nor in the case of death, need a poor person be without a mass. Sometimes people imagine that the money is necessary, that the priest will do nothing without it. And this is very unjust to the priests. They expect that those who can shall make the recognized offering, but they expect, too, to make allowances for those in need. And no one should ever hesitate to ask for the benefits of religion, no matter in how destitute circumstances he may be. That abuses have crept into even sacred matters is true, but these abuses have never had the sanction of the church. Rather it has been her constant endeavor to seek the highest and the best in human nature.

Everyone who can do so pays for his pew or seat in the church. How else could the church be maintained, or who would meet its expenses? And so every one who has a mass said, or comes to the priest for a baptism or a marriage takes the occasion to contribute a little to the support of the priest. And as no one is deprived of the right to hear mass, even in want, (though many refuse to believe the priest when he insists on this), so no one is deprived of grace and blessing under the conditions already mentioned.

On the principle established in the Holy Scripture that the laborer is worthy of his hire, Luke, x, 7, the priest who works for the people must look to the people for support. These ways enumerated are among the ways in which the people provide that support. Nor can the priest well look elsewhere: "they who serve the altar partake with the altar," I. Cor., ix, 13. Nor would it be to the advantage of the people that the priest should feel it necessary to devote to his own livelihood the time and energy which should be given to the people and their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Finally, how much money does the priest receive as an offering for mass? One dollar is the usual stipend for a low mass. And if he says a mass each day of the year, and even receives a stipend, how much will it all amount to? And he can say only one mass each day for which he may receive the offering. The offering is of no great consequence, and in any congregation the number who request masses is quite small if the whole congregation is considered.

No doubt the matter is all settled on the basis that it is according to God's law that the priests shall receive their necessary support from the people. It surely is according to our notion in this country the best way. We look at those places where the priest receives help or salary from the Government, and we do not envy their condition. We have alluded to the Scripture and have given a few texts. Let these be added: "The priests and Levites and all that are of the same tribe, shall have no part nor inheritance with the rest of Israel, because they shall eat the sacrifices of the Lord, and his oblations, and they shall receive nothing else of the possession of their brethren: for the Lord Himself is their inheritance, as he hath said to them. This shall be the priests' due from the people, and from them that offer victims: whether they sacrifice an ox, or a sheep, they shall give to the priest the shoulder and the breast; the first fruits also of corn, of wine, and of oil, and a part of the wool from the shearing of their sheep." Deuteronomy xviii, 1-4.

"They (the sons of Levi) shall not possess any other thing, but be content with the oblation or tithes, which I have separated for their uses and necessities." Numbers xviii, 23, 24. So God Himself made provision for his priests in the Old Law, and Christ proclaimed in the New Law that "the workman is worthy of his meat" (Matt. x, 10).

I read or heard somewhere: "You cannot sin with your imagination." Is this true?

Such a statement needs an explanation to bring out the true meaning of the writer or speaker. To sin there must be knowledge and will, or, in other words,

the mind and the free-will of man must act against the will of God. Now the imagination is not the mind, the intellect. And so if something wrong is in the imagination, but is not received into the mind, or endorsed by the will, there is no sin. The imagination may bring forward much that is of the nature of sin, and so real and strong temptations are produced by the help of imagination. But so long as the soul itself, the mind and the will are resolute against the temptation, the most vivid and most wicked imaginations do not make a sin. They are exceedingly dangerous, and if people trifle with them, the words of our Lord come to mind, that those who love the danger shall perish in it. And so the will is not to remain inactive, but promptly and firmly it must repel all bad imaginings. It is a stern duty, and sometimes a hard one, to control the imagination. Otherwise it will be as the horse witnout bit, or bridle, over which the driver has no power. And no driver can feel safe for an instant with such a horse. Nor can any soul be at peace where there is a disordered and unrestrained imagination. And so the meaning is this: The temptation may come through the imagination, but if the mind and heart arouse themselves and drive it away, there is no sin, but rather victory. If, on the other hand, the mind and heart accept the temptation, the sin is in them for they are the moral and responsible faculties, and not in the imagination, which is their subject, even though often a headstrong and rebellious subject.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

"It's pretty mean business," said the editor, "to make the little Working Boy beg for the quarters due it. Listen to this for a pitiful appeal. It's so conciliatory that it makes one feel angry all over."

"Odd effect of conciliatory language," murmured an exchange.

The editor, paying no heed to this interruption, read aloud:

"Some of our subscribers owe three or more years subscriptions to The Working Boy. The majority of people dislike exceedingly to have bills mailed them. We are certain of this fact from actual experience. We, therefore, earnestly appeal to all subscribers in arrears to come forward, of their own accord, and pay long standing debts. Time goes by rapidly, quarters multiply into dollars, while we wait patiently for a settlement of accounts."

"Isn't that a nice state of affairs?" he queried. "All present may not know that that little paper is published by the Working Boys' Home, Boston, an institution sheltering hundreds of boys, who would be homeless only for its charity. And yet among its subscribers it numbers some noble-hearted individuals, who no doubt brag of what they are doing to help the Home along, and while they take the paper, wonder how much longer they can dodge payment. Too harsh? May be forgetfulness you say? Well, all I can say is that such forgetfulness is criminal. People may forget wealthy publications, like yours and mine," he smiled cynically, "but it is unpardonable to owe a quarter to the Working Boy, and if I had my way its delinquent list would be posted in every public place in the city. Publicity is the only cure for such meanness. Those benefactors who subscribe and won't pay are akin to the high feeling folks who rent pews without going through the formality of paying for them, or who rail about collections without ever contributing a cent."

"There's a suggestion of sad experience in that sentence, 'some people dislike exceedingly to have bills mailed them,' " commented a journal. "I suppose they threaten to cut off their dead-head support, belittle the publication, and berate the editor. To receive a severe reprimand for humbly asking one's due is a common occurrence in every publishing office. Just think what it would mean in the way of advancement if we could calculate on getting our returns regularly!"

"You mustn't expect too much bliss in this world," said the editor. "If our subscribers all paid up and our readers patronized our advertisers we'd climb to the top so quickly that nothing in the secu-

lar publishing world could compete with us. But then we should lose all those grand opportunities (furnished by adversity) of expanding morally and mentally—"

"While we are shrinking physically for lack of support," interrupted an outspoken exchange. "It seems to me it would promote all round growth to have enough money to buy what we need, and not be compelled to beg, borrow and steal material to feed our presses."

"Apropos of stealing," said the editor, "do you remember that pathetic, beautiful thing, 'The Child That Never Grew Up,' published in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, December, '99? Well, in a July issue of a certain Catholic Weekly we chanced upon it, altered, re-named, cut but undoubtedly the same story, some passages being copied, word for word. And not a line of credit to show the source from which it was taken! We asked an explanation of such an unwarrantable proceeding and this is the reply courteous vouchsafed us:

" 'The story, 'Monica Jewell's Child' was taken from The Lamp, or Catholic Fireside, of an issue about three or four months ago. I changed it simply to shorten it.

" 'I didn't know that it belonged to you or that it had ever appeared in your magazine. If I had known this, I would not have used it.'

"Isn't that a pretty apology?"

"Charity! Charity!" counselled a gentle exchange. "You mustn't expect too much. The man is so engrossed in exploiting himself and his work that he simply hasn't time to do justice to others. And," in a soothing tone, 'if you didn't get credit for that story for which you paid, you did get credit from a western paper for publishing a story that never appeared in your columns."

"But brought censure on the Catholic monthly that was responsible for giving it to the public," replied the editor. "That was an over-sight for which no busy editor should be held responsible—I mean the wrong credit, not the publishing of the story. And while we are talking of credit I wish to acknowledge the kindness of The Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati, Ohio, in loaning to us the fine cut of Bishop Moeller that appeared in our August issue. Such friendly services go far in making life happier, and almost make one forget discourteous experiences. But to convince you that I am not grumbling without cause, let me call your attention to a few more instances of editorial remissness and indifference to square dealing. Do you see these clippings? One is 'O'Connell's Piety,' copied from our article on O'Connell by some pious editor who didn't believe in doing to others as he would have others do to him. That editorial bandit has versatile inclinations. Here's another excerpt he boldly appropriated—to prove that he is patriotic as well as pious—'How Dixie Was Written.' And here is a letter from a man in reminiscent mood, who rushed into print in a weekly paper to thank the editor of a New York Monthly for giving him such a pleasure as the reading of an article on music written by one he had known in former years. It is another case of misapplied credit. DONAHOE'S published that article, and paid for it, but the thanks of one reader at lease went elsewhere. This is just one of the trifles that ruffle the serenity of a Catholic editor's life. One more little growl and I have done for this time. Returning to that censured story—Why don't we hear something from our zealous brothers on the out-look towers about some of the stories appearing in secular monthlies? Scribner's magazine has a nightmare contribution dealing with crypts, mouldy bones, a faithless wife, rooms through which priests prowled softly as cats, and a monk engaged in detective work because the lady refused to advance money to buy religious books. Lippincott's, generally very sensible, publishes a weird yarn in which a priest and a Jew figure conspicuously, the latter certainly making the most creditable showing. Now I have yet to hear from the Catholic publications, one word of condemnation of such rubbish. They are too busy, watching lest one of their own number slip and escape public scourging. It is difficult, indeed, for a Catholic editor, who is often the whole staff, to attend to everything and remember everything, but it does seem to me that we are sadly in need of a little more courtesy, one to another, a little more alertness in noting and resenting the appearance of insulting things in secular exchanges, and a little more willingness to make handsome acknowledgment of the really good work done by many of our Catholic editors. It's simply wonderful what they manage to achieve despite innumerable difficulties. And the modicum of encouragement they receive! But don't let me get on that subject. I might express myself too warmly."

"Have you noticed that the secular papers and magazines are showing a marked tendency towards printing articles by Catholic writers—"

"Who wouldn't write for us," interrupted a rather pessimistic exchange.

"Who can't write for us," corrected the editor, "because in many cases their pen supplies their living expenses, and we can't offer as good terms. For my part I am always pleased to see a writer appear where he or she will win not only greater fame, but fairer remuneration. Yes, but I'm fully alive to what this loss means to us, but there is a possible gain in this way, it may rouse the Catholic public to a sense of its duty in so supporting their own publications that the latter may yet be able to offer rates equal to the highest inducement held out by the secular press. As long as Catholics so generally profess a preference for non-Catholic literature, or Catholic literature supplied through non-Catholic sources, we can't hope to prosper appreciably. But there's a gleam of hope for us even under existing conditions. The present trend of affairs indicates a future need of Catholic editors to handle copy in Protestant and non-sectarian offices, and in this way," nodding cheerfully to his contemporaries, "we may be able to earn our bread and butter. We'll be needed to suppress such inaccuracies as mention of afternoon Masses, the divorcing of a Catholic hero from a Catholic heroine, etc., and also to suggest that such stories as 'The Monk of the Ghetto' and —may possibly offend the sensibility of a Catholic patron. Oh, our race isn't run yet."

"Speaking of non-sectarian publications," commented a monthly, reminds me—that is a remarkable interview with the Pope, secured by an American boy for the paper he represents. It is very unusual—suspiciously unusual, so full and free,and with His Holiness entirely under the spell of the American reporter. Yes, it's a marvelous audience."

"I have an idea that American boy never saw Rome or had an opportunity to say 'Yes Sir' to the Pope, but it's undoubtedly a striking instance of newspaper enterprise, and some of us are showing our appreciation by giving the interview wider circulation. No other audience seems to be quite as popular, though numerous Catholic pilgrims have written beautifully of their visit to the Vatican."

"Our meetings have been very irregular," complained a sociable paper, "but now that the vacation season is over perhaps we may see more of one another. Of course holiday-making is common among us."

"Mr. William Dillon, of the 'New York World,'" said The Midland Review, "is absent on another vacation. He had a vacation last year, also. We hope it is not envy which moves a man that has worked sixteen hours a day, every day, for nine years, to remark that the Chicago translator of Homer is a fortunate Catholic editor."

"No, it isn't envy," said the editor, decidedly. "Any man with the constitution to stand working sixteen hours a day for nine years need'nt envy any one. And the fact that in all that time he hasn't turned pessimist, or turned a cold shoulder on any one in need, is further proof that he has in himself compensation for all the mean tricks fortune may play him."

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED THE MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY.

In addition to those already received, the Magee Furnace Company have just been awarded, at the Paris Exposition, another Gold Medal on their celebrated ranges and heaters.

JOAN OF ARC.

(See page 333.)

OUR LADY OF THE VOW.

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SOUTH-WEST WING OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

TRINITY COLLEGE.

BY SARAH WILLIARD HOWE.

The National Capital has added to its many attractions a new one in the list of its famous institutions, for in the past three years who has not heard of Trinity College, Washington? This college for the higher education of women owes its inception to a Religious Congregation of Women known as the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, and its progress up to the present time to the encouragement given by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, by Monsignor Martinelli, and the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, whilst its financial support is mainly due to the loyal alumnæ of the Order, and the Associate Auxiliary Board of the college; this latter is composed of distinguished women of the land who have organized to secure donations and scholarships for its maintenance. Trinity College promises to be for the Academy System of education what the Catholic University is to the College System—its completion. The student of Trinity will begin where the course of every High School and Academy of standard attainments ends. Its doors will be open to girls who have completed their seventeenth year, who have good health and minds sufficiently developed along the ordinary lines of our American sec-

ondary system to take entrance examinations in Greek and Latin, French and German, Algebra and Plane Geometry, History and English which embraces Language and Literature.

Fashion and Wealth have hitherto sought the Northwest portion of our beautiful Capital city; but since the Catholic University and its affiliate colleges have chosen their position in the second section of the city, the Northeast leads the intellectual world, and during the past decade of years the sun of intelligence and broad culture which there rises has already illumined many of the dark places in the collegiate system and strengthened many of the weak ones.

To the Northeast, therefore, did the Sisters of Notre Dame turn when seeking a location for the first College for Women that was to be under the auspices of that Church to which every woman owes gratitude and respect for the care she has taken of the honor of the weaker sex. One of her first object lessons to the barbarians of every land has been the Cross on which the Redeemer hangs.

MISS OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD, HON. PRESIDENT OF AUXILIARY BOARD OF REGENTS.

MRS. RICHARD P. BLAND, PRESIDENT ASSOCIATE BOARD OF KANSAS CITY.

Her second: "And there stood by the Cross Mary His Mother." Beside her Altar of Sacrifice whereon is the "Clean Oblation," the Mother also stands, and in thus honoring Mary the Church has raised all women.

Now, it is not alone the woman of savage lands, exposed to the ferocity of uncivilized man that needs the Church's care. As in Imperial Rome and æsthetic Greece, the doctrines of Christ found much to correct, much to elevate, so in our own highly material civilization, there is needed a mother's care, a mother's experience of nineteen centuries to save the weak sex from the dangers of our rushing, heedless mode of living. As more intellectual food is craved, and our many-sided life forces woman from the home into the arena of wage-earners by pen, eye, hand, or brain, there is danger that the common struggle for existence will destroy the healthy re-

MISS MARIAN LINDSAY, VICE-REGENT FOR ST. LOUIS.

MRS. D. HENNESSY, VICE-REGENT FOR BUTTE, MONTANA.

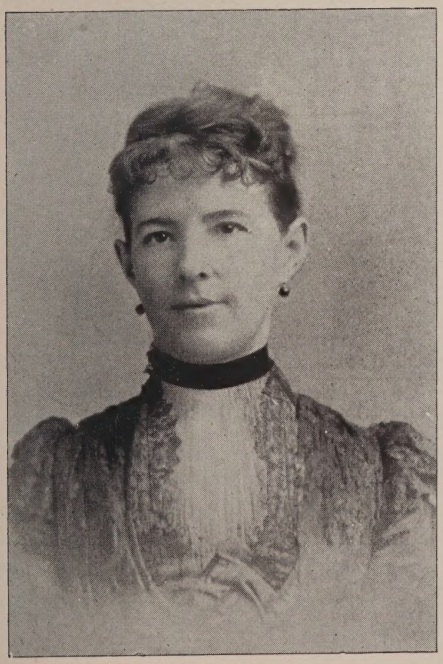
spect of one sex for the other and society as well as the individual must suffer.

The excellence of many of the Female Colleges already existing proves that women can follow very far in the line with men when studying the 'secrets of science,' of literature, medicine and law. However, there is one field where man's temerity has had more ruinous consequences on woman than on himself and that is the neglect of the religious instincts and the attack on the principles and doc-

MRS. THOMAS H. CARTER, WIFE OF SENATOR CARTER OF MONTANA, PRESIDENT OF AUXILIARY BOARD OF TRINITY.

trines of Christianity. A masculine atheist is a sad spectacle, but a female one is sadder and forces criticism of the system of education that sends so sensitive, so loving a being into the battle-field of life without moral support, moral hope, or moral fear in temptation's hour. "To educate women as high as they desire to go or have capacity for attaining, but leave them women, gentle of manner, sweet of voice, feminine in piety, with fear of God, and charity for their neighbor because the image of God is our hope and intention,"

MISS MCCARTIN, VICE-REGENT FOR NEW JERSEY.



MISS ELLA LORAINE DORSEY.
Recording Secretary of Auxiliary Board.

said one of the Instructors at Trinity, when asked what was the scope of the College.

The grounds of Trinity cover about thirty-three acres which undulate from shady dell to pine-covered hills. Spreading oaks and noble cedars lend their beauties to the picture that greets the visitor on stepping from the cars or carriage before Trinity.

The accompanying picture represents but one-third of the principal building, and is the South-west wing. The corner-stone was laid December 8, 1899. The structure is of light granite, quarried at Port Deposit, Md.; the trimmings are of white granite, from North Carolina. This wing has a length of 200 feet, and a width of 90 feet. It is four stories high and contains offices on 1st and 2nd floors, class-rooms, temporary

chapel, and refectory. The third and fourth stories are devoted to students' rooms, each of which is a double, having a sitting-room and alcove for bed separated from the room by pretty

Convent which is five stories high and accommodates a community of twenty teachers besides the servants employed by the College.

The edifice to be opened November

MRS. MATHER SMITH, VICE-REGENT FOR CHICAGO.

portieres, also presses for clothing and trunk, indeed, a most comfortable and home-like arrangement.

In the rear of the College is the

6th, is the first of seven buildings which will compose Trinity College. Science Hall is to be the next building erected. It will be of the same

material as Trinity Hall, and will be fitted up with all the apparatus for modern scientific work. Here also will be located the laboratories for botany, geology, physics, and chemistry.

Already generous donations have been received, and a few scholarships founded by academies and private individuals. The Boston Associate Board under the efficient guidance of Miss Emma Forbes Cary, sister of the President of Radcliffe, has promised the Library. A lady in California the Art-School. The chapel has been begun by the generous Miss Leary of New York. The Associate Board of this city under the leadership of the intellectual Mrs. Thomas Wren Ward has promised to provide funds for a Chair of Philosophy, while the Chicago Board, with the popular Mrs. Mather Smith at its head, has undertaken to found a Chair of Mathematics, immediately on the completion of its Scholarship. In St. Louis, Miss Marian Lindsay has done credit to her noble-minded teachers, the Visitation Nuns, and owing to her generous-hearted energy and the laudable zeal of her distinguished committee has nearly completed the first Scholarship for her city, and which has already been awarded to Miss Alice Gray, also a Visitation girl, whose successful passing of the much dreaded "Entrance Examination" has won for her enthusiastic plaudits in St. Louis. The Scholarship founded by the Convent of Notre Dame, West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, for the benefit of its pupils, has been awarded to Miss Elsie Parsons, a graduate of this year. The Elizabeth R. Blight Scholarship, founded by the Sisters in memory of Miss Blight, who bequeathed the sum of $5,000 to Trinity, will be held by Miss Mary O'Connell of Parker, Dakota. Roxbury's Boarding School has a Scholarship nearly completed, and it will be awarded before long to the most eligible of the pupils of the Academy. Many other academies and day schools of Notre Dame are generously working on the same lines. Cincinnati under the enlightened leadership of Miss Charlotte Lincoln is founding a Chair of History, while the diocese of Cleveland is especially favored by the kindly influence of its Bishop, who is a warm friend of the College, as well as by the able regency of Miss Elizabeth Sherman, daughter of the grand old General Tecumseh, who has taken the whole of Ohio as her field of action in the cause, and has given herself to it with an energy as untiring as successful. The noble and devoted Ursuline ladies and their pupils, notably Mrs. Henrietta Shaefer, hope to have a Scholarship complete by November. The Visitation convent at St. Paul with the Rev. Mother Clementine as Superior, deserves our gratitude for the whole-hearted coöperation given. Minneapolis is also doing fine work for the College. Mrs. John Joyce, always a devoted friend to Notre Dame, has taken up the work, and we have had substantial proof of how effectually Columbus is working under her guidance. Toledo and Dubuque are also worthy of honorable mention. The Loretto Nuns, through their amiable and cultured Superior General, Mother Praxedes, have signalized their friendship for the College and their eagerness to befriend it—whilst many other Religious Orders which the limit of this article oblige us re-

gretfully to leave unmentioned, prepare their pupils for its classes and have expressed on occasion, high commendations of its end and aim.

The Alumnæ of Georgetown Visitation, through their distinguished President, became Founders of Trinity by investing for that purpose the surplus in their treasury, and the courteous words of the Rev. Mother Director: "Always count on the friendship of Georgetown" were refreshingly encouraging.

In March, 1898, the Auxiliary Board of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., was organized by Mrs. Alice Worthington Winthrop of this city, an estimable lady and an accomplished writer, and it at once began the work of aiding the finances of the College. From this Board the Associate Boards radiate as from a centre. Since its inception the distinguished ladies composing it have done admirable work. Its first President, Miss Olive Risley Seward, a woman of noble personality as well as of wide influence, interested herself ably in its behalf, as well as did the Recording Secretary, the amiable and scholarly Miss Sara Carr Upton, both of whom, however, much to the regret of the Board, were called to spend a year abroad, but have now returned and will, to the intense satisfaction of the Ladies of the Board, resume their active coöperation. Miss Marie Patterson, a lady of high social position in Washington, who interests herself in all that tends to the diffusion of the elevating influence of the Church, was chosen Vice-President, and Mrs. Maurice F. Egan, wife of the distinguished and scholarly author, and no doubt like him animated with the same loyalty and whole-soul devotedness to the Church, is corresponding secretary, and has given invaluable services to the Board since its inception. Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, having been elected, is still the energetic and devoted President of the Board. Her husband, the Senator from Montana, seconds her zeal in behalf of the college. Montana, Mrs. Carter's home, has four movements afoot in aid of Trinity—a Scholarship at Helena, one at Anaconda, and Butte founds a Scholarship and furnishes a laboratory. Thus is Trinity a national as well as a Catholic movement.

Last May, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, daughter of the learned and gifted Anna H. Dorsey, and herself a distinguished writer, was delegated by the Board to visit many places in the West, and particularly our two Summer Schools, where she was especially welcomed, and invited to speak on Trinity—its end and aims. Her eloquence and spirited talks gained everywhere many friends for the great cause.

To eradicate the idea sometimes expressed that Trinity would simply be a school where old notions would prevail, old methods be adhered to, and no one but the Faculty could have a voice in its government, an "Advisory Board" has been organized, which will meet annually on the second Wednesday in May (and oftener if occasion demands) to confer upon matters of interest to the College. It is composed of twenty-one members. Four vacancies are yet to be filled. The following are members ex-officio:—

The Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore, His Eminence Cardinal James Gibbons, President ex-officio; the Right Reverend Rector of the

Catholic University; the Very Reverend Vice-Rector of the Catholic University; the Provincial Superior of the Sisters of Notre Dame; the President of the College; the Dean of the College Faculty; the President of the Auxiliary Board.

Members elected for Three Years:—

Charles J. Bonaparte, Baltimore; Marian Lindsay, St. Louis; Thomas M. Vincent, Washington; Sophia Howard Ward, New York; Ella Loraine Dorsey, Washington; Emma Forbes Cary, Boston; Joseph F. Daley, New York; Walter George Smith, Philadelphia; Charlotte E. Lincoln, Cincinnati; Albert A. Wilson, Washington; Olive Risley Seward, Washington.

The applications for entrance have been numerous, and from every state in the Union as well as Canada and Mexico, showing thereby that the want of such a College is felt on all sides.

Only students and specialists for Freshman Class will be admitted in November, 1900, the Sisters preferring to begin with the lowest, and add each year a new class until the four regular classes of a College are formed. The requirements for admission are the same as Vassar, Bryn Mawr, or Radcliffe.

Every effort has been made to secure experienced teachers and able lecturers and to give the students all the advantages that can be theirs from a four years' residence in the Capital of the Nation, and fit them for every position in life.

Mother Julia, the Provincial of the Order in the United States, is at present in Washington superintending the preparations for the opening on November 6th, and the dedication on November 7th.

IN THE GOLDEN HOLLOW.

BY ETHNA CARBERRY.

It took its name Luganore, the Hollow of Gold, from the clumps of whins that burst into yellow prickly beauty every Springtime among the bracken growing closely down its sides. And deep in the heart of it lay Tobar-a-Breed—the Well of Brigid—sparkling like a diamond in the clear sunlight, or shining under the stars with a cold radiance that made one fancy a pale flame moved beneath. Near by, on a rude stone altar, stood a weather-beaten statue of the Virgin and a small roughly-carved crucifix of wood. Something of Pagan glamour still clung about the place, though Christian piety had adorned the four stunted thorns—degenerate descendants of the tall trees that had once faced the east in days when Druids made obeisance to the rising sun—with humble offerings in thanksgiving for a prayer granted or a pain removed. And traditions that had their

birth in that far time still survived among the people, lying dormant and half-forgotten during the other days of the year, to awaken on the eve of Baaltinne or on the eve of Samhain, and recall old customs, despite priestly remonstrance or the stings of conscience.

Now it was Baaltinne (May) Eve and the May fires were being lighted on the hill-tops and at the meeting at the roadways. Soon the dancers would gather to clasp hands in a joyous circle around the high-heaped burning bramble, and perchance, when the shadows of dusk had grown heavier, there would be some stealing away down the bare-trodden path to try the charm of Tobar-a-Breed. A curious belief made the Well a spot to be held in awe upon these festive nights, and few indeed of all the maidens found courage to seek knowledge of the future in its glittering waters. There were simpler spells for the timid—spells to be evoked in the safety of the homely hearthside—so only the desperate or undoubtedly brave dared the loneliness of the Golden Hollow.

Many stories were told as to what had been seen there. The tradition went that any maiden who, with her lover far away, visited the spot alone and uttered the ancient Gaelic incantation above the Well, would see in it strange and wondrous sights—to her own doing or undoing. There would perhaps be scenes in which the absent one had taken part; it might be also, that his face would be revealed if he were still true to his love pledge, but if he were false the face of the woman who had allured him would gleam forth instead from the silvery surface. No wonder then that while many wished to test the power of the charm they yet feared it, because of the horror which might be unfolded to them suddenly in that eerie silence and solitude.

* * * * * *

At a window of the gray Castle on the hillside Finda O'Grady watched the lighting of the fires in the Valley below. She was tall and very slender, with a little fair head that drooped slightly upon the graceful neck. Her face was absolutely colorless save for the red of her soft lips and the purple gloom of her eyes. She wore a long clinging robe of blue stuff which trailed on the oaken floor behind her, and circling her waist was a girdle of silver filigree from the clasp of which fell two thick chains of silver reaching almost to her feet. The room was in darkness except for the glow from the smouldering logs upon the wide hearth, but Finda knew that in the silence and shadow her blind nurse, alert in ever nerve, sat listening for the faintest sound. The girl leaned wearily against the window, pressing her forehead to the pane and holding her breath lest the sighs should make their way to those attentive ears. Her heart beat heavily—she almost fancied its throbs could be heard outside her panting bosom—as old memories blew hither and thither across it, awaking an anguish intense and overwhelming in its poignancy. Her dreams were no longer the rose-hued visions that had filled her days and nights with gladness, and had made her lover's absence but a prelude to a speedy and joyful return. Of late she had lost sight of the possible happiness that had strengthened her hope during the long years of waiting, and a melancholy acquiescence in the workings of fate had taken the place of her once

rebellious protests. The sight of those leaping fires in the clear spaces among the trees added sorrow to her sorrow. She had watched them with Donogh O'Carroll from this very window on many a Baaltinne Eve when she was but a gay thoughtless child and he her boy lover, and when he had grown to manhood, and found that the boyish fancy had become a regard too strong to suppress, it was here that he told his love and won from her the shyly whispered answer. Now he was far away, fighting in the wars of the King of France, and for seven years she had not known his embrace. Ah, Donogh—

"Did you speak, my treasure?" said her blind nurse, turning staring eyes set in a white face towards the window. "Come and sit by me and tell me what you have been watching so long and so quietly."

"Only the fires being lighted below, Mauyra," replied Finda, gently. "They are blazing high and strong now, and there is one—the ruddiest and greatest of all—sending up a very pillar of flame just beyond our gates. I have a fancy to see it nearer—it is a pretty sight."

The elder woman moved her lips as if to speak, but closed them again and shook her head sadly.

"And the Well, Mauyra," Finda went on, "there will be some trying its spell tonight down in the Hollow. It is a strange custom, is it not? I wonder if it be true that faces come and go in the water. Tell me what you know of it, Mauyra," and she laid her bright head against the other's knee.

Mauyra stroked the silken coils of hair for a moment before she answered.

"Child of my heart," she said, solemnly, "do not meddle with such things. They are evil. The priest says so, and it is he who should know best."

"But, Mauyra, other maidens have gone there and saw nothing save their own faces. What danger could there be in that?"

"Danger enough, danger enough, and it might be that another sight should come at your call—a sight you would shudder to see."

"Perhaps, but even so—"

"Oh, my share of the world, go not near it," cried the old woman vehemently, throwing her arms around the girl. "I nursed you for happier things, a lanbh mo chroide! And it is only those who are unhappy that go there on Baaltinne Eve."

"But, Mauyra, just this once—"

"When your dying mother laid you in my arms and bade me be a mother to you she meant that I should keep you from harm so long as God spared me. And I have striven to do her bidding, though now the light has left my eyes and I am but a burden to myself and others, and cannot follow your wayward steps as I did when you were a little child. Your father's blood is astir in you, daughter of Red Felim, for all your gentleness and clinging wistful ways, and I fear that it will lead you into the drowning waters of grief. Ochone! ochone!"

She broke into wild weeping, calling with a shrill voice in the beautiful language of the Gael on the saints to hearken her prayer. Finda bent over her—pitiful because of the pathos in the blind face, but one could see by the firm set lips and eyes full of purpose that her determination was still unshaken.

"Listen, Mauyra," she said quietly, "listen and do not strive to stay me. Something urges me to go tonight to the Golden Hollow. I never had this feeling before—it is strange and unaccountable—but it has been growing upon me for days past that I should have my doubts set at rest for ever if I could but gain courage to probe the secret of the Well. Donogh is away from me this seven years; for two years I have heard no tidings of him and it may be that he is dead—though Christ forbid—or is lying on a bed of sickness, or a prisoner in the hands of enemies. How then can you blame me for my anxiety to seek for knowledge of my lover's welfare?"

"Give heed to me, child," old Mauyra answered. "Many as fearless as you have gone mad because of what was revealed to them in that fateful water. Some pined away into an early grave and others carried a dead heart in a living breast through years of misery. I see misfortune on you, my treasure! Finn howled last night in his sleep, and he heeds not a human footstep now that he is so old and wise; it is only the spirits going by that disturb him. And I, too, had strange dreams—distressful dreams that brought the drops of sweat upon my brow. I dreamt that your young dead mother stood near me and your dead father, who fell in the breach at Limerick, gazing at me with accusing eyes and asking why I did not save their child. Their ghosts never come to me at night but trouble follows, and this was a warning—a warning to you and to me."

"'Twas but a dream, dear Nurse," said Finda, stooping to kiss the withered cheek." Put all memory of it away from you. There can be no danger, and I shall see nothing but this pale face of mine in the Well of Brigid. Even should I see aught that is unholy and may bring me grief it will be better to know the worst than to exist from day to day in an agony of longing and suspense. Tender and devoted though you are, Mauyra, and keen to guess my very thoughts, you could not save me one stab of the torture I have borne unknown to you all these weary years. If you could take up my burden for one hour and realize the longing and the fear and the sad hopelessness you would bid me go and dare any spell that might set my mind at peace."

She rose and laid her hand caressingly in farewell upon the hooded bowed head of the old woman. Two shaking hands went forth to clutch her gown, but she withdrew it swiftly, and they closed upon emptiness. Mauyra sank back in her chair, wailing.

"Christ be your shield, a-vourneen, since you will not take my warning. But Oh! my sorrow, my sorrow, that I nursed you for this!"

* * * * * *

"'Tis that pale lady from the Castle," whispered the country folk as Finda passed them with softest footfall, wrapped in the heavy darkness of her cloak below which gleams of her blue embroidered dress trailed along the dew-damp grass. The fires still burned redly, and the dancing forms swayed back and forth like inky ghosts across the glare. But Finda delayed not to watch them nor to give greeting. Her eyes, brooding and half-fearful, stared straight before her, and her hands, tightly interlaced, were held crushed against her bosom. Overhead the watery moon was often

obscured by drifting clouds, so that she went slowly, setting her feet timorously where the shadows lay deepest. From a meadow near by the insistent voice of a corn-craik arose, and a distant answer floated to him across an intervening plantation of tall firs. Save for this one voice upon the gloaming and the faint reply that was like an echo, no sound broke the silence of the Golden Hollow.

The little pool of water glimmered eerily, stirred into restless ripples by a wind that could not be heard, though the tall spears of the rushes swayed beneath it. The girl shivered slightly as she fell, rather than knelt, by the brink. Her body felt cold, chilly as death, and a strand of her hair, escaping from the hood, blew wet and clinging as sea-weed against her cheek. But her heart was aflame, leaping in her breast, panting in her strained throat. Its strength gave courage to her relaxed limbs and after a moment she drew herself erect, throwing back the shrouding cloak, so that her hair unloosed from its bindings and fell about her shoulders like a pale gold mist. She placed a hand on either side of the Well, and, bending over, peered into its depths.

"O water of Brigid of the Sun!
Tell me if my love be faithless,
Or if he still remembers me
By the strange hills and plains where he is going.

"If he be true, O Brigid!
Let my face be seen in the white water,
If he be false, O Brigid!
Show me the woman's face that hath bereft me."

At first she perceived nothing, as she made the incantation, but the small moving waves. Then suddenly, was it imagination? the Well seemed to become full of a strange commotion, and she saw what looked like lines of men and horses charging, being driven back, charging again, in a long vista down, down, down beneath the water. White flashings of steel were there, or so she thought, and ruddy spurtings of blood, and the sheen of bright waving banners. "A battle," she breathed tremulously, "one of my dear love's battles!" and she leaned yet nearer, all her heart in her eyes. The picture grew more luminous until she almost felt herself in the thick of the conflict, and fancied she could well-nigh distinguish the faces of the combatants. There was one gallant knight she caught sight of for a moment, and her pulse went quicker; what if it were he? "He is there, he is there," her heart sang "among that brave army under the Fleur de Lis, and he never dreams that I am watching." She had forgotten the lonely place, and the night with its shadows; gazing into the wonderful scene unfolded so weirdly.

The vision was at its clearest when, without warning, it disappeared; not fading slowly, or becoming overshadowed, but vanishing as swiftly as the soul leaves one stricken with sudden death. Only a black circle remained below her staring eyes. Her brain, dazed into incomprehension, grew dizzy, and curious starry shapes wheeled and burned before her on the dark. But just as quickly as they had appeared, the starry shapes dissolved, and she drew back with a cry as a woman's face laughed up at her from the ring of black water. It was distinct as the portrait of any one of those fair ladies of her house on the walls at home, and the round rim of the Well made its frame. A beautiful face, she noted, as she hung over it,

fascinated yet repelled, a beautiful warm brown face, with the roses of early youth upon the dimpled cheeks, and childish witchery in the golden eyes. The flame in her heart died out and it grew icy as her trembling body. "Oh, dear God," she cried aloud, "and Mary! Dear God! Dear God!" She saw that the golden brown hair, tumbling in curls about the little ears and over the dainty head, matched the glint of the smiling eyes; and the lips, redder than any cluster of rowan-berries, were perfect in their curves, sweet and alluring. In the unexpectedness of its manifestation she scarcely realized the import of the vision, she only felt in those first few moments the clutch of the dread that overwhelms one who looks upon things that are not of this world. But its loveliness and life-likeness aroused her, and then she knew. "Oh, dear God," she cried again in a voice of utter anguish. "What is this? What is this?"

With an effort she closed her eyes and turned her head aside, burying it in the folds of her mantle, and rocking to and fro. Surely, surely, it was some hideous dream that had befallen her. In her heart was a pain, sharper than the stab of any knife, only it could not bring merciful oblivion so readily. Were the old tales true after all, and had Donogh, whom she had believed in as few women believe in a man, been false to his honor and his betrothal?

She uncovered her eyes again, and leaned forward as before. The beautiful face was still there, more exquisite even than she had deemed it previously. At sight of it and its rare radiance a great self-pity awoke in her soul. She understood in a flash, by comparison, how grievously the seven years of watching and waiting had worn and wasted her own fairness; that her form was less rounded, that the delicate paleness of her skin which had made so charming a contrast to her red lips and dusky eyes had now grown wan instead; that her hands too had lost the dimples that were once so pretty. How could she, with her youth gone, hope to hold a man's love against this rival, who had all the irresistibleness which provokes man out of himself, and in whose amber eyes, behind their childlike simplicity, there seemed to lurk a beacon of destruction—the fatal lure which men have followed since the earth began, and shall follow until time be ended. Yet Donogh—Donogh had not been like others of the soldiers who had followed Sarsfield; he had never a glance for any maid save his betrothed, and his bearing was grave, even in his wooing. She could well remember hearing the story of his anger once when the jest went round at supper in the camp at Athlone and one of the hot-headed Dillons had coupled a fair lady's name with that of Captain Donogh O'Carroll. Donogh had risen with his hand on his sword, in a white heat of rage. "Comrade," he said, "It ill beseems you to speak so freely of a lady in this public place, and though I know her not I am ready to defend her name against your insult. Draw or I must call you coward instead of comrade." And fiery Geoffrey Dillon needed no second bidding, for fighting was his heart's delight, until Mountcashel ran between them and struck up the opposing swords. "For shame, for shame, gentlemen," he cried. "With the enemy so near, are ye oblivious of

good sense and breeding? Sheathe your blades, and forgive and forget." But the tempest in Donogh kept him silent all the rest of the night, though young Dillon was soon his merry inconsequent self again. Was it likely that such a stern soldier, devoted to his profession, would seek the society of court ladies even in the rare moments of peace he experienced under the standard of King Louis? Ah no, no!

Still the lovely face laughed up into Finda's sad one, with a challenge as it seemed. So near, so vivid was it that the girl bent closer to hear what word those red lips had to say, for they had parted as if to speak."

"Oh, Brown Face," Finda murmured, "beautiful Brown Face, where have you come from and what misfortune have you brought upon me? Is there truth in the old tales and have you stolen my lover? My strong brave lover, whose sword I kissed and whose scarf I wove! You are but a child, a fair and exquisite child, and many must come to woo; yet I, I had but the one, and if you take him from me, I shall have lost my all in life. What demon hath sent you here to kill my happiness, to give me death? 'Tis true, I have wept and prayed for him all these long years, wept until my cheeks grew worn, and my charms grew less, but he knew nought of this. To him I have been still the same, still his white rose, as he called me at our parting. He could not know how changed I am. Oh, who are you, Brown Face? Are you one of the Queen's ladies, one of those I have heard the envoys tell of, who coquette, and dance upon men's hearts? Were there not enough and to spare without my Donogh? Oh, Brown Face, could you be faithful as I have been? Could you watch for him through the snows of winter and the long lonely glory of summer and think of none other? Could you see lovers at your feet again and again, and turn aside from their wooing words, constant to the early love that is the only? Ah, that is the way to love—the way that makes love worth the world. Give him back to me, Brown Face, give him back, I say. Even if I am less beautiful than you my love is great enough to compensate him for what I lack; to cover him like a mantle, to be his shield, his comfort, his star of life, his foreglimpse of heaven. Go take some other heart for your plaything! Leave me the one that is my destiny. Woman or demon or phantasy, which ever you are, leave me my love."

Her hands withdrew from their clutch of the long grasses on either side of the Well, and with a sob her head fell forward until its flaxen tresses floated wide across the water. And thus those who came to seek her under the stars found her, immovable and pallid as any lily, with her sorrow frozen on her dead face. The old leech muttered of heart-weakness, but her blind nurse, as she swayed from side to side and clapped her withered hands in the keen, cried out shrilly against faithless love, and cursed with a bitter curse the woman "who put the cruel blight of death upon you, A vourneen O."

* * * * * *

That night Donogh O'Carroll walked through the minuet with one of the fairest ladies of the French Court. Very stately and handsome he looked, his uniform blazing with orders; taller than any there, black-browed and sombre-eyed. But those

sombre eyes lightened as he bent above the lady whose hand he held, and listened to her gay chatter. Her golden brown curls fell upon slender snowy shoulders; her golden brown eyes matched her hair and flashed a coquettish challenge into the face of the tall soldier. Then when the dance was ended and he led her to her seat she continued her badinage.

"And so, Mon Capitaine, you count nothing greater than glory; nothing in the world greater than these baubles here," touching with a slender finger the glittering orders he wore.

"One thing, Madamoiselle, I count greater and dearer, and more to be desired."

"And that?" she smiled.

"Your love, sweetest," he whispered, as he lifted and kissed her little hand.

"Oh," her voice came in a low childish murmur, "is this true?"

"True as death," he answered slowly and absently.

"Oh," she breathed again, shuddering.

"What is it, my fair one?" A dreaminess had gathered in his eyes.

"You said 'true as death.' What has death to do with you and me?" She pouted her red lips querulously.

"Nothing, sweet love," he replied, striving to regain his former mood, "nothing. I but spoke unthinkingly. Forget it, and remember that I love you only and shall love you always."

She laughed back at him, well content.

A WITNESS FROM WITHOUT.

BY REV. PATRICK J. SUPPLE, D.D.

The Catholic Church has never lacked brilliant apologists. The strange phenomenon is presented, in our day, of a cultured man and acute reasoner, not of her fold, who brings all the resources of a brilliant intellect to the exposition of one illuminating fact—namely that the Roman Catholic Church is the sole depository and only competent defender of the divine revelation given to mankind. In this latest volume,* the fruit of his mature years, he reaches the same conclusion which he announced to a startled world over twenty years ago in the concluding chapters of his famous "Is Life Worth Living"; and that conclusion may be expressed in this way: either there has been no supernatural revelation or the Roman Catholic Church is its legitimate custodian and interpreter. He reinforces this conclusion (in his last work), in a novel and striking way by making use of the researches of modern science in the field of biology to illustrate the coherent development of doctrine which has been going on in the Catholic Church from primitive times down to

*Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock. New York. The MacMillan Co.

our day. The ideas of growth and development in doctrine are well known to Catholic theologians. Cardinal Franzelin has, in his own masterly way, discussed at length this question in his classic work, "On Divine Tradition": and Newman's essay "On the Development of Doctrine," written on the eve of his entrance into the Catholic Church, is widely read. But Mr. Mallock is singularly felicitous in giving these ideas a new setting expressed in the terms of modern scientific thought, and devotes his efforts not to proving that these developments exist or to showing how they came about, but taking them for granted he shows how wonderfully they bring out the consistency of the whole Catholic system of theology. The whole argument concerns the intellectual basis of Christianity. Four types of Anglicanism are successively passed in review, and the untenableness of their position from an intellectual standpoint is at once made evident. No system, whether of the Ritualist, High, Low or Broad Church, coheres with itself or can escape the intellectual difficulty which confronts each in the face of modern scientific research. The admissions forced from the spokesmen of each by the changed conditions brought about by the altered conception of the character of the Sacred Scriptures, have destroyed the only foundation on which these systems rested. Rejecting the principle of a divine teaching authority inherent in the Church, an authority which ever speaks, and is able to interpret the doctrine of the Church in all ages and in face of changing conditions, they have abandoned the only secure foundation from which the doctrines of Christianity can be defended from an intellectual point of view. In a style marvelously clear, Mr. Mallock drives home his arguments and with crushing force lays bare the pitiable condition of these four typical bodies of Anglican believers. Formerly, they rested their faith upon the Sacred Scriptures, as an inspired book; now, according to their best thinkers, the Scriptures have lost their supernatural element, are no longer regarded as literature above the human, and Protestantism with all its branches is left high and dry without any secure resting place. The only hope for supernatural revelation, for its preservation, lies in the Catholic Church. She alone claims a divine teaching authority which always endures. The germ of divine life, implanted in her by the Divine Founder has waxed strong and has enabled her to take from the thought of the world the symbols to express her divine truths, to supernaturalize these human expressions by assimilating them and making of them the vehicle of supernatural truth. "Rome is the only Church representing itself as an ever-living and articulate individual, which at no period of its existence has lost any of its faculties, but is able every day to reaffirm, with a living voice, every doctrine which it has ever authoritatively enunciated in the past to reaffirm it now in virtue of the same supernatural knowledge; and to reaffirm it moreover, with an ever-deepening meaning." Nor is this analogy between the Roman Catholic Church and a single living individual whose memory stretches back with unerring grasp to the first days of Christianity a mere literary fancy. It is a solemn

truth. For the Catholic Church is a living organism having always within her a divine life, always able to speak with a living voice, with a mind ever alert to the shifting philosophies and systems which grow up in the world, and which often oppose her deposit of supernatural truths, and able at all times to draw a fuller meaning from her treasure of truth to meet the heresies and changing intellectual conditions of a changeful world. "The Roman Church, like an animal seeking nutriment, puts forth its feelers or tentacles on all sides, seizing, tasting and testing all forms of human thought, all human opinions and all alleged discoveries. It absorbs some of these into itself, and extracts their nutritive principles; it immediately rejects some as poisonous or indigestible; and gradually expels from its system others, condemned as heresies." The luminous picture of the Church's growth is, certainly, drawn by a master hand. But it is in dealing with the Broad Church believers, or rather we should say, unbelievers, that Mr. Mallock shows his wonderful dialectical skill and his power of close reasoning. He selects Mrs. Humphrey Ward as the spokesman of this party, and her beautiful periods crumble to pieces under his searching analysis. Few will withhold admiration for the intense and crushing force of his logic, when he shows how Mrs. Ward and her co-religionists—and they are many, both in England and America—continually contradict themselves, occupy a position from a religious point of view intellectually untenable, while their principles, if accepted, would mean the utter destruction of Christianity, although not operating to that extent in this generation because of the Christian atmosphere in which the holders of these opinions have been brought up from their early years and by which they are unconsciously influenced. His power of dissecting common, vulgar objections to the Catholic system, and of making them look ridiculous, is well illustrated in his closing chapter, in which he takes up and tears to bits two staple Protestant objections against the complexity of the Catholic religion.

Mr. Mallock has given us an altogether remarkable book. We are not compelled to believe all that the theory of evolution proposes to appreciate the drift of his reasoning and the power of logic. An admission of the central ideas of growth and development, — which, though common enough terms in the theory of evolution, are by no means modern in their origin,—suffices to place us in sympathy with his train of reasoning. It is rather remarkable, that the nephew of James Anthony Froude should thus appear as a redoubtable apologist of the Catholic Church. One wonders that a man thus reasons and still remains outside. Still intellectual conviction is not faith; and a man may lack the strength of will to follow where a strong mind is logically forced to point the way.

OUR LADY OF THE VOW.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

I cry to thee through dreary nights and days;
  Before thy throne my humbled head I bow.
Solve thou the riddle of these weary ways,
    Our Lady of the Vow!

Silent I mused within the cloister gates,
  While the swift hours in praise and prayer went by:
What mean the feuds, the wars, the deadly hates,
    That curse humanity?

Plead thou with Him Who came to us from Heaven,
  The Lord of perfect love, the Prince of Peace!
Plead, till the answer to my prayers be given,
    And pitiless war shall cease!

Many and many a moon has risen and set,
  Since first I lifted this strong cry to thee.
Well I remember,—ah! do not thou forget,—
    That hour of destiny.

I felt the wide world's woe; and straight I vowed,—
  Thou knowest the vow I made, that fateful day!
"My all I give, to serve," I cried aloud,
    "The cause of Peace for aye."

Peace comes not. Still, by awful battle-smoke,
  Is the sky blackened; and by sharpest pain
My heart is pierced. But once thy own heart broke!
    I vow my vow again.

Silent, beside the cross, men saw thee stand,
  While thine own Son was slain, to give us Peace.
The ages pass. Why doth not God command
    That pitiless war shall cease?

I lift my eyes, and see thee thronèd there,
  Holy and calm, while the sad years go by.
Hast thou, then, heard an answer to thy prayer?
    Does Peace, at last, draw nigh?

To thee I cry through dreary nights and days;
  Before thy throne my humbled head I bow,
Solve thou the riddle of these weary ways,
    Our Lady of the Vow!

THE PASSING OF A KING.

FUNERAL OF KING HUMBERT.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH, ROME, ITALY.

The cruelly-tragic death of King Humbert of Savoy has caused a thrill of horror throughout the world, even to those who knew or cared little for the beautiful, sunny land beyond the seas—the home of religion, romance and art. The pitiful human side of the tragedy,—the spectacle of an unoffending, defenceless man struck down in the prime of health and strength, and leaving a devoted wife to mourn his loss,—appeals to all hearts alike. But to those who know Italy, who have studied her history, past and present, who have reverenced her not only as the mother of nations and the ruler of the world, but as the seat of the primacy of Christ's Vicar on earth, the present-day mourning in which she is enveloped is fraught with more than the passing interest given to a hideous crime. In many respects this assassination is more pitiful than that other deed of blood which, two years ago, on the Lake of Geneva, desolated an empire and aroused warm sympathy in many a home far from imperial Austria. There, terrible as was its manner, the death-blow struck a broken-hearted woman, schooled in the sad school of tragedy, and disillusionized of all earthly hope, while the aged consort left behind her was also inured to misfortune and family grief. But the fatal event that cast Savoy's royal House into mourning came with the suddenness of a thunder clap into the lives of a comparatively young family, which though never without the apprehensions and responsibilities appertaining to a throne (especially a modern throne beset with difficulties like that of United Italy), were free from domestic trouble and affliction.

It is true King Humbert had been menaced by death from the hands of an assassin before, on two occasions, but each time the blow had been warded off, by God's providence and the King's presence of mind, for he was fearless and spirited as are all the

House of Savoy—courage being the strongest characteristic of their mountain race. Anyone who has visited Rome during the last twenty years has been familiar with the sight of King Humbert, as he daily drove through the streets of the city. Many a Catholic visitor (for whom Rome means only religious Rome, the Rome of the Popes) when standing on the Pincian Hill, on winter afternoons, gazing at the panorama of the city and of St. Peter's spread out before his view, still turned to look with unwilling interest and curiosity on the monarch, who, son of a royal usurper, reigned in the Papal palace and the city of the Popes. From his portraits one expected to see a fierce, almost truculent countenance (an effect caused by the enormous white moustaches) but as seen near the King's face was altogether kindly in expression, though habitually grave almost to melancholy. As he lifted his hat incessantly to the crowds, leaving the white head constantly uncovered, a head well thrown back on his shoulders, one could not but be impressed with the quiet dignity of the man, every inch a king.

It is out of place here in this simple sketch to enter into the Roman question, or the political situation in Italy, for it seems to all loyal Catholics that there can be no question of the right or wrong of the restoration of the temporal power. Though the unification of Italy might have been a desirable and necessary thing in many respects it could well have been effected by creating one of the other cities, such as Milan (called by a statesman "The Moral Capital"), into the capital of the kingdom, leaving Rome to the Popes, to whom it belongs by every right. But astute politicians—"Men without God"—willed otherwise, and Victor Emanuel II, King of Sardinia, and descendant of the most Catholic royal House of Savoy, was placed in the Papal palace, with the title of "Father of his Country." The fact that he belonged to a House whose proudest boast was its devotion to Church and Pope made the spoliation doubly bitter to the Pope. But it must be remembered also that Pius IX sent the dying king forgiveness, and his successor cannot well be spoken of as an excommunicated king, for King Humbert, though accepting the "statu quo" of the situation as he found it on his accession, took no part in the actual spoliation. It is certain that if the late sovereign had been able to follow his private inclinations his policy would have been one of conciliation to the Pope, for to one good hearted as Humbert of Savoy was naturally, and in whose veins ran the blood of ancestors faithful to the Church throughout long centuries, the situation in Rome must have been a most trying one. To Queen Margherita, the sincerity of whose piety has come out gold through the crucible of sorrow, and to whom it would have been one of the greatest consolations to kneel at the feet of the Vicar of Christ, the situation was well nigh intolerable. Everyone noted how glad the King and Queen always seemed each year when their summer holiday came round to escape from Rome and the royal cares of state to the beautiful summer villa of Monza (where the cruel tragedy occurred), or to their native home in the Alps. It is a fact often overlooked by strangers in speaking of the House at present reigning in Italy, that though usurp-

ing in Rome the rights of Church and Pontiff, and therefore out of place in the Eternal City, they are still royal in their own right as monarchs of Savoy, to which title no one can dispute their claim. They come of a strong race of historic ancestors—kings, princes, crusaders, warriors—most of whom can lay claim to the title of goodness of life, several even to that of sanctity. One of the first counts of the House of Savoy, a crusader, and namesake of the ill-fated King Humbert, died in the Crusades, in the reputation of holiness. Another, Blessed Amadeus IX of Savoy, was raised to the honors of the altar, and still another, King Charles Emanuel IV of Savoy, abdicated his throne to assume the black robe of the Jesuit Order; and a true model of a Christian king and sovereign was Carlo Alberto, the father of Victor Emanuel II.

Most of the family of Savoy were born, lived, and died in the shadow of the Alps, the cradle of a strong race. The city of Turin is full of memories of them, living and dead, for it contains their birth-place and their tomb. On one side, in the beautiful environs of the mountain-girt city stands the picturesque castle of Moncalieri, where many a Savoy was born and died. It is inhabited yet by the Princess Clotilde (sister of King Humbert and widow of Prince Louis Napoleon), an angel of piety and charity, whose life, it is said, is one of perpetual prayer. This princess was tenderly attached to her royal brother, as indeed was every member of his family, but in the strength of her convictions about the unjust seizure of Rome by her father the august lady never came to the Eternal City (save to kneel by the bed of her dying husband) and never passed one day in the Papal palace of the Quirinal. High above Turin, and seen from far and near in the clear Alpine atmosphere, rises the family mausoleum of the House of Savoy—the Basilica of Superga—crowning the height of a commanding hill where its dome seems to almost touch the sky. Here, on the hillside, in marble monuments, amid decorations of regal splendor, lie the earthly remains of a line who were saintly and brave, and here every Savoy until Victor Emanuel II was laid to rest. Here, too, King Humbert had always desired to be buried among his ancestors, and it is no secret that it was Queen Margherita's desire also, not only that the King's wish should be respected, but that in death at least she could possess his tomb, unhampered by the ban of publicity. But the heavy weight of royal responsibility made itself felt even beyond the grave—the iron crown whose prerógatives had wrecked the happiness of a lifetime. And the woman's pitiful desire to keep her dead to herself must needs be merged into the Queen's assent to bury the sovereign in the sepulchre decreed by the government. On the death of Victor Emanuel II, in order to solidify the monarchy of Savoy with Rome, as the capital of "United Italy," it was deemed necessary to bury him in Rome and in the Pantheon, and for the same reasons the murdered successor of the first king of "United Italy" was also laid there in a like royal state. So statesmen and ministers had their way, and King Humbert was brought to Rome, to appear before the people for the last time, in his coffin, a victim of royal duty even in death.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF KING HUMBERT OF SAVOY PASSING DOWN THE CORSO, ROME, AUGUST 9th, 1900.

Though not what could be called, from outward seeming, a religious man, the King was, according to his light, an upright monarch, charitable and merciful ever, and for any weakness or failure of poor human nature to which all are subject surely Humbert of Savoy has paid a price

THE LATE KING HUMBERT.

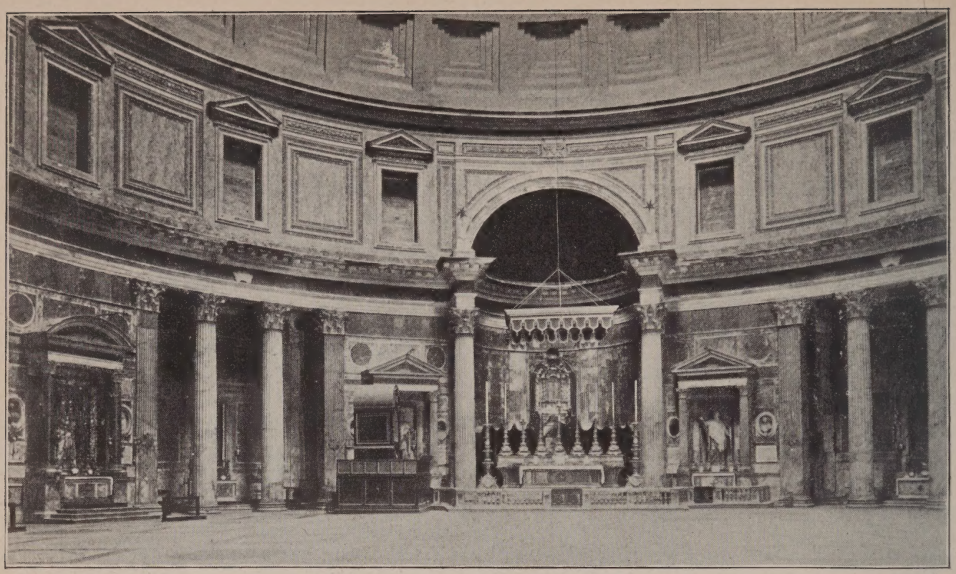
and offered atonement. In his speech from the throne on the opening of parliament last Autumn King Humbert spoke with authority of "protecting the rights of the Holy Year." In the last official act of his reign—the bidding farewell at Naples to the Italian troops bound for China, only a few days before his tragic end—he used the Holy Name in bidding them "God-speed." A priest of God stood by the sofa on which the King was laid in the royal villa of Monza, on that fatal Sunday night, giving the blessing "in articulo mortis" in case any vestige of life still remained, and from that moment till his burial the prayers of the Church were said unceasingly over the remains. As the King, in the uniform of a general, lay in state in the simple mortuary chamber, a crucifix lay on his breast above all the military honors and decorations. Thus he carried it to the Requiem and the grave. The cross was embroidered on his coffin, borne before him in the procession, and placed in high relief above the entrance to the Pantheon. It is not for us to give our passing judgment on account of the political situation, when the Father of the faithful, the Vicar of Christ, whose rights are most injured in the occupation of Rome, has fully and freely given his prayers and compassionate sympathy for the grief-stricken family and the tragedy that has bowed the land. The Pope's condolences (privately conveyed through means of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, who visited Queen Margherita the day after the terrible event, and prayed by the bier of King Humbert) were the first to reach the sorely-tried woman keeping her vigil of sorrow. With deep anguish the Holy Father heard the startling tidings, communicated to him by Cardinal Rampolla, and again and again His Holiness repeated compassionately as he raised his aged hands to heaven, "Poor, poor family! Poor unhappy family!" for with characteristic human sympathy his thoughts were with the survivors upon whom a blow had fallen with such crushing force—his prayers were for the dead. It may be said perhaps that the assassinated sovereign of Italy was an unfortunate monarch, a king with a

difficult inheritance, a victim on the hecatomb of royalty whose duties he had coped with bravely (as was the nature of the man) but whose trappings his unostentatious character had always despised; but the ill-fated king in one respect was favored, for few kings have had so many sincere prayers offered over their tomb—the prayers of a Sovereign Pontiff wronged by a member of his House, the prayers of a devoted wife and sisters, and the prayers of a people.

THE CHURCH OF THE PANTHEON, ROME, WHERE KING HUMBERT IS BURIED.

It has been touching to all, the manner in which Queen Margherita has taken the terrible grief that came without warning into her life, destroying forever the gracious brightness of the beautiful royal lady—one who seemed born for life's perpetual sunshine. From the first her one thought seems to have been of prayer, ceaseless prayer for the repose of her husband's soul, to pray for him herself and have others pray. Many Masses were said in the King's death-chamber. The prayer) since condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities for wise reasons) which Queen Margherita herself composed in the first agony of her grief is pitifully touching in its poor human petition for mercy, and scarcely less touching is the letter to the Bishop Bonomelli which accompanied it, explaining its intention. This is the text of the letter:

"I know that you are with me in heart and spirit in this terrible moment when the Lord has been pleased to try all Italy; and that at the same time your thoughts and prayers are for him;—for our poor King—who loved his people so well and who fell a victim to his love—struck down by three shots fired by the hand of an Italian. What horror! God in His mercy deigned to spare him the supreme bitterness which would have been too terrible and bitter a sorrow for him; of knowing the parricidal hand was that of an Italian, and that the shots fired on his sacred person were by one



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE PANTHEON, ROME. (WHERE KING HUMBERT LAY IN STATE AND IS BURIED.)

of his own subjects. I have written —and I believe God helped me—a prayer in memory of our poor King, that all may say it for the repose of his soul. I have written it as I have thought it; with my heart and with calm, that all may be able to understand it. But before all I believe that the authorization and approbation of a bishop is necessary to make it known, and I think of you, who are good, to be able to do it. I beg of you to have this prayer copied and printed, and to recommend it in remembrance of my lord and King, that all the people may pray for him. I would have you know that I have written it myself because perhaps for the love—that beyond my merits—the people show me, they may recite it willingly. There is a rosary with the prayer. I recommend the memory of our good King, of myself, of the reigning King, my son; and all my family to your prayers, Monseigneur, and may God hear them! With the greatest and truest esteem and profound respect—I sign myself, Your Reverend Excellency."

MARGHERITA OF SAVOY.

An embodiment of the vanity of human greatness the "Iron Crown of Italy," that famous heirloom of the House of Savoy, was placed at the foot of King Humbert's bier at Monza, and afterwards carried in his funeral procession to the Pantheon. Exteriorly it appears to be only a fillet of purest gold, jeweled with precious stones, in Lombard style of decoration, but inside can be plainly seen the band of heavy iron which gives the crown its significant name. Its history dates back to the earliest ages, for the simple circlet has crowned many a royal head, and pious tradition has it that the iron band was made of one of the nails of the true Cross, brought by the Empress Helena from the Holy Land. The Iron Crown first served for the coronation of the Lombard sovereigns, and the great Charlemagne himself wore this royal symbol of the divine right of kings, on his coronation. Succeeding emperors and monarchs, such as Frederick IV and Charles V, bore the holy and emblematic fillet, and in our own century Napoleon I, in the Cathedral of Milan, not content with the crown of France, crowned himself

with Italy's fateful emblem. In 1878 it was carried in the funeral cortege of Victor Emanuel II, and again on the recent sad occasion, as the last tribute of royal homage to the murdered Humbert II. "Sic transit gloria mundi" might well be inscribed on that circlet, if an Iron Crown needed any other "memento homo." As the young King of Italy looked at it, borne high before him in his father's funeral procession, it must have seemed a grim presage of the future that lay before him. All Rome saw the heirloom as it was carried on a gold velvet cushion resting on the simple gun carriage which bore the remains of King Humbert to his grave. Headed by a king as chief mourner, attended by scions of various royal houses, and with representatives of every office of army, navy, and state, the funeral cortege that swept along the crape-draped streets of Rome amid the silence of vast multitudes that August morning, was truly imposing. But the fact that made it most solemn and impressive was that the Cross was carried before it, and two by two priests, friars, and members of confraternities, raised the voice of prayer above the dull firing of cannon and the bursts of military music. The priests of the parish church of the Quirinal Palace, who had gone to bless the coffin at the railway station, joined in the procession, also the Chapter and clergy of the Pantheon and the cathedrals of

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM OF THE HOUSE OF SAVOY, ON THE HILL OF SUPERGA, NEAR TURIN.

Bari and Monza. Tragically sombre was this last passing of the sovereign. As one looked at the phalanx of drawn swords flashing in the sunshine, at the waving banners and gorgeous uniforms of the military—"United Italy's" proud boast—it caused the pitiful reflection that not all that vast and splendid army was able to save the King, lying there in the small velvet coffin wrapped in the Italian flag, from the fatal shot of the assassin.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

A black catafalque rose high in the centre of that grand old circular monument of Roman antiquity, the "Pantheon" dedicated as a church in the 7th century, under the title of "Santa Maria ad Martyres." Under the pillared portico, hung with crape and garlands of cypress, the funeral procession passed in, the coffin borne by giant cuirassiers, to be met and blessed at the entrance by the Archbishop of Genoa, who also celebrated the solemn Mass of Requiem, and gave the absolutions at the bier. A

THE REIGNING KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY—VICTOR EMANUEL III. AND ELENA OF MONTENEGRO.

curious but beautiful device hung over the doorway above the funeral incription—a Latin cross, a representation of the Iron Crown, and the round monogram of the Catacombs, representing the letters X. P. (Christus) and the "Alpha and Omega." There were doubtless those in that funeral train —the same men who exclude the name of God from the schools and would bring up present and future generations ignoring religion—who would wish the cross less prominence in this laying to rest, but once more the symbol of Christianity triumphed, as in Rome it inevitably must, bringing peace to the royal mourners and rest to the poor soul so cruelly and suddenly separated from its earthly tenement. If they bring their sovereigns to eternal Rome they must crown them not only with the Iron Crown, but with the Cross. For five days, from the ninth of August to the thirteenth, King Humbert's coffin, surmounted by the crown and sceptre, lay on the summit of the catafalque in the Pantheon, in the cold clear glare of the electric lamps, surrounded by countless trophies of flowers, the great bronze doors thrown wide open to the public, till it almost seemed that the lying-in-state was on the street. Crowds came and went constantly, stupefied at first with the suddenness of the tragedy, but slowly, as the days went on, becoming accustomed (with our strange human adaptability) to the sight of the royal bier, till at last the flow of daily life and business went heedlessly on outside that open doorway where a murdered king rested in his last rest. There was something ineffably pathetic in the thought that even in death his duties to the people were not over. The remains were interred at

night in the chapel behind the high altar, and the most tragic episode of this period of the history of new Italy had passed into silence.

A new era has begun with the accession of a new monarch to the throne, and the country looks on with anticipation and curiosity to see what the new king will do. In spite of the sad suddenness of his accession he seems to have risen bravely to the situation, and his first speech from the throne caused a good impression. He has twice invoked the name of God, in his proclamation and in his speech from the throne, possibly an augury of hope for the future. Official Italy has tried the experiment of being godless, and even its strong men have been forced to see that the results are not encouraging. It will be realized sooner or later that to keep the peace "external and internal," of which the young King speaks so feelingly in his speech, the Pope and the Church are necessary, for without religion law loses its force. All true lovers of the once great and grand old country can only hope that King Victor Emanuel III, keeping the faith of his Crusader ancestors, may see his way to reconciliation with the Holy See, so that it may not prove a futile day dream to picture the young king of United Italy kneeling at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. The horizon seems dark as yet, in earthly seeming, but the "Cross of Savoy"—the proud motto of this kingly race—may bring back its alienated latter-day descendants to their temporal allegiance to the Papacy. "More things are done by prayer than this world dreams of" is a saying steadily ignored by the same sneering world, but there is still one great hope for the House of Savoy—the prayers of their women, and the blood and prayers of their ancestors.

THE QUIRINAL.

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

AMY MARTIN'S HOME.

It was a day in April, toward the close of the afternoon, in the year 1812. A narrow rim of the sun still showed against the intense blue, and the last yellow rays glanced across a sea of woodland, vast, still, awe-inspiring, then fell upon a log house in the clearing—an island made by the white man. At the door of this human habitation stood a woman, her eyes on the western sky, its glory on her face. That face was no longer young and fair, for life on the frontier had ravaged its youth and beauty, but it wore the rare charm that perfect heart happiness bestows. The carmine was missing from the well-cut lips, but in its place was a smile which grew more tender as the soft blue eyes lingered on the western sky. She was looking into the glass of memory, and instead of the ocean of green surrounding her she saw the broad acres of her father's Virginian plantation, and the old manor house with its many-columned white portico. As her eyes came from the sky to the great wood the smile faded, and she sighed, but the light expression returned to her countenance as she said, half-aloud, "We will make it more beautiful than even the old home, and I shall be happy here, which I was not there."

It was five years that day since she had stolen from her father's home, grown hateful under the ungentle rule of the woman who had come to reign in her mother's place, to meet her young lover, who, with fleet horses, was waiting for her at the orchard gate. They had ridden for an hour and then alighted before the door of the village church. The venerable priest, who had known the girl from childhood, was convinced that in choosing the young Irish land-surveyor she had made no mistake, so he married them without hesitation. Then, with scarcely a thousand dollars between them, the newly wedded pair had started for Kentucky. Through dangers and difficulties they made their way to Lexington where the young wife found many old friends and acquaintances. These interested themselves in her future in the new country by securing for her husband a valuable tract of land, on which they helped him to build the humble log house. Then had begun that labor of which we who are reaping the rich fruits can form but a faint conception. The young surveyor laid aside his chain and compass, and shouldering his axe, went forth alone to conquer that great world of trees, while the girl-wife, whose hardest tasks hitherto had been the drawing of flowers on silk and velvet, baked the corn-pone on the rudely fashioned hearthstone, washed the linen at the spring in the wood, and spun and wove during the long, silent hours. Yet they were happy, and when, a year later, a baby came to them, life grew wonderfully rich and full of promise.

In her rude crib in the cabin that baby lay, chasing through slumber-

land the butterflies of her waking world of green and sunshine. The flush that had brightened her cheeks an hour before as she crept wearily from play to her mother's arms had faded, leaving an ivory paleness, which the face at the doorway also showed; but here the likeness ceased for the curls tossed over the pillow were black, soft and heavy, while the blue-veined lids were folded over eyes as dark and mysterious as a sky at stormy midnight. Not a little had the young parents puzzled over the unfamiliar beauty of their child, for the eyes that met across her cradle showed gray and blue, the locks that mingled above it, two shades of brown.

"She may be wearing the lost beauty of one of our Spanish ancestors," George Martins had said on one of his occasional visits to the log house, and the mother had laughed at the remark of her husband's cousin, as she playfully counted the centuries that had elapsed since the Spanish Armada had been swept from the seas by the British navy and the winds of Heaven, and a remnant of its wreck had drifted into the friendly port of Galway. But the odd fancy often recurred to her mind. It did now as she stood in the doorway thinking of the beautiful home they would one day build for that child, and the smile deepened around her mouth as she wondered what long-dead woman's eyes looked out from her daughter's face. It was then that the figure of a man loomed before her, on the white path that led through the green lawn to the wood. He was very young, and tall and straight. A shirt of deer-skin hung from the shoulders half-way to the knees; breeches of like material encased his legs; his arms were bare and, with his face, showed a light copper under the sunset-light. He was coming directly to the cabin, and for a minute, spell-bound by the strange sight, for the Indian had disappeared from his happy hunting-ground, the woman stood gazing at him; then fear roused her and she was turning quickly to the shelter of her home, when she saw the man, or youth rather, pause and fold his arms. She too paused, with her hand on the door, her face toward the intruder.

"I come not to harm the white man's squaw," he called to her across the green, level strip, and even in that moment she was conscious of a feeling of surprise at hearing the English language thus spoken by her visitor. His words reassured her.

"What do you want?" she called back to him.

"Your pale-face is dead out yonder," he replied, pointing toward the place where she knew her husband was working. "A big tree caught him. Ah! your pale-face will cut down no more of our big trees," and with a terrible pain his listener recollected that a short time ago she had heard the great woods re-echo to a terrific crash, as the giant trunk and branches of one of their ancient company had struck the earth, and that the sound of the axe, which had beaten cheerily on her ears all day, was not heard again.

"My God! my God!" she cried, tossing her arms toward the sky. "Why did you not send me my death instead of this fearful loss! O my love! my love!"

She darted down the path, then thought of her child. The Indian had turned and was walking toward the wood, with long, swift strides. Sup-

pose he had told her a lie to lure her from the house that he might kidnap the baby. She would take it with her. But as she formed the determination over her mind rushed the thought that if this were his intention he could as easily accomplish it by waylaying her in the forest. She called after the retreating Indian, and when he paused, asked him to wait for her. She returned to the cabin, closed the door, and when the wooden latch fell into its place, she pushed the leather string through the small aperture. Whoever would enter that cabin now must first break down the strong door, so the baby was safe. She stood for a moment on the step, hoping against hope for the sound of the axe, but there was only the unbroken silence of the wilderness. She lifted her voice and cried piteously, "Gerald! Gerald! O Gerald!" but the echo of her words came back with a hollow sound. She clasped her hands, lifted them and her grief-wrung face toward the sky, then sped down the narrow white path to the waiting youth, and with him passed into the silence and gloom of the woods.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE BOLE OF THE SYCAMORE.

Ten minutes later a voice singing "Annie Laurie" broke over the crimson-lighted, evening silence, faint, far-off, then growing clearer, fuller, as the singer neared the opening.

> "An' she's a' this world to me,
> An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'd lay me doon an' dee,"

sang the voice, as a man emerged from the wood and followed the path leading to the cabin. He came with easy, swinging gait, and it could be seen in the subdued light that he was tall and manly in figure, and that his features were more tender than handsome, the character they outlined more noble than strong. One hand kept the axe in its place on his shoulder, the other hung by his side, clasping a bunch of violets which he had spent a full hour searching the wood to find. The song ended abruptly as the log step before the cabin door showed not the familiar, waiting figure, and with a sudden sinking of the heart Gerald Martins hurried to his home, to find it barred against him.

"Amy?" he called, softly, and knocked lightly. There was no answer, and so he repeated the name and knock more loudly. It awoke the child, who, finding herself alone in the dark began to cry.

"Hush crying, baby! It's father. Where's mother?"

"I dunno," sobbed the child. "I'm 'fraid, father! It's so dark! Come get me, father, p'ease; p'ease come get your baby!"

"Nothing's going to harm the baby," replied the father, while his face grew white and his voice husky. Where was Amy? Had any evil befallen her? "Hush crying, there's a good little girl, and let father in."

He heard the patter of the tiny bare feet and as it ceased at the door, he said:

"Get on a chair, baby, and push the string through the hole."

The little maiden obeyed and in less than a minute she was in her father's arms. The room lay in darkness save for the faint gleam thrown out by the fire, now dying down into gray ashes. The kettle was suspended from the hook in the chimney, the iron oven

was on the hearthstone; on the rude table stood other vessels with the unprepared food, and the sight of this unfinished supper struck a chill across his heart. He threw a basket of chips on the embers and under their sudden, bright light he looked a second time around the room; but she was not there. He questioned the child but all she could tell was that her mother had rocked her to sleep while it was still daytime. He ran out into the yard and called his wife's name until the great forest rang with the repeated echoes of his words; but there was no answer. He hurried down to the spring that bubbled up at the foot of the oaks and rippled on through the clearing to find its shadowed way to the Elkhorn, but there was no trace of her there. He plunged into the wood, shouting, calling, halloing, but there was no replying voice when his ceased. As he was running madly on, scarcely heeding in which direction, he suddenly thought of the child. Suppose she had attempted to follow him? With a frantic prayer to God to help him in his pitiful position he hastened back to the cabin. The fire he had kindled was pouring its red light through the open door, and as there came to him none of the expected cries of infantile fear the cold perspiration broke on his brow. His strong young limbs grew unsteady and like a man smitten with palsy he crept to the threshold, and sank on its step from the sudden reactionary emotion, as he saw the child sitting on the floor, gathering up the violets that had fallen from his unconscious hand. The kettle was now singing cheerily over the leaping flames, and all the sight of that room recalled made the man lift his hands to his eyes, while the anguish that was wrenching his heart escaped in a hard, dry sob. He rose and took the mother's shawl from its peg on the wall, intending to start to Lexington to place the child in safety and secure a party to search the wood for his wife. As he turned he saw a man standing in the doorway. There was a second's surprised silence, then the newcomer said: "Good evening!" and Gerald Martins recognized his cousin George.

"I just got back from New Orleans," explained the visitor, in peculiarly smooth, liquid tones, as he advanced and removed his fashionable hat, "and came out as soon as I could. Your part of my business trip was splendidly successful. Your tobacco brought a good price, and I've contracted with a firm for all you raise this"—

Then, for the first time, it occurred to him there was something wrong in his cousin's home. He paused abruptly and glancing around, asked, "Why where's Amy?"

A second sob tore up from the husband's heart, and he answered in a husky voice: "I don't know. When I came from the field, about half an hour ago, the door was bolted, the string inside. The baby helped me to get in. I found the house as it is now, except that the fire was partly out. All the baby knows is that her mother put her to sleep sometime during the afternoon. George, what can have happened Amy?"

The man addressed had dropped into the rude chair near the door, and was staring through the soft, red firelight at the grief-whitened face of his cousin.

"I've searched for her at the spring," went on the husband, a heart-break in his voice, "and in the wood. I've

called so loud I thought they must hear me in Lexington. There is not a trace of her anywhere."

"Perhaps she went to Lexington," interrupted George Martins, in the voice of a man whose suspicions have just been aroused, and as he spoke, he looked from his cousin to the hat he held in his hand.

"Why should she go to Lexington at this late hour? You can see she had begun to get supper?" asked the husband, in surprise.

"Some one may have sent her an urgent message," suggested his cousin, and his voice was lower.

"She would have left me a note in that case," replied the husband. "And do you think she would go and leave the baby here alone?" he added.

"It is strange she did not take the baby with her," remarked George Martins, reflectively; but the husband did not hear, for he had hastened to the bed-room adjoining. A moment later, he emerged from their sleeping apartment, saying:

"Her dresses are here except the one she wore today, and here are her bonnet and shawl. No, Amy did not go to Lexington. George, what can have befallen her?" He crossed to the door and looked toward the wood, which now rose before him like an insurmountable wall. "She never ventured into the wood alone—Great God! an Indian may have carried her off!" He was bounding down the step, when his cousin sprang up and caught his arm.

"There are no Indians in these parts," he cried harshly, then, subduing his voice, he added: "except a few trusted and friendly ones, mostly half-breeds."

"This certainty of war with the British may have emboldened them to venture back," cried the distracted man; but he returned to the cabin, and picking up the shawl began to wrap it around the child, who still sat on the floor absorbed with her flowers.

"Hurry back to Lexington and give the alarm, George," cried the father, who was now fully convinced that his wife had been captured by some prowling savage. "Bring the search party here. I will meet you. Take the baby to Mrs. McDowell's—"

At this juncture, the child sprang to her feet and flinging aside the shawl, cried, "I won't go wif tousin George! "I won't! I won't!" and she emphasized the words with flashes from her great dark eyes.

"Why not?" asked George Martins, with a peculiar smile around his mouth..

" 'Cause you's a bad man. You frew a stick at my birds. I hate you! Father, p'ease, p'ease don't make me go wif tousin George!" and she flung herself against her father, in a passion of screams and tears.

"Say what you will," remarked George Martins, folding his arms, "there is a spirit in that young one that you and gentle Amy can no more claim than you can claim her eyes and hair. Have a care, my Spanish beauty," he added mockingly to the child, who, for the moment, had ceased her sobs and was looking at him, "that it does not bring you as much bitterness as it doubtless brought your great ancestress!"

The father did not heed the remark, if he heard it, but coaxed the child to accompany her cousin. She pleaded against obeying, with piteous words and passionate screams, and finally he desisted.

"I cannot understand her," he said, perplexedly. "She never acted like this in her life."

"There was never an occasion until now," remarked George Martins, sententiously.

"I must go to Lexington myself," said the father. "You will wait for me here, George?"

"Yes," returned he. He walked across the room to the fire and from his place on the hearthstone said, as the father was lifting the child, "Did you hear that St. John Worthington is in Lexington?"

The tones in which the question was asked were peculiarly insinuating. They struck across his listener's ears as such, even in that hour of anguish. St. John Worthington had been his rival for the hand of Amy Howard, but one night the young Virginian had ridden in wounded pride and anger from the white manor house because the love he would have died to win had been bestowed upon a poor Irish surveyor employed by the country to mark out the line of a projected roadway.

"He may have been the bearer of some news, some message from Old Virginia," went on George Martins, "and Amy may be here before you when you come back with your search party."

The voice had gone back to its liquid smoothness which veiled the meaning of the words. If hint or caution, or both, lay below them, the husband could not determine; but he felt a sudden, inexplicable revulsion as he listened, such as he would have experienced if a snake had dragged its slimy length across his flesh. He clasped the child closer to his breast, and without a word quitted the cabin. Half an hour's walk brought him to the village of Lexington, and still carrying his little girl, now fast asleep, he went direct to the principal tavern. When the light fell on his face as he entered the room the groups of men ceased their discussions, and waited in breathless expectation of the words this unexpected visitor had to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I need your assistance!" and briefly he related his sad loss. Before any other of that assembly could offer help a tall, handsome young man stepped forward and with outstretched hand, stood in front of the bereaved husband.

"While I live, Gerald Martins, you have a friend to aid you!" he cried, and Gerald Martins looked into the eyes of St. John Worthington, and wrung the outstretched hand. The sleeping child was given to the wife of the hotel-keeper, while a hastily collected band of men, well-armed and carrying lanterns, went back with the father to the little log house standing in the heart of the wooded country. An expression, too fleeting to be defined, crossed the dark, handsome and refined face of George Martins, as, rising from his chair before the fire, he saw St. John Worthington entering with his cousin. He extended his hand, with a faint expression of surprise over seeing Mr. Worthington in Kentucky; then exchanged greetings with the other men. After a few arrangements had been made the party left the cabin, separated, and went toward the forest in different directions. All that night they wandered through the vast wood, and when morning broke they returned to the cabin, weary and disheartened, for not a trace of the missing woman had been found. A number of men were await-

ing them at the log house and after breakfast, which had been thoughtfully prepared and sent to them by the tavern-keeper's wife, a new and larger search party was formed. Among the late comers was an old trapper. He knew that spacious woods as the others knew the streets of their town, and it could hide no secret from his keen eyes. He stood apart from the company, leaning on his gun, his gaze sweeping the sky. Suddenly his hands fell from his weapon and the eyes fixed on one point of the blue vault wore a look of anxiety or fear. For a moment he stood thus, then his glance came down to the young husband, and his eyes were soft now as a woman's. He again looked up and several who were near him did likewise. They saw nothing at first but the cloudless sky; then they began to distinguish the faint outline of a moving object,—some ambitious bird that had mounted high to sing his song, perchance, and they brought back their looks, with their thoughts, to earth. But the trapper continued to gaze upward, sadness deepening on his countenance. After a while he laid his gun against a stump, and going to Gerald Martins touched him on the shoulder, then silently pointed a long, gaunt arm toward the cloudless heaven. Gerald Martins followed the direction thus indicated and saw, circling lower, lower, lower, through the opalescent morning sky, a pair of broad black wings, a head from which protruded a crooked, fierce talon,—and he fell on his face. Ah! the instinct of the bird of prey had succeeded where love had failed. St. John Worthington went to the prostrate figure and spoke a few words into the heedless ears; then, gently as a brother would, assisted the smitten man to his feet. The trapper, with one more look at the bird, now poised low over the tree-tops, started for the wood, and in silence the others followed. For a quarter of a mile they went straight forward, under the whispering, wet boughs; then, their leader turned toward the south, and a little later brought them to a sycamore, whose decayed bole transformed the tree into a tent. The trapper and two of the other men ran forward, and found, as the first had expected, the dead body of the woman they sought. Tenderly they bore her from this natural lodge and laid her on the ground, as the husband, with his other friends, approached. With uncovered heads and saddened faces the little group stood apart, while Gerald Martins bowed in his uncontrollable sorrow above the form of his murdered wife.

George Martins had not been separated from St. John Worthington during the night's search, and they had walked together, as the trapper led the way to the sycamore. The eyes of both had seen a small dark object fall from the dress of the woman, as she had been carried from the tree. It lay on the ground now before the eyes of all, a purse of alligator skin, ornamented with pearls that gleamed and glowed from their blood-dyed background. When at length the husband lifted his face from his dead, the crowd of searchers moved forward to offer their sympathy; but two men hung back, St. John Worthington and George Martins. The former moved toward the place where the purse lay, stooped and picked it up. As he was slipping it into his breast pocket, he

glanced around, and started to meet the eyes of George Martins fixed on him with an expression he could not fathom.

An examination of the body showed a cruel knife wound above the heart, while between the thumb and index finger of the right hand was clutched a gold hoop, seeing which the men muttered, in horrified tones, "Indians!" They offered many whispered conjectures, and then one asked the old trapper for his opinion.

"I think," said he, "there was only one Indian. He may have come upon her at the spring and carried her off, although there is an objection to this theory in the fact that the door was barred. That seems to prove that she had a suspicion, and took precaution to save the child. It is very likely that the Indian lured her from the house with some lie about her husband. She did not know the woods, and he could have taken her this far before she would see that she was being led into the wilderness. She may have tried to run away, but I rather believe that she heard her husband singing, and as she was about to scream the Indian choked her. To save herself, perhaps, she then caught the ring and tore it out of his nose. The pain maddened him and he killed her. He knew of this hollow tree and carried her here, though it is hard to say just where she was murdered. It may have been within calling distance of her cabin Poor little woman!"

And the rude son of the forest brushed the tears from his eyes, and with another look at Amy Martins' white, still face, he turned toward one of the long, cool, dim woodland alleys, and was soon lost to sight.

CHAPTER III.

LORETTO AND THE LITTLE TERESA.

The murder of Amy Martins alarmed the community. Instantly scouting parties were formed and started in pursuit of the Indians, who, the people concluded from the bold deed, must be near, or rapidly advancing. After long days of anxious dread and waiting, the scouts returned with the welcome intelligence that no trace of the foe could be found between Lexington and the Ohio; nor had the other towns received any menace of a threatened invasion. Settlers in remote, unfrequented situations had not been disturbed, and old trappers, who had been encountered, had expressed the conviction that the Indian had finally and irrevocably abandoned his favorite hunting-ground; although they admitted that the prospect of war with the British might embolden the red-men to make a raid into Kentucky, for motives of revenge. The information brought back by the men restored its tranquillity to the town, though it could not easily divest itself of the horror of Mrs. Martins' fate. Her death was discussed in law-offices and parlors, in the taverns and on the streets. The reason first accepted, that it was the wanton act of an advance member of an invading army, was annulled by the report of the returning scouts. Nor did it seem tenable that the murderer would venture alone into the most thickly populated part of the State, when he might have satisfied his craving for white blood along the sparsely settled shores of the Ohio. It then would appear to be a premeditated act. It was possible that the tract of land owned by Gerald Mar-

tins had been the special rendezvous, or burial-ground, of one of the tribal families and that personal revenge had prompted the murder. But those whose knowledge of the Indian was best denied this theory. Such fine sentiment may actuate the savage multitude to deeds of peril, but not the individual. There then remained the supposition that the murderer had been the tool in the hands of a secret foe. Instances had not been wanting in the history of the new country to prove that civilized man has wrought out his evil designs with the aid of the savage. But this suspicion had nothing apparently to support it. Mrs. Martins' father had forgiven her for marrying without his consent; he had sent her gifts, and while she lay dead two slaves had reached Lexington, a portion of her long-withheld dowry. If Gerald Martins had an enemy no one, not even himself, knew of it. He was a man to make admiring friends but not treacherous foes, because of his unaggressive nature. He would rather suffer injustice than enter into a contest for his rights. Yet, while no reason for it was advanced, the suspicion was entertained and continued to be thought about and discussed. There were two men, however, who, unless directly appealed to, kept silent when the subject of Mrs. Martins' murder was introduced, and when forced into giving an opinion their words were evasive. But those two men watched each other, and each knew that he was being watched.

In his sadly desolated home, Gerald Martins lived with his little daughter. The female slave took charge of the household affairs and attended to the child, while he, with the man, planted the crops. There was a marble slab under the cedar tree which he had left standing in the clearing, on which his eyes would rest, instead of the low door-step, as he returned from the fields in the crimson-lighted evenings of that seemingly interminable spring. He built a low stone-wall about the spot, planted a sweet-brier on either side of the steps, and set the violets she had loved so well over her pulseless breast. He rarely visited the town, but the suspicion that his friends there entertained and discussed stole gradually into his mind as he mourned by that grave, and out of it grew an almost unreasonable anxiety for the safety of his child.

The days wore on, stormy or calm for individuals, but full of alarm and anxiety for the nation. At length English aggression forced upon the Government the grim necessity of war or its alternative loss of national honor. There was not a moment's hesitation in making the choice, and war was declared.

His duty to the country of his adoption was not to be disregarded by Gerald Martins because of private interests. The fields of wheat were almost ready for the sickle, the tobacco and corn required constant care, and however faithful his two servants might be they were not equal to the task of garnering such crops. He could not take his child with him; to leave her behind was to invite against her young life the treachery that had deprived her of her mother; still, with such an array of duties chaining him to home, he recognized there is another duty, higher and holier than these; and he made ready to join the Lexington Volunteers. He placed his farm in the hands of his two slaves, and one night when the man and

woman were asleep in their cabin, he saddled his horse, and taking his child and money rode away from the little house where he had known so much happiness and sorrow. A hunter who had accepted his hospitality a few weeks before had told him that in western Kentucky a holy missionary priest was establishing a congregation of women for the education of young girls. The infant Sisterhood, he had said, was made up entirely of the descendants of the prominent and wealthy Marylanders, who had immigrated to Kentucky, close on the heels of Boone and Kenton, and settled on the fertile lands of Washington County. They had not forgotten, amidst all the temptations of life in the new and remote country, their duty as Catholics. Churches were springing up in the wilderness, devoted priests were giving their lives and talents to the planting of Truth in this land so full of promise, and now, to crown all, a band of noble young women had offered up themselves for the cause of religion and Christian education. He had told of the little log house, rudely built, poor, devoid of all comforts, in which these delicately-reared ladies lived, teaching the children of the rich and poor, when not laboring in the fields. This great work, done not for hope of earthly reward or even commendation, had been inaugurated so quietly, so unostentatiously, that few outside the immediate neighborhood knew of its existence. But travelers to Bardstown, trappers returning from the Spanish province, heard of the new convent and brought the intelligence to scattered towns and settlements, so that the Sisters of "Little Loretto" and their work had begun to be talked about. As Gerald Martins listened to the trapper's story the great problem of his child's safety was solved. He would take her to Bardstown, to the new convent, and then he could go to his place in the ranks of his country's defenders. He told no one of his intention, not even the faithful black woman, for he had a suspicion of an enemy whom he scarcely dared name to his own soul; and he knew that if that suspicion were indeed truth, he had need for a caution as great as that treachery was secret.

As he rode through the still forests, with his child sleeping against his breast, and thought what might befall her if by any chance, or accident, her abode were discovered, he decided to enter her at the school under an assumed name. His mind ran over many names under which to hide the identity of his beautiful little girl. Then, by a flash of memory, he was again in the ruins of the abbey church of his native village, gazing on a crumbling marble tablet which sadly proclaimed it was placed there to perpetuate the name and fame of Teresa Martinez. Often he had stood before that mockery of man's vanity, indulging his boyish fancies about the woman it was intended to immortalize. Was she young and fair like the girls of the village? Did she love life as he loved it? Or was she old and glad to go to the grave to rest? What had she done, so great and good, that her contemporaries had sought to preserve her name and fame from oblivion? His grandfather, who used to sit in the sunshine all day, counting the beads of his rosary, would sometimes turn from his devotion to tell the crowds of young descendants playing at his feet a marvelous tale of a Spanish captain, who, hundreds of years before, had

been picked up by some Galway fishermen. Afterwards when he had learned the Irish language, he told of a fierce sea-fight between the Spanish and English, in which the Spaniards had been defeated. He had gone down with his ship, but the sea had cast him, with others of his countrymen, back to life in Galway Bay. The captain married an Irish lady of great wealth and beauty, and step by step, the old man could trace back his lineage to the Spanish Captain Martinez and the Chieftain's daughter. The name had been corrupted, changed, finally Anglicized, but the tablet in the abbey church was an undeniable proof that the family's history was more than legendary lore. And when he was a boy, the old man would add, on that part of the stone which had since crumbled away, was a line in Irish, which stated that, according to the tradition of the house of Martinez, its fortune would be lost with one who would go over the sea, and would be regained by him who would recross the water. Gerald Martins had never regarded his grand-parent's story as other than fable, though his cousin George professed a firm belief in their Spanish ancestry. But as he rode through the Kentucky forest that night he recalled his cousin's frequent allusion to the child's strange beauty, and looking down on her ivory-like face, when the first rays of dawn fell on it, he said:

"Let her bear the name as well as the beauty of the Spaniard."

Days later one of the Sisters of "Little Loretto" passing from the Church of St. Charles to the convent, saw a weary traveler drawing rein before the rude rail fence that separated the yard from the green fields.

"This is the new convent, is it not?" he asked, removing his hat.

"Yes, sir, this is the convent of "Little Loretto,'" replied the Sister. "Will you not alight? Give me your child," and she reached out her arms and lifted the little girl to the ground.

"You take boarders in your school, Sister, I believe?" he said. And when she replied affirmatively, he continued: "It is true, my daughter is very young, but I am going to the war and I have no place to leave her. Her mother is dead," he finished, in a low voice. The Sister was holding the child's hand and as she heard the concluding words, she stooped, and drawing the tiny creature to her breast, kissed the red, soft lips.

"We shall find room for your little one, sir," she said, opening the door and leading the way into the poor convent.

"I am leaving for the north in a few days with my regiment, and must hasten back to Lexington," he paused abruptly. He had not intended telling from what part of the state he had come. To cover his embarrassment, he hastily took from his pocket a purse filled with gold. "I brought you all my available money, Sister," he said. "It is sufficient, however, to pay for my little girl for five years. I do not think the war will last that long, but we can never judge of these conflicts at the outset. If I should not return, I wish my child to stay here until she is sixteen years of age. I have property of considerable value and you will be amply repaid for all that you do for her."

He was holding the child on his knee and now he pressed her to his heart and kissed her once for himself, and once for the dead mother. Then

he led her to the Sister and said, brokenly:

"I know, Sister, that you and your friends will be kind to my baby, that you will love her and make her a good, true woman. I have only this request to make of you: that you watch her. She has a cruel enemy. He caused her mother's death."

Then stricken that he had thus admitted his belief in his suspicion, he said hastily:

"Good-bye, Sister."

"But you have forgotten," cried the Sister, following him to the door, "to tell me the child's name."

"Teresa Martinez," he said, but without looking back.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE CONVENT SCHOOL.

The surprising features of the stranger's conversation and his abrupt departure, for a while, held the thoughts of the Sister; then she remembered the child who, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, was standing in the middle of the room. She hurried to the child and folding a caressing arm about the little figure, said,

"I know Teresa is hungry, isn't she, after her long ride? Come, let us get some dinner, and then we shall go and play with the other little girls."

She led the child from the room to another, somewhat larger, where the Superioress of the community sat reading aloud from a devotional book to several Sisters, who were engaged in various occupations. The opening of the door brought the reader's eyes from the page and the short silence was prolonged at sight of the Sister, clasping the hand of a strange child. Then she asked, smiling at the beautiful child,

"Whose little girl is this, Sister Mechtilde?"

"I do not know, dear Mother," she replied, advancing toward the Superioress, while the other Religious paused in their occupations. "Such a remarkable occurrence!" went on Sister Mechtilde. "It must be God's answer to our prayers, for see all the money she has brought to us!" She spilled the gold coins into the Mother's lap. "That will buy the stoves which Father Nerinckx says we must have for next winter, and perhaps there will be something left to help on the altar furnishing," and she laughed for joy.

"May God be praised for His mercies!" exclaimed the Superioress, while her companions answered, "Amen!"

"But, Sister, where did the child and gold come from?" inquired the Superioress, drawing, as she spoke, the little girl to her side.

"I was crossing the yard from the church," began Sister Mechtilde, "when a horseman, holding the child in his arms, stopped at the fence, and asked if this were the convent. I told him that it was and invited him to come in. On the way to the house, he informed me that he will start almost immediately with his regiment to the front, and that he had heard of our school and had brought his little girl to us to take care of until his return. When we reached the house, and before I could ask him to wait until I called our Superioress, he said that his time was short, every minute of it was precious to him. He had brought enough money to pay for the child's board for five years. The war, he thought, would be over by that time.

If he did not return, he begged us to keep her until she reaches her sixteenth year. He has valuable property and he assured me that we shall be well paid for our services. He spoke so disconnectedly and hurriedly that I cannot recall what else he said, except that his daughter has an enemy. That enemy was the cause of her mother's death, and he begged that we watch over the child and prevent her from ever falling into the hands of her foe. O dear Mother, I shall never forget that poor man's voice and face as he prayed us to guard his child!" and the Sister's soft eyes went to the little girl, who was gazing appealingly on her strange surroundings.

"Did he say in what part of the State he lives?" asked the Superioress. Sister Mechtilde bent her head in thought, but as she recalled the hurried conversation, she missed her visitor's inadvertent allusion to his regiment's leaving Lexington, so she said:

"I do not think he did, dear Mother. How negligent in me not to inquire!"

"Do not blame yourself, Sister," replied the Superioress. "In such a hurried interview one is apt to forget many things. But," and there was the play of a smile over her gentle face, "I hope you asked him his name?"

"No, dear Mother. Really he gave me not a moment's time to think of questions," said Sister Mechtilde, a warmth on her white brow. "He left as abruptly as he came unexpectedly, and it was only by following him to the door and calling after him that I learned the child's name. He answered, without turning his head, 'Teresa Martinez.'"

"Spanish!" exclaimed the Mother, and as she turned the child's face toward her, added: "And she shows her race in those wonderful eyes and that soft black hair. I suppose the father is from the Spanish Province—and yet, why should he be going with the Americans to fight the English?"

"He is not Spanish, dear Mother, but Irish," said Sister Mechtilde, and she glanced perplexedly around at the other Sisters, who were listening attentively to the conversation. A little silence followed, and many and different thoughts rushed into the minds of the six women as they gazed at the child who had so strangely come to claim their care and affection. A child with a Spanish face and a Spanish name could scarcely belong to an Irish father, and the Sisters felt that there was some mystery here. Then one said:

"Perhaps, dear Mother, the child may be able to give some information regarding herself and her parents."

The Superioress took the child to her knee and asked, as she lifted one of the heavy black curls,

"Where do you live, pet?"

"At home," the child replied, a sob in her throat.

"Where is your home?" pressed the Mother.

"Why it's just at home," she answered, and a smile at this strange lady's lack of knowledge rippled the ivory-pale face and chased the tears from the great dark eyes. The Mother smiled, too.

"Are there any other houses near your house?" she then questioned.

"No, madam, there's only our house and the trees," and the listening women noted how delicately refined were the tones of the baby voice.

"She is Virginian," said one of the

Sisters to her companion, in a low voice.

"Have you a mother?" then asked the Superioress.

"Yes, madam," replied the child and her tones began to tremble, "but she doesn't live in our house any more."

"Where does she live?"

"Father says that she is living in Heaven with the angels; but—but," and she laid her face on her questioner's bosom, "I know she isn't, for I saw a big crowd of people putting her down in a hole in the ground."

The Superioress bent low over the little shivering figure. "That was only mother's body, darling, they put in the ground," she said. "Her soul is up in Heaven with the angels, as father told you, and she is watching her little girl always. And some day you will go up to Heaven and live with her."

"Will it be long?" asked the child, lifting her face.

"No, not very long," replied the good Mother, as she bent and kissed the ivory-like brow. The joy that came over the bereaved young heart at the words spilled its radiance over the baby face.

"Oh! and I won't be lonesome any more! But," and the light faded, "will father go with me? 'Cause I'd be 'fraid to go down to Heaven by myself."

"Yes, father will go too, if he is good."

"And will Aunt Dilsey?"

"Who is Aunt Dilsey?" asked the Superioress.

"Why she's—Aunt Dilsey. She and Uncle Zack came to our house after mother went to Heaven. She cried all the time 'cause mother isn't here. She says that she begged my gran'-father long, long 'fore I was born to let her come to our house, and he wouldn't."

"Where did Aunt Dilsey live when she was with your grand-father?" asked the Superioress.

"In Ferginny," said the child, giving the name the pronunciation of the Negress, who alone had spoken to her of her mother's home.

"What did I tell you?" whispered the little Sister, who had expressed her opinion about the child, and her confidante nodded and smiled.

"And she says her people don't live in a log house as we do, but in a great big b'uful white house, and the floors have carpets with pretty roses on them. And she didn't have to cook and wash and gather up chips then, but just stay in the house and sweep the pretty carpets, 'cause there are so many colored folks there to help with the work. And there aren't any woods and snakes and wild cats there, but the b'ufulst fields, and little lambs and little ponies playing on them. And I asked father why we don't go and live in that big white house, and take poor Aunt Dilsey back, but he said my grand-father doesn't want him and me; and so he'll have to take me to school, till he comes back from the war. Is this the school?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, dear," replied the Mother.

During the conversation, Sister Mechtilde had been noiselessly preparing the child's dinner, and the Superioress now led her to the rude table, on which was spread the carefully saved remainder of their poor mid-day meal. When the child had eaten, Sister Mechtilde took her to the yard, where a number of girls, ranging from eight to fifteen years, were amusing

themselves at games during their noon recreation.

Strange little girls were they who played in Loretto yard that day. Different indeed from those who amuse themselves on its ample play-ground while these words are being penned. Instead of the pretty uniforms, those future first ladies of Kentucky were attired in coarse frocks of homespun. But there was in the poise of each bare foot, and on each tanned young face that grace and beauty which have made the loveliness of Kentucky's daughters of world-wide fame; and there was something besides these, something better than these, the spirit animating each young soul, the spirit of Nature, untrammeled, pure. They had opened their eyes on a virgin world and drew in with each unconscious breath its purity, its strength, its reserve; and these they have bequeathed to their daughters. The great forests have departed, the wilds have been subdued, Nature has yielded to the will of man, yet the spirit she breathed into those first women of Kentucky neither time nor change has altered. Today, as then, they are responsive to the call of sacrifice, silent under the blows of misfortune, calm in the face of peril, steadfast in conflict—coming out of all life's trials with unsullied honor and unshaken love.

CHAPTER V.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CHILD.

In this little school in the heart of the wilderness, knowledge was pursued with earnestness and under innumerable difficulties. The number of pupils increased, many of whom were orphans or children of newly arrived, poor parents; and these were not only dependent upon the good Sisters for free tuition, but also for books and not infrequently for food and clothing. Thus from the very start did Christian charity and education walk hand in hand at Loretto. But the convent was making its weak struggle for life. Food and clothing must first be provided for these little ones and the procuring of books was often left to that inventive genius of which necessity is said to be the mother. Copies of the few books they were able to purchase were neatly made by the teachers' patient fingers, and these manuscript volumes were bound with strong paper. The small children studied the alphabet from wooden paddles, on which a father, or elder brother, had carved the letters with his pen-knife. And Nature assisted the young school. The soft soap-stone made good slates and pencils, the quills of the wild turkey served for pens, while the berry of the polk weed gave as bright an ink as ever delighted the eye of a youthful scribe. These humble contrivances now bring a smile, or a sigh for the hardships endured by those little pupils of the frontier; yet our modern colleges fail to give to the world greater men than the backwoods school produced.

Teresa was too young to enter the school as a pupil; but her days were spent in it, and with recitations and instructions continually going on around her, unconsciously she imbibed knowledge, while she made chip playhouses on the floor or bestowed her motherly care upon her many corncob dolls. It appeared a harsh measure, this compelling the young child to pass the long day in the dull room, while without was the great

world of green and sunshine and butterflies; but the dangers were many and imminent, and Sister Mechtilde had only to close her eyes to see that father's tragic face, as he pleaded with her to watch his daughter and save her from the cunning of her mother's murderer and her own relentless foe. It is not to be expected that Teresa could be readily brought to understand that this apparent imprisonment was for her good, and despite warning and command, whenever she saw her opportunity, she would escape the vigilance of her gentle guardian; and her happy cries of delight as she chased the big butterflies were often the first intimation the hard-working Sister would have of the absence of her charge.

One rare October morning, Teresa, looking from her rude playthings to the open door, saw that there had come a wonderful change over the great wall of trees that shut in the convent. Instead of the familiar green there were shades of color as attractive and beautiful as the wings of those wonderful butterflies which she saw only when she was in slumber-land.

"Well isn't that the bu'ful'st lot of butterflies!" she thought, and she looked for Sister Mechtilde. The teacher was at the far part of the room engaged with her arithmetic class and Teresa quietly abandoned her half-finished chiphouse and flitted through the door like a fairy. As she passed out a great velvety butterfly languidly winged its way through the hazy autumn air, and forgetting the trees, the child started in pursuit. On sailed the beautiful thing, now here, now there, now seeming to rest on the heart-satisfying October breeze, yet always out of reach of the eager little hands. Several rounds they made through the open space, then the butterfly, weary perhaps of the sport, directed its way toward the wood; and forgetful of many warnings, the child followed. There was no sunshine now but shadows, cool, more alluring and restful than the clear yellow light. Down the dim alleys led the butterfly, now showing a patch of bright color under some stray sunbeam, now only a moving shadow in a world of shade.

In the school-room, the studious moments slipped by. Suddenly one of the older girls, looking up from her books, cried,

"O Sister! Teresa is gone again!"

(To be continued.)

ENTERTAINING THE SOGGARTH.

THE OLD IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

High-noon fragrance of whitethorn and of furze, for the boreen is a lane of white and green, and every hill wears its summer crown of gold. In the dreamy shade of the trees modest primroses and bluebells peep out amid the masses of rugged "coppogues" and "bouchalawns"; flowers and weeds associating in natural fellowship just like the varied young human plants that are rioting in the field beyond. The balmy air is full of the voices of birds and bees, and of the river, and of the children—especially of the children, for they have strong lungs, those juvenile Celts, and vigorous animal spirits. Through the glistening poplar boughs the sunshine mottles the thatched roof of the little schoolhouse. And in the doorway the mild, venerable, spectacled face, with its crown of silvery hair.

Poor old pedagogue, or dominie, or philomath—as he best liked to term himself—back of him what memories of glory, pathos and persecution!

It is interesting to trace the evolution of the old Irish schoolmaster, remote and humble successor of the great teachers whose fame once made Ireland the island of saints and scholars.

The marauding Northmen put an end to the celebrated old monastic col-

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

leges, slaughtered or scattered the professors and students, destroyed the edifices, burned or "drowned" the books. Nevertheless, despite the recurrent disturbance of warfare, the Irish children in general received, down to the seventeenth century, a fairly good education, even a classic one. Campion, writing in the days of Queen Elizabeth, says of the people of the green isle: "They speak Latin like a vulgar language, learning it as children and keeping on sixteen or twenty years conning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Civil Institutions." With the tongue of the invader nearby all of them, even the chiefs, were unfamiliar. Thus Sir Henry Sidney, the queen's deputy in Ireland, found the MacWilliam, chief of the Bourkes of Mayo, "though wantinge the English tongue, yet understandinge the Lattin." By and by, however, the Irish began to acquire the language of the enemy, and with it the pronunciation which the peasantry retain to the present day: the "Irish brogue," as it is strangely called, is the English language as it was spoken at Elizabeth's court and by such polished pirates and land-grabbers as Raleigh and Spencer.

Queen Bess struck a hard but ineffectual blow at the Irish schoolmaster, when, in 1591, she founded Trinity College, Dublin, which has been

ever since the citadel and propaganda of anti-Irishism in Ireland. The college, endowed with the plundered lands of Irish churches and monasteries, was established for the purpose of making Irish youths loyal English subjects and strong members of the Protestant church. Many sons of chieftains were brought, mostly through compulsion, and educated

A CORNER OF A BOREEN.

therein, afterwards to be used, like janissaries, against their countrymen. But the masses of Irish students held scornfully aloof, preferring to con the Aphorisms and the Civil Institutions under their old preceptors. At Galway a Catholic college, that of St. Nicholas, with 1,200 scholars, managed to keep in existence till 1608, when Archbishop Usher, Protestant primate of Ireland, went down there and broke it up, commanding the principal or president, Alexander Lynch, under dire pains and penalties, to desist from teaching. It was to be a Protestant education or no education. Poor Lynch, by the way, was father of Dr. John Lynch, who, after the lapse of five centuries, refuted the grotesque calumnies of Gerald Barry, Strongbow's scribbling secretary. Dr. Lynch relates that, in 1620, the people of some districts of Connaught were so ignorant and bereft of religion that they didn't even know the Lord's Prayer—and this at a time when that able and enterprising Kilkenny man, Dr. Daniel, or O'Donnell, Protestant archbishop of Tuam and one of the first products of Trinity College, was

translating King James' Book of Common Prayer into Irish for the spiritual enlightenment of the benighted westerners!

Meanwhile Irish colleges sprang up on the continent, chief among them Louvain, founded by the indefatigable red-haired prelate, Florence Conroy, and to these many of the Irish youth who could afford it began to repair for education. Nor were the stay-at-homes neglected: in 1645, the Papal Nuncio's retinue, landing from the San Pietro in Kenmare Bay, found many of the little cowboys on the Kerry hills able to converse fluently in Latin; and when the Nuncio approached Kilkenny, the capital of the armed and confederated Catholics, he was greeted by "a troop of fifty students on horseback, armed with pistols, the leader of whom, in a distinguished costume, and wearing a crown of laurel, recited some Latin verses, and conveyed to him the compliments and congratulations of his companions."

The close of the Williamite war and the infamous breach of the treaty of Limerick sounded the doom of the Irish Catholic colleges. And then appeared the hedge school, with its horde of little learning-seeking helots and felons, and the felonious old Irish schoolmaster.

A COMFORTABLE HOME.

Three years after the surrender of Limerick it was forbidden in Ireland to "go, or send any child or person, to be educated in any popish university, college or school, or in any private family," on penalty of forfeiture of all real and personal estate. Later, in

1709, the Irish House of Commons passed an act prohibiting Catholics from teaching, even as assistants to Protestant schoolmasters, and offering a reward of ten pounds for the discovery of a "popish school-teacher or usher."

Therefore it behoved the pedagogue to be careful. The King's writ ran rather feebly and irregularly among the meadows, bogs and boreens, and it was a mean Protestant that would do an unkindly act towards a Catholic neighbor; but there was no telling when the "hunter," who was usually a Portuguese Jew, might put in an appearance, which meant jail for the teacher and indefinite vacation for the pupils. Education was considered by the English government an extremely dangerous thing for the Irish, especially the Catholics, and so they did their utmost to bar it:

"God's second priest, the teacher, sent to
feed men's minds with lore:
They marked a price upon his head, as
on the priest's before.
Well, well they knew that never, face to
face beneath the sky,
Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but
one of them should die:
Still, crouching 'neath the sheltering
hedge, or stretched on mountain
fern,
The teacher and his pupils met, feloni-
ously—to learn."

SIGNS OF THRIFT.

A long and narrow space between parallel hedges of whitethorn, the ends stopped up save for some gaps as doorways, and on either side a row of fodeens, or grassy sods, to serve as seats for the pupils. Such was the summer establishment which the old Irish schoolmaster called with affectionate complacency his "little

Grove of Academus." If the hunter came in at one end the hunted could jump out at the other and make a bold dash for liberty.

A veil thick as the penal cloud hangs over the career of our schoolmaster in the opening decades of the last century. His trials and tribulations were recorded only by the petty sessions clerks of the local Shallows who occasionally sentenced him to prison or the stocks. The Irish bayonets at Fontenoy partly effected his deliverance, for, shortly after that event, the polite Chesterfield was sent over to tell the Irish priest he might say Mass without fear of being dragged from the altar, and the Irish philomath that he might guide his youthful prodigies across the pons asinorum without daily terror of being chased across country and brought in handcuffs to the barracks.

A fine portrait of the old Irish schoolmaster has been painted in lines of light by a master hand. A sketch of this sort would be incomplete without it. It was in 1734 that little Nolly Goldsmith, at the age of six, exchanged the tutelage of Mrs. Elizabeth Delap, schoolmistress of Lissoy (or "sweet Auburn"), for that of the genial ex-soldier, Tom Beirne, or Byrne. "Never was there so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid," said Dame Delap of her young charge, whose character, however, obtained some excellent kneading and moulding at the hands of Magister Beirne. The latter was an ex-soldier, having been quartermaster in an Irish regiment under Marlborough; but not

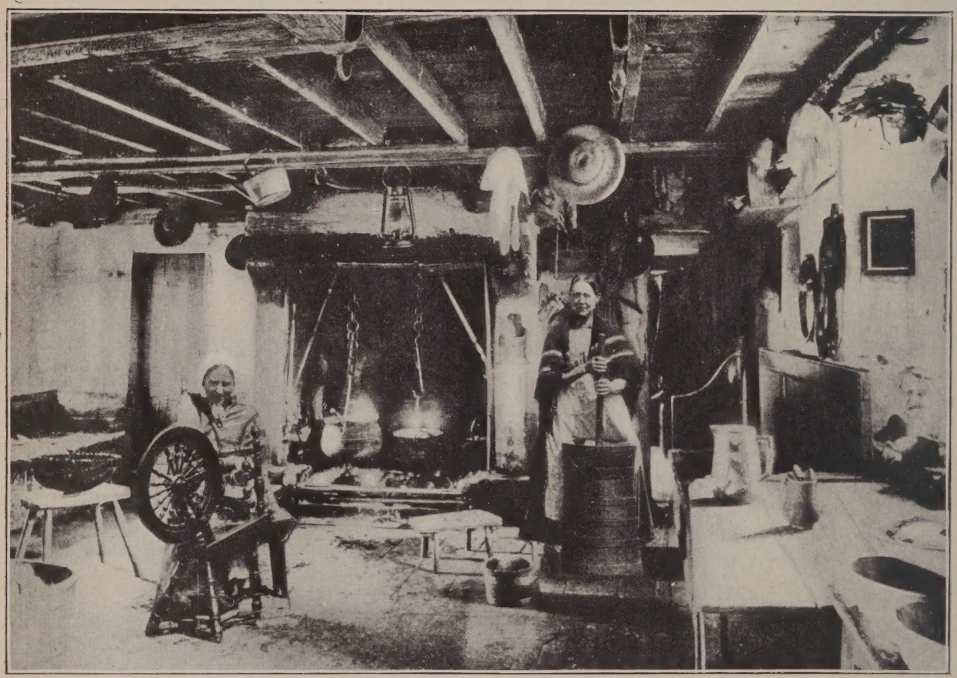
STURDY LITTLE CELTS.

BRINGING TURF TO SCHOOL.

only could he thrill one with accounts of battles and sieges in Flanders, he was also a profound authority on ghosts, banshees, fairies and leprechauns. He spoke Irish fluently, and occasionally, over the murmur of his "noisy mansion," his voice arose in song. Outside teaching him reading, writing and arithmetic—the only branches he pretended to teach—Tom Beirne, in his own rugged way, helped to develop Goldsmith's poetic imagination. He also imbued him with the roving, happy-go-lucky disposition that afterwards sent the poet a wandering flute-player through Europe. Well and kindly did Oliver remember and draw Magister Beirne:

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

After some twenty years of hard trying it was found impossible or impracticable to enforce in their full rigor the penal laws regarding education. The ten pound reward found but few takers. Three years before Goldsmith began to con his lessons in Tom Beirne's academy the Irish House of Lords found, with much alarm, that the number of "Popish schools" in the kingdom was 549. The Protestant bishop of Killala reported "the Popish schools are so numerous that a Protestant schoolmaster cannot get bread." In one of these schools, he said, philosophy was taught. "Thady Glynne, a Romish priest," of Dunmore, was actually found to keep "a seminary for the education of youth." It was appalling! So a fresh persecution was started. In the west it was under the active personal direction of a fierce military Puritan, Governor Stratford Eyre, of Galway, whose efforts soon closed chapels and schools and sent priests and pedagogues again into hiding. After a few miserable years the cloud passed. Eyre, with irrepressible zeal, seized some firearms which were being carried by the Catholic servant of a Protestant. The latter, Bob Martin, of Connemara, recovered his property by action at law. Not content with this, Martin followed the too-zealous governor to London, gave him an unmerciful public cudgeling, then fought him with swords and left him bathed in blood. The news of the governor's injuries excited but scant sympathy in the balmy shade of the academical hedges. The philomaths breathed freely and



INTERIOR OF AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

began to put roofs over their heads.

The educational structure for which, taking advantage of the toleration of government, the hedge schoolmaster now abandoned his al fresco establishment, was a very humble one of its kind. The peasantry, animated by the strong Irish love of learning, built it for him—just as in modern days they assemble and build huts for evicted tenants. It was not a very formidable undertaking. A deep dry ditch or trench by the roadside was usually selected for the site. At the side of the trench an excavation of the requisite area was dug, so that the clay bank formed three sides of the enclosure; this saved the trouble of building walls. Then the fourth side, or front side-wall, with a door and two windows, was built of green sods laid in courses, while similar sods raised the back to the required height and pointed the gable ends. Young trees and wattles cut from the nearest wood and bound together with straw ropes and withes formed the roof timbers. Over these were spread brambles, then came a layer of "scraws," or slabs of healthy bog surface, and over all a thatching of rushes. The earthen floor was pared to an approach to a level, the rubbish cleared away, and a pathway made to the public road. There was your hedge schoolhouse, ready for business.

But first, in due observance of the social proprieties, the completion of the academy was "celebrated with eclat." The local fiddler or piper was sent for, some jars of poteen obtained from the mountain still, and the jubilant villagers started a dance that lasted all night. Small blame to them. Rejoicing in the newly acquired privilege and means of learning, they could already almost hear the snapping of the penal chain.

Money was scarce among the peasantry, so—like America's more recent rural editors—the schoolmaster's payment was chiefly in kind. But many and willing were his patrons, from the "strong farmer" who sent him a flitch of home-cured bacon to the poor woman who brought half a dozen fresh eggs in the humble hope of interesting him in her own little gorsoon. The traveler in Ireland today writing of the comfortable homes of the Irish peasants (such as are pictured here), their progress in industrial arts, and their general acquaintance with the knowledge of the schools too often forgets the credit due the humble hedge academy.

The great "three R's," with the Irish, English, Greek and Latin languages, history, geography and mathematics, formed the usual hedge-school curriculum. The pupils were willing and eager; if otherwise, by all accounts, they fared sadly, for the hedge schoolmaster, as a rule, inherited the dubious Græco-Romano-Celtic theory as to the efficacy of the rod in hastening laggards or dullards on the road of learning. But at all times there have been educational Sangrados, stern and inexorable high priests of Learning, making copious offering of juvenile blood and tears at her shrine. Horace laments and at the same time condones the severity of his early flagellations. One Irish saint deplores the number of strokes it takes to obtain even a slight knowledge of music; another, in his youth, runs away into the woods to escape the bitterness of the collegiate discipline of insula sanctorum et doctorum. In later days the noted Dr.

Arnold, of Rugby, flogged embryo archbishops, generals and statesmen by the score. Even at the present day, in many districts of both the Old World and the New, the birch is the schoolmaster's sceptre, the awe-inspiring palladium of education. Therefore the old Irish pedagogue, so far as his idea of educational stimulants was concerned, was only one of the universal type.

While Catholics of means—such as Daniel O'Connell's folks—might afford to send their children for lay education to St. Malo or St. Omers, and the substantial peasant might manage to send his son to pursue his ecclesiastical studies at Louvain, Salamanca, or Paris, there was nothing for the poor young aspirant for the priesthood but to trudge into the province of Munster—famous for many decades for its superior teachers—and there in smoky school hovels endeavor to glean a suitable classical education, meanwhile earning his sustenance by teaching the younger children of the good peasants who gave him food and shelter. Crucial was the ordeal of the "poor scholars" in those academic Mononian Meccas; hard and thorny the pathway of the embryo soggarth.

Still lives the fame of some of the Munster teachers of the last century, especially those who added poetic genius to their pedagogic ability. Their songs are still sung at cottage hearths, and, now that the tide of Celtic linguistic revival has strongly set in, they promise to be sung more than ever before, and deservedly, for many of them glow with Celtic fire and beauty. Thus picturesquely sings Donough MacNamara the Red (as translated by Mangan):

"The dewdrops lie bright on the grass and yellow corn
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn,
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
The water-cress and sorrel fill the vale below,
The streamlets are hushed, till the evening breezes blow,
While the waves of the Suir, noble river, ever flow
By the fair hills of Eire, O!

"A fruitful clime is Erin's—the valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Eire, O!
The very bread of life is in the golden grain
On the fair hills of Eire, O!
Far dearer to me than the tones music yields
Is the lowing of the kine, and the calves in the fields,
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels on the fair hills of Eire, O!"

An unfortunate "jaynius"—as the Irish country people still call his kind—was Red Donogh (or Denis) MacNamara. He was a Clare man, from Cratloe, and originally intended for the priesthood, but being expelled from college, in Rome, for irregularities, he started in the hedge school business, about 1740, in the county Waterford, married, and became the father of what he terms a "squabbling brood." Nearly always at war, on account of his bent and habit, with the Catholic clergy, he taught in nearly every parish from the Suir to the Blackwater—a dreary pedagogical pilgrimage from place to place, his poor wife and "squabbling brood" accompanying him. He even tried his fortunes in Newfoundland, but returned defeated. At length, following the example of some of the Catholic gentry of his time, he sought to better himself by adopting the Protestant creed, which he did, and was appointed

clerk of the Protestant church of Kilmacthomas. Not long did he hold the position; he lost or abandoned it, and ridiculed his own hypocrisy in his well-known "Complaint," ludicrously extolling the financial, gastronomic and other advantages of being a member of the Established Church.

Throughout the century the young Irish clerics shared with the "Wild Geese" the smuggling vessels sailing to the Continent, where the late poor scholars were distributed in many a college from Salamanca to Louvain, including the Parisian College de Montaigu, alias College des Haricots, of humble menu—precursor of the present College des Irlandais—where haricots or small beans formed the staple dish, relieved at dinner with a whole herring for an advanced student and a half herring for a younger one. This annual export of students was somewhat reduced in 1795, when the English government, to placate the Irish Catholics and lessen the introduction of foreign ideas, built and endowed for them an ecclesiastical college. Fewer young Levites were found taking shipping in the remote coves; the prospect of a student diet of haricots and herrings was in many cases abandoned for that of "the King's mutton," in the Royal College of Maynooth.

A pathetic little drama attended the discovery of gold in Ireland, in 1796. Nigh the eastern slopes of the mountain of Croghan Kinshela, in Wicklow, dwelt in humble circumstances a philomath of high attainments and dreamy and poetic disposition.

"He kept the little village school,
With forty rude and boisterous pupils,
Taught grammar and the golden rule,
Reduction, too, from tons to scruples.
With hic, hec, hoc, of classic lore
He satisfied the Latin craving,
While all the rustic wise men swore
He wrote like copperplate engraving.'

He loved and wooed the beauty of the village, but wooed in vain. At length he disappeared, to return after a time clad in rich attire and with every appearance of wealth. He vigorously renewed his suit, she promised to accept him if he would reveal to her the secret of his riches, whereupon the exulting hedge-school Monte Cristo confidently informed her—a circumstance unknown since the Milesian Judachan worked the mountain mines four thousand years before—that the streams of Croghan Kinshela abounded in gold. The perfidious damsel broke her promise and betrayed him, and the despairing master suicided in the stream where he had found his fatal wealth. The secret got abroad, and in less than six weeks not less than 2,666 ounces of pure gold, which brought $50,000, were found in the mountain streams; some of the nuggets weighing as much as twenty-two ounces. In a few years, however, the supply was exhausted, and though eager explorers cut to the stony heart of the mountain not another grain of gold was found.

"There stands a mansion, girt with trees,
Within a pleasaunce rich with splendor,
Where faints the odor-laden breeze
When summer winds sigh round it tender.
'Twas built from out her shining horde
By fair and treacherous Maureen Halley,
Her lover husband reigned its lord;
The master's grave's in Ballinvally."

The year 1798, with its outburst of patriotic valor and of "glorious joy and sorrow," brought tribulation to many of the rustic schoolmasters,

whose sympathies were naturally suspected by the ruthless yeomen to lie on the side of the insurgents. Frequently did the scarlet squadron gallop and clank up to the door of the hedge school, causing a thrill of fear to the pupils whose fathers were out pike in hand under the green flag, and woe ineffable to the pedagogue.

It was early in that fateful summer that a magistrate and a file of yeomen entered the thatched stable at Dunganstown, wherein taught Master Fitzpatrick. The magister, an old crippled sailor, who had often crossed the banks of Newfoundland, was not of the regular teaching craft—merely a humble abecedarian, minding the children and teaching them their letters. He had no heart in the insurrection nor any ambition outside his kindergarten.

"Here is a man," said the magistrate, "who, I presume, can have no objection to take the oath of allegiance."

"Oh, dhar an labhar se (by the book)," replied the magister, "I will take it, sir, and thank you for bringing it to me."

He duly took it, and Mr. Alexander, a Protestant schoolmaster of New Ross, tells the sequel.

"Upon this, the magistrate regarded his companions with a look of dry humor, and observed that this must be a loyal man indeed. 'Well, then, my loyal friend, I suppose you will readily swear to all the pikes and to the owners and possessors of them, of which you have any knowledge?' The man swore he had no certain knowledge of the kind, and that he never saw a rebel's pike in his life, or a pike of any kind since the rebellion. 'Then,' says the magistrate, 'you shall swear that you will, to the utmost of your future knowledge or information this way, give in the best manner you can, all such information to a lawful magistrate, or other officer in his majesty's service.' 'No, sir," answers Fitzpatrick, 'I will not swear that; I will bring no man's blood on my head; and if I do inform, who will support and protect me when I have lost all my scholars, and my neighbors turn upon me?' Upon this he was immediately apprehended and escorted to Ross: he was not strangled, however, but flogged with great severity; and it was not with dry eyes that I saw the punishment inflicted on this humble pioneer of literature."

General Cowley afterwards released Master Fitzpatrick and another unfortunate from a close and filthy confinement and "presented both with a small sum of money, expressing a good-natured concern that he could not then give them any greater pecuniary assistance." Poor unguent for the seamed back of the old pedagogue.

Among those who rallied to the green flag and the tricolor when they were unfurled in Killala, in the August of 1798, was gallant Tom O'Kearney, teacher of classics. Tradition states that he shot down nine British soldiers ere he lost his life in the final human battue.

In the course of her multitudinous rambles, equipped with restless pen and powers of piquant observat on and inquiry as great as those of a modern American newspaper woman, the celebrated Sydney, Lady Morgan, came upon one of the genus "hedger." She found him an interesting study, most probably from the fact that her own father, Bob McKeon—or Owenson, as he anglicized the name, when he went

on the stage—was primarily educated in a hedge school, whose site, by the way, is still pointed out near the chapel of Rathduff, on the shore of Lough Conn, in Mayo. Her alert and entertaining ladyship was visiting at the residence of Sir Malby Crofton, in the county of Sligo, when she received a visit from the local philomath, Mr. Thady Connellan, who said that, having heard she was fond of Irish composition, he wished to submit some of the poems of Ossian, "The Irish is the finest tongue in the world," he informed her; "the English can never come near it, and the Greek alone is worthy of being compared with it." He then with great enthusiasm recited Ossian's description of the shield of his father, the mighty Fionn MacCumhal, and compared it favorably with Homer's account of the Aegis of Achilles. He furthermore compared Ossian's hounds to Ovid's dogs and showed the superiority of the Irish breed.

When I complimented him on the extent of his erudition and expressed my astonishment at his having acquired it in so remote a situation, he replied, "Young lady, I went far and near for it, as many a poor scholar did before me. I could construe Homer before I could put on shoe or stocking, ay, or hat either." In his youth, he said, there were in Connaught but a few indifferent schools, so that it was usual for a party of eight or ten boys, "who had the love of learning strong upon them," to travel into Munster, where the best schools were. He merrily related how, one fine night, he and others, to save the trouble of constant educational pilgrimages, kidnapped a good county Clare schoolmaster, who was duly set up in business in the province of Queen Meave —"and the schoolmaster made a great fortune in time, all Connaught flocking to him; and now here I am at the head of a fine seminary myself." The lyceum of the sage is described as a miserable cabin at the side of a desolate road.

By degrees the brilliancy of the Munster schools waned, as the brands of learning lighted from them glowed brighter in other provinces; so that when two candidates for poor scholarship applied for credentials to Magister Mark McGarry, of Ballina, he was impelled to indite a lament for the vanished glories:

"Concannon and Keogh
To Munster will go,
That once famous land of learning so bright.
I pity the pair,
For learning's not there,
And I don't know to whom I shall write;
For Kelly is dead
And Dolan is fled
To the elements raging below,
And now Munster teachers
Are but swaddling preachers—
I pity Concannon and Keogh!"

A feeble temporary attempt to supplant the old Irish schoolmaster was made by the patronizing Kildare-place Society, or "Society for the Education of the Poor of Ireland," started in 1811. To this succeeded the "national schools," now liberally sprinkled over the island, with their black and white signboards, their working hours of 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., their Government-paid teachers of first, second and third class, and their readers from which Irish history is debarred lest it might seditionize the pupils.

Under the new pressure the old race of classical pedagogues dwindled and vanished. A few, a very few of the fine old scholars still linger, rare as the

red deer of Erin. One of the last of the species was discovered five or six years ago by Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., in the person of Tom Duffy, poor, old, emaciated, of Lochaun-nyalla (the little lake of the cliff), near Croagh Patrick. The old man, resting on a rock on the bleak mountain side, looked about ninety at the least.

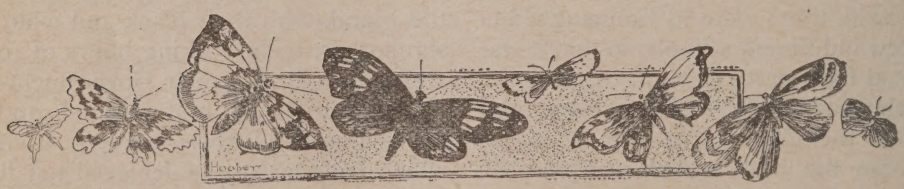
" 'What does that matter?' he asked indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick. 'I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back—nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.' The classic words warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick partook the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole pages of Horace, and Virgil, and Ovid. It was not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for learning's sake, such as one dares not hope to find in a lackadaisical modern university. Prosody transformed him like one of Dr. Faustus' potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quantities he was off into Greek verse."

A collection was subsequently made for the aged scholar. When the local clergyman presented it to him Magister Duffy remarked: "Pedagogus iste totaliter extinctus est."

Yet is he practically passed away, the old Irish schoolmaster. Vain to look for him as for the venerable preceptor of Sweet Alice and Ben Bolt. His gentle face and silvery hair are seen no more; his tottering footsteps have died away along the village street. The thatched roof of his humble academy has tumbled in, and the walls crumble in the sun and rain.

"The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot."

The grand children and great-grandchildren of the old boys and the old girls he taught are raising new generations in Ireland, England and America. There were giants in the Irish penal days, and not the least of them was the Irish schoolmaster. For little pay he labored hard and well, and now, beneath the kindly shamrocks, he is taking a long and peaceful rest after school.



BOSCOBEL.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. A. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER X — Con'd.

At last the horse was ready, and placing her foot in John's horny hand she sprang into the saddle. She bent her head as she passed out of the stable door and then, confident that John would follow no matter where she led, she walked her horse stealthily around the road that led past the parlor windows, down the avenue of box bushes and out upon the Duke of Gloucester Street. Once safe out of ear shot, she whipped her horse into a brisk gallop. She could hear hoof-beats coming close behind and she knew that John was there to protect her.

The town of Williamsburg was in a state of ferment; people, huddled together on doorsteps, talked treason late into the night; minute men, fully armed, patrolled the streets, their swords clattering defiance at the gates of the Governor's palace; a politician, whose eloquence did not equal his zeal, was haranguing a crowd of idlers upon a corner. The passing of a woman on horseback followed by a single groom attracted no attention. The wrongs of a country were about to be redressed. There was to be war! war! war!

Katherine passed like a shadow along the gloomy street. She shuddered as she came to the place where the pirate Blackbeard and his thirteen men were hanged so many years ago. She fancied that she saw the brave buccaneer leering at her from a neighboring tree trunk. She remembered that some one had once offered her ale from the skull of this same pirate, and she had recoiled from it wondering at the strange impulse that led men to make a drinking cup out of anything so ghastly. The way seemed full of unknown terrors. Katherine tried to calm herself by looking up at the stars, but they appeared to be so many cruel eyes intent on watching her, and in the silence of the forest road she could hear her heart beat. Away off in the distance came the faint howl of a wolf, and instinctively she felt for her pistols which she had told John to put in the holsters of her saddle.

Once she stopped fearful lest she had taken the wrong road, but she knew that the messenger to the Indians must travel northwest and, looking up at the Little Bear shining in the heavens, she turned to the North Star and, reassured as to the right direction, went on, her first excitement followed by a dull apathy she could not understand. She was indifferent now to her own safety. Life presented no hope of happiness. Her love for Thomas Barrington had never seemed real to her before. She did her best to stifle it, but the danger in which she had unconsciously placed him fanned the flame into fire and to save him she must sacrifice her life. She must marry the man who was even now following him with murder in his heart, she must urge him to return with her. To let the man she loved go free, she must live a captive, for to her a promise, once given, was

sacred, and a betrothal possessed much of sacramental force.

The way was very dark, the light of the stars lessened, jagged bits of cloud were blown across the sky and the summer wind began to mutter warnings in the tree tops. Through the deep aisles of the woods the horses hurried. Katherine rode on fearlessly now through miniature whirlwinds of dust and stagnant pools of water. Would they ever overtake the person whom they sought? Would she ever be able to rest again? It was beginning to rain; through the black branches of the trees she could see that the clouds had gathered in heavy masses; a flash of lightning startled her; she became conscious that her horse was showing signs of fatigue, and brought him down to a walk. In spite of the storm she must spare him or her journey would be in vain.

As she drew in her reins John trotted up to her side and respectfully remonstrated. It was plain to be seen that he was both dazed and frightened by this wild escapade of his mistress. The storm was nearly upon them, he said. There was an inn a short distance beyond; if she would quicken her horse's pace she could reach it in a few minutes and she could rest there for the night.

"Rest," she repeated, and her voice sounded shrill and unnatural. "I can not! I must go on!" but even as she spoke she caught a glimpse of a light close to the ground and she saw, by the outlying fences, that they were approaching a habitation of some sort, and then above the noise of the on-rushing storm she heard the sharp report of a pistol. With a cry she lashed her horse into a gallop and plunged on into the darkness, with but one dread thought in her mind, one purpose in her heart.

For a moment John was terrorized, then spurring his horse he attempted to follow his mistress. Another pistol report rang out loud and clear, and rounding a clump of trees came a riderless horse running at full speed. Fully alarmed now for the safety of his mistress, John rode on a few more paces, then stopped uncertain how to proceed, for the light from the open doorway of the ordinary dazzled him. The road was crowded with moving figures, and on the grass lay two men bleeding. Katherine was bending over one of them, while a thoughtful member of the crowd was holding over her head a flaming torch which illumined the pale features of the wounded man.

As John rode nearer he recognized Thomas Barrington as the object of his mistress' solicitude, and at a short distance Charles Barrington lay white and motionless surrounded by a number of curious onlookers. Two of the crowd, more zealous than the rest, had seized upon Ephraim, Barrington's body servant, and they were accusing him of murder. The old negro protested that he had shot Charles Barrington to save his master's life.

Thomas Barrington opened his eyes wearily, roused by the wailing of his faithful servant. He tried to sit up, but fell back with a moan of pain.

"Let him go, men," he commanded, not noticing Katherine's presence in the crowd. "We were attacked. He saved my life. Let him go."

The sound of his voice recalled Katherine to the dangers of the situation. She saw that he had fainted from loss of blood.

"Oh! why do you stand here idle,"

she cried, turning on the men. "Can you not carry them into the house? The storm is almost upon us. Is there no doctor here to bind their wounds?"

As she spoke the landlord and a servant came running from the house with a mattress to be used as a litter; they were followed by a short, stout man whom Katherine knew at once.

"Father Devereaux,'" she cried, joyfully starting forward to meet him. "Father Devereaux! Help me to save your friend."

Her voice was lost amid a crash of thunder; the heavens opened and the rain swirled down upon them; the trees around them writhed as if in agony; the flaring torches of the men were extinguished; the wind banged the door of the inn, thus shutting out all light from the group outside. In the darkness and tumult Father Devereaux took command, the wounded ones were lifted upon the mattress, and, directed by the vivid flashes of lightning, the men carried them into the sheltering ordinary close by.

The room, into which all crowded, was a dreary place; the walls were damp and mouldy, the ceiling festooned with cobwebs, and the yawning fire place was full of dead ashes. The two beds on which the Barringtons were stretched were covered with rough, grey blankets.

The priest, whose medical knowledge had earned for him the title of doctor, was calling for water and bandages, and while the nervous landlord scurried hither and thither to bring him what he needed Father Devereaux, like one skilled in his art, set about dressing and binding the wounds.

"A scratch," he said, turning from Thomas Barrington with a sigh of relief. "A slight flesh wound; it will heal in a fortnight, but this one," and he bent over Charles Barrington to examine him more closely, "this one will die."

Katherine was standing by his side as pale and rigid as a statue. As the priest uttered this decision she seized his arm and pointing to the face of the unconscious man, cried out—

"Look—look there!"

"Why," said the priest, wonderingly, "the blood has loosed the plaster from his face. Ah!—I see. He was branded on the cheek, a runaway servant masquerading in his master's clothes."

Katherine buried her face in her hands, and the crowd in the doorway pressed closer, awed into silence by the horror in her voice as she cried out—

"It is the letter R—the letter R!"

Stunned by the discovery she had made Katherine tottered against the wall. It seemed to her on that fearful night that one terror succeeded another. She saw, as if in a dream, everything that was happening around her; the faces of the men about her assumed grotesque shapes and appeared to be leering at her and taunting her with her own helplessness, for Lord Dunmore's letter was still in Barrington's pocket; at any moment he might be searched and if such a dangerous message were found upon his person it would mean imprisonment, banishment, or death. His safety must be considered now before anything else. But what could she do watched as she was by a hundred suspicious eyes?

The storm had augmented its fury,

flashes of lightning dimmed the smoking lamps upon the high mantel shelf so that at times the small room looked as if it was girdled in flame. John and Ephraim stood by her in mute bewilderment, their superstitious natures excited by their strange surroundings and by the fierceness of the rain outside. The priest had administered a sleeping draught to Thomas Barrington and he was resting quietly, but the man who called himself Charles Barrington was regaining consciousness. Katherine was quick to note this fact. He must not be allowed to speak in the presence of this crowd. He must not be heard confessing his mission. Her one thought now was for Barrington. She realized that the men around her had responded to Patrick Henry's passionate address at New Castle, and that they were armed against the King.

Trembling, she turned to the priest and whispered, "Barrington—Pocket—Burn."

His quick look of intelligence showed that he understood her meaning, but as soon as the words were spoken she felt the impossibility of his accomplishing the task unseen, and then with a composure at which she herself wondered, she faced the men.

"If you would leave us," she said, and her tone was strong in its plaintiveness. "You can do nothing more. He—he is dying, and I am his—betrothed."

Reluctantly, but without a word, the greater number of the men slunk away, but a few, more curious than the rest, and anxious to see the end of this romantic episode, busied themselves making a fire on the hearth and pretended not to hear her. Just then the landlord bustled in and announced his intention of going to bed. "Shall an honest man lose his rest because a thief escapes the gallows?" he asked.

The door had no sooner closed upon him than the dying man opened his eyes and seeing Katherine by his bedside he stretched out his hand to her. Full of a tender compassion she went to him, forgetting what he had been, remembering only that he was dying—dying through her fault. With a gesture that seemed to be instinctive, he felt for the patch upon his face.

"It is gone," he sighed. "Katherine, you have guessed my secret. It is better so. I cannot die with a lie upon my lips."

The men by the fireside pricked up their ears to listen. Father Devereaux came closer to the bed.

"It is a priest you want," cried Katherine, "you must not confess to me."

The man tried to raise himself upon his elbow, and he looked defiantly at the other men in the room.

"I must tell you," he said. "I care not who listens. The law can not punish the dead. I must make all things plain to you before—I go."

The light from the blazing fire illumined his delicate features. The pillow upon which he rested was blood stained. Every word was an effort, every movement meant pain. Even the men, who had remained to watch him die, regarded him pityingly; the priest whispered prayers for the dying while he gave him water to drink. But the man heeded only one hearer; his eyes were fixed upon Katherine. It was to her he spoke.

"Listen, Katherine," he said. "Listen—It is I,—Gilpin, your servant; Gilpin the mute, who speaks to you."

CHAPTER XI.

A CONFESSION.

As the man uttered these words Katherine turned from him with a slight shudder, but she did not release her hand. She felt like a person who had lost her hold on reality. The night seemed to her one of hideous dreams from which she would waken soon and laugh at her own terror. What was the man saying to her? She forced herself to listen. His voice sounded as if it came from a great distance.

"I was brought to this country an indented servant," he began. "I believe that I was stolen from my parents and that I was of gentle birth, for vague memories haunt me even now. Thomas Barrington's father bartered with the sea captain for my labor and so I was made a—slave." His eyes flashed with some of their old fire, and the shame and hate he had felt in the position was expressed in his tone. He paused for a moment, then went on, "Three times I attempted to run away, twice I was pardoned on account of my youth; the third time I was branded as you see—It was on that day that I vowed I would be deaf to my master's orders, dumb to the world until—I revenged myself upon his race. Those who saw me believed that the shock of the fire on my face had left me a mute. I was counted useless in the household, and so I was put in the stables to live among the other dumb animals."

The men by the hearth left their places and sidled close to the bed; the story was getting more interesting than they suspected it would be. Katherine did not notice their approach, and the dying man did not heed them. He only saw Katherine standing beside him in the dim light of the room. "After a few years," he continued, "I was sent to your grandfather's because he had a horse that no other groom could manage, and it was there that I acquired all the learning that I have, for I took his books one by one from his library, returning them under cover of the night. I taught myself to read—to write. Sometimes I studied until the sun rose. What was the use of it all? The same hate burned in my heart. The knowledge I had gained but added to my cunning. Life presented possibilities which made me dread the punishment that would follow if my revenge were not well planned, and I waited—and then you came and you were kind—so kind that I—loved you."

Katherine stared stonily down upon him. His history seemed a thing apart. She felt that he was talking of some one else, someone whom she had never met.

"I knew it was madness," he said, and his voice faltered, "but I could not help myself. There is no man without some good in him, and you roused all the nobler impulses of my soul. My days of servitude were almost over. I began to fear my freedom for it would separate you from me. And then came my temptation. One morning crossing through the woods I found a traveler lying on a heap of leaves. When on his way to Williamsburg he had been overtaken by a sudden illness. He said the trouble was in his heart. False to my rash vow I spoke with him, and just at that moment Mr. Henry came riding up; he had been camping in the woods. He stopped to enquire what the matter was. The man looked up and said:

"My name is Charles Barrington. Tell Mr. Lee"—and before he could finish his sentence he fell back in a swoon.

Mr. Henry was in haste to go on. He asked me if I were not Col. Paget's servant; the house he knew was near. He would help me to carry the man into one of the outlying cabins and leave him in my care, for he must reach the House of Burgesses within the hour. We carried him into an old cabin and then Mr. Henry left us. He had not been gone five minutes when the sick man died. Curious to know who the stranger might be, I broke the seals of his letters. He carried a large sum of money, which I took, and then, having robbed him of his clothes, I buried him under the floor of the old cabin. My plans were not yet fully made, but luck favored me. The letter Mr. Henry wrote to Mr. Lee by chance fell into my hands, but it was not until I thought that you loved Barrington that I saw my way clear. I would take his place; the disguise was easy. I shaved my heavy beard, and with my hair powdered the change was complete. My vow had been fulfilled. My heart's desire was about to be accomplished. Forgive me, Katherine"—a spasm of pain shook his frame—"forgive me, for I loved you. I love you."

He groaned aloud, the clasp upon her hand relaxed, his breath came in quick short gasps. Father Devereaux was holding a crucifix before him, and saying something Katherine could not hear. She felt that she ought to speak, but she could not; her tongue seemed paralyzed. At last, with an effort she fell upon her knees, crying, "God have mercy! Have mercy!" Her prayer of agony was heard above the noise of the storm. She lifted her head to find Gilpin's sightless eyes fixed full upon her, and, with a scream of terror, she fled from the room. A great fear had over-mastered her—she must escape—escape from this gaping body which she had sent to its death.

Down the dark hall-way she fled and out upon the porch. The water beat pitilessly from the eaves, the blackness of the night engulfed her, and she did not know which way to turn. Blindly she hurried on, heedless of the rain, the thunder, the lightning, forgetful of everything except the dead man's eyes. As she reached the gate that opened on the highway she slipped in the mud and would have fallen had not a pair of strong arms caught her in their grasp, and she heard a friendly voice say, "Why, bless my soul! Mistress Murry! What are you doing here?"

"Oh! Mr. Henry," she cried hysterically, recognizing the voice at once, "oh! take me home. Take me home."

He did not stop to question her.

"Poor child," he said soothingly, "poor child! Come back with me into the inn and I will get a coach."

It was plain to be seen that he thought her mind was wandering, and as he led her back upon the porch he tried his best to calm her. Weak and overcome by the force of her emotions, she clung feebly to his arm, and followed his directions with the docility of a child. His presence quieted her, and after a few minutes she ceased to sob. Then he asked her how it happened that he found her in such a state of sore distress. Suddenly she remembered the packet in Barrington's possession, and she realized at the same time that Mr. Henry, if he knew all, would be arrayed against them. He

would not believe that Barrington was ignorant of the real purpose of his mission. She must be on her guard and choose her words carefully to avoid suspicion.

"Mr. Barrington has been wounded," she said at last, recovering her presence of mind.

He interrupted her. "In the King's service?"

"Not by your men," she added hastily. "A man who called himself Charles Barrington has wounded him. You remember that meeting with the sick man in the woods so many months ago? Oh! why did you not tell Mr. Lee of his death? Why did you remain silent so long?"

Mr. Henry was plainly bewildered; he stood leaning against one of the posts of the porch, his long cloak dripping with water. It taxed his memory to recall the incident, so much had happened in the interim.

"Because I did not know that he was dead," he answered after a moment's reflection. "I forgot to mention the meeting to Mr. Lee. But I wrote to him and entrusted the letter to Mr. Barrington of Boscobel. Was it not delivered?"

"It was stolen. Come!" she cried, leading the way into the house. "Come, look at the impostor and tell me—tell the world—if this be the Charles Barrington you helped to carry into the old Paget cabin nearly a year ago."

He followed her obediently, believing that she was half crazed by some sudden tragedy which he did not as yet understand.

The room which they entered was crowded, for Katherine's shrieks had alarmed the men on the opposite side of the hall, and now they stood grouped around the corpse, silenced by the mystery of death. At Mr. Henry's approach they made way for him to pass and watched him attentively as he took down the lamp from the high mantel shelf and held it so that the light fell upon the features of the dead man and flared in the gaunt bloodless face of the Revolutionary leader, whose sympathy with all men gave him the right to command.

"This is not Charles Barrington," he said at last, turning to Katherine. "It is the servant—the indented servant of Colonel Paget."

"Then help me to return to Williamsburg," she cried, "for the real Mr. Barrington lies yonder. Is there no one who will lend us his coach and escort? Betty Barrington will be ill from fright if her brother does not return."

There was a faint twinkle in Mr. Henry's eyes as he replied:

"Miss Betty must not suffer any inconvenience from her brother's absence," and putting down the lamp he spoke to the men.

"There is an old coach in the stables. Bring it out. I will escort Mistress Murry to Williamsburg." The men were ready enough for work, they started to do his bidding, one of them protesting that he did not think it would be safe for Mr. Henry to venture within the town.

"I am not seeking safety," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have Lord Dunmore's bill for 330 pounds in my pocket. He is the only creditor that I would wish to see." And begging Katherine to sit down and rest before beginning her journey, he walked over to look at Thomas Barrington, who was lying at the end of the room. Katherine clasped her

hands in an agony of suspense, fearful lest he should find the packet upon Barrington's person.

Father Devereaux came close to her —she had almost forgotten his presence. He tapped his chest significantly, and she heard the faint rustle of paper. She looked at him gratefully, but dared not express her thanks in any other way. She knew now that the priest had obtained the letter while she was out of the room. Barrington was safe, and she had nothing more to fear.

In less than five minutes the coach was ready and, while Mr. Henry busied himself giving orders for the decent burial of the dead man, Barrington was lifted by willing hands from his cot to the cushioned seat. Ephraim and John mounted upon the box, and Mr. Henry took his place beside Katherine to help the wounded man. A crack of the whip, a clatter of the coach door and they were off— followed by a muffled shout from the men and a whispered "God speed you" from Father Devereaux.

The rain had ceased, the thunder still growled ominously, and the flashes of lightning showed that the road had been washed in dangerous gullies, but Katherine feared no disaster; the strain upon her nerves was over and she found a blessed relief in tears.

For a time Mr. Henry listened in silence to her sobs, then he ventured to comfort her. He little guessed the real import of Barrington's journey, he thought that he had witnessed the end of an unsuccessful elopement, and that Katherine's agitation was due to the injury of her lover and the thwarting of their plans.

"Mr. Barrington will soon recover," he said. "I beg of you to try to compose yourself. It would distress him if he should awake and find you in such grief," and then seeking to distract her he began talking of his meeting in the woods with Charles Barrington, how he had left him to go on to Williamsburg, intending to tell Mr. Lee of the adventure, but in the excitement which prevailed within the House of Burgesses that day it had escaped his memory. Then he had written a note to Mr. Lee to acquaint him with the stranger's whereabouts, and since that time he had been so immersed in political affairs that he had forgotten the incident.

Katherine was calmed by his sympathy; she felt the charm of his voice and under his influence the joy of the discovery she had made that night was revealed to her. Boscobel was free,—free from the presence of him who had robbed its rightful owners. She would have the happiness of restoring to Betty and her brother the home they loved so well.

The horses trotted slowly on through the darkness, the coach lunging heavily from side to side. It was uneasy riding for a wounded man, and Katherine was fearful lest his wounds begin to bleed afresh. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw the lights of Williamsburg shining dim and yellow through the mist.

It was after midnight when they reached the little town. With a creaking and rattling that roused Barrington from his heavy sleep the coach drew up before the house where Betty had sought refuge. The inmates were awakened by the noise and came hurrying to the door, headed by Madame Paget, whose curiosity for once conquered her cowardice. When Betty, who had been waiting anxious-

ly for Katherine's return, saw her brother carried into the house by three men she gave a cry of terror and fell in a faint upon the floor, and while some one dashed water over her Katherine turned to thank Mr. Henry for his kindness, but he had disappeared. Running out upon the porch she saw him mount the box of the coach and drive away as unconcerned for his own safety as he had been solicitous for her comfort.

The next morning Barrington sent a trusted messenger to Lord Dunmore to inform him of the failure of his mission.

The irate lord was pacing up and down the floor of one of the rooms in the most remote part of the palace. A guard was stationed about the door for the Royal Governor was shaking with fear, and storming with passion. He had been obliged to deliver up the keys of the powder magazine, and some men, entering the place to get arms, had stumbled across a cord that discharged a spring gun and they had been killed, by what the Colonists thought to be a last trick of royal cunning. The Assembly had taken fire; a threatening mob filled the Duke of Gloucester Street; stones and mud were pelted against the walls of the palace; and a rock thrown through the window pane made a great hole in the pictured face of Her Royal Highness. When Dunmore received Barrington's message he felt that all hope was gone; he was conscious of his own powerlessness, and his one desire was to reach the man-of-war before it was too late. So he, who had boasted of his strength, stole away under cover of the night.

And while despair reigned in the royal palace Barrington was lying propped up with pillows in a great fourposter listening to the story that Betty had insisted upon hearing from Katherine half a dozen times before she could believe that Boscobel was theirs again, and then she had gone to recount it to her brother while Katherine, weary-eyed, and worn from her wild ride of the night before, sought refuge in her room reluctant to meet Barrington now that her heart had been revealed to him.

Towards noon he begged her to come to him, and she arose to do his bidding. As she entered the room he was alarmed by the pallor of her face; the roguish gleam had gone out of her eyes, and in its place there was an expression of suffering.

"You sent for me?" she asked, leaning against one of the tall bed-posts while Betty, uncertain whether to go or to stay, perched on the window-sill and watched her admiringly.

"Yes," said Barrington, slowly holding out both hands to her, "and you —you waited until I sent for you—"

Betty had forgotten her jealousy; she gasped with pleasure for she had always delighted in romances, and to witness one even as a third party charmed her feminine little soul, but her sense of propriety demanded that she cough discreetly to remind them of her presence. Having thus relieved her conscience she settled herself to listen to the end.

"Because"—began Katherine,—

"Because—because I love you," he cried, sitting up in bed, heedless of the pain. "I love you with my whole being. I am yours—yours to do with as you will."

The exertion was too much for him and he fell back among his pillows, while Katherine, with a cry that proved her love, ran to his assistance.

* * * * * *

A few days later a happy party started for Boscobel, Betty riding her own sorrel mare which she had never expected to see again, while Barrington, Madame Paget, and Katherine occupied the family carriage. They had hesitated at first about venturing out in daylight, fearful lest Barrington's secret mission had been noised abroad, but their alarm was groundless, for the good citizens of Williamsburg had heard only Mr. Henry's version of the story and they dreaded nothing from a wounded man, who had joined his Majesty's service more from principle than prejudice. As Barrington drove through the town, men, intent upon warfare, stopped to smile upon him and wag their heads knowingly, and when he had passed they returned to their grim preparations for battle cheered by the thought that Love, the unconquerable, was still among them.

What a day it was! Even Madame Paget felt the joy of living, and forgot to complain of her infirmities. Once free from the dust of the town and the ominous rattle of muskets the way seemed one succession of delights, the sunlight glowed among the shadows, the wild roses made bowers through which they passed, the rough places in the road were carpeted with pine needles, and when a silence fell upon the travelers some sweet-voiced bird filled in the interlude.

At last Boscobel was reached. A hundred willing hands were raised to open the heavy iron gates, and a shout of gladness went up from the crowd of slaves who had assembled to welcome their master—home. And on the porch steps stood Father Devereaux with both hands outstretched, his kindly face beaming with happiness at seeing them again. Barrington had sent for him at Katherine's request. She would not be married by anyone else but a priest she said, and so Father Devereaux had ridden many miles to perform the ceremony and to tell them that he had burned Lord Dunmore's packet that night after they had left him at the ordinary.

They were married the next morning, though Betty's conventional soul cried out in protest when she found that Barrington's wounds would not permit him to stand for the ceremony, and that Katherine had no new gown to wear, but she tearfully kissed them both after the few binding words had been spoken.

"It seems a shameful sin to have no wedding guests," she said, "but we can have a wedding breakfast," and with that, taking comfort, she descended to the kitchen to order such a feast as had never before been seen upon the plantation.

And so the day ended in merriment for all, for the slaves were given a holiday, and through the lazy summer night came the sound of their deep melodious voices singing, with the unforgotten exultation of savagery, the greatness of the Master of Boscobel.

The rest of Barrington's story is well known, for angered by Lord Dunmore's duplicity, and once convinced that the cause of the Colonists was just he joined Washington's forces at Cambridge, Katherine cheering him on with that finer courage which knows weeping and waiting. For while men, full of their own bloody valor, borrow bravery from one another, women learn in solitude a courage that carnage cannot teach.

END.

AVE MARIA.

ZAPHARA.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

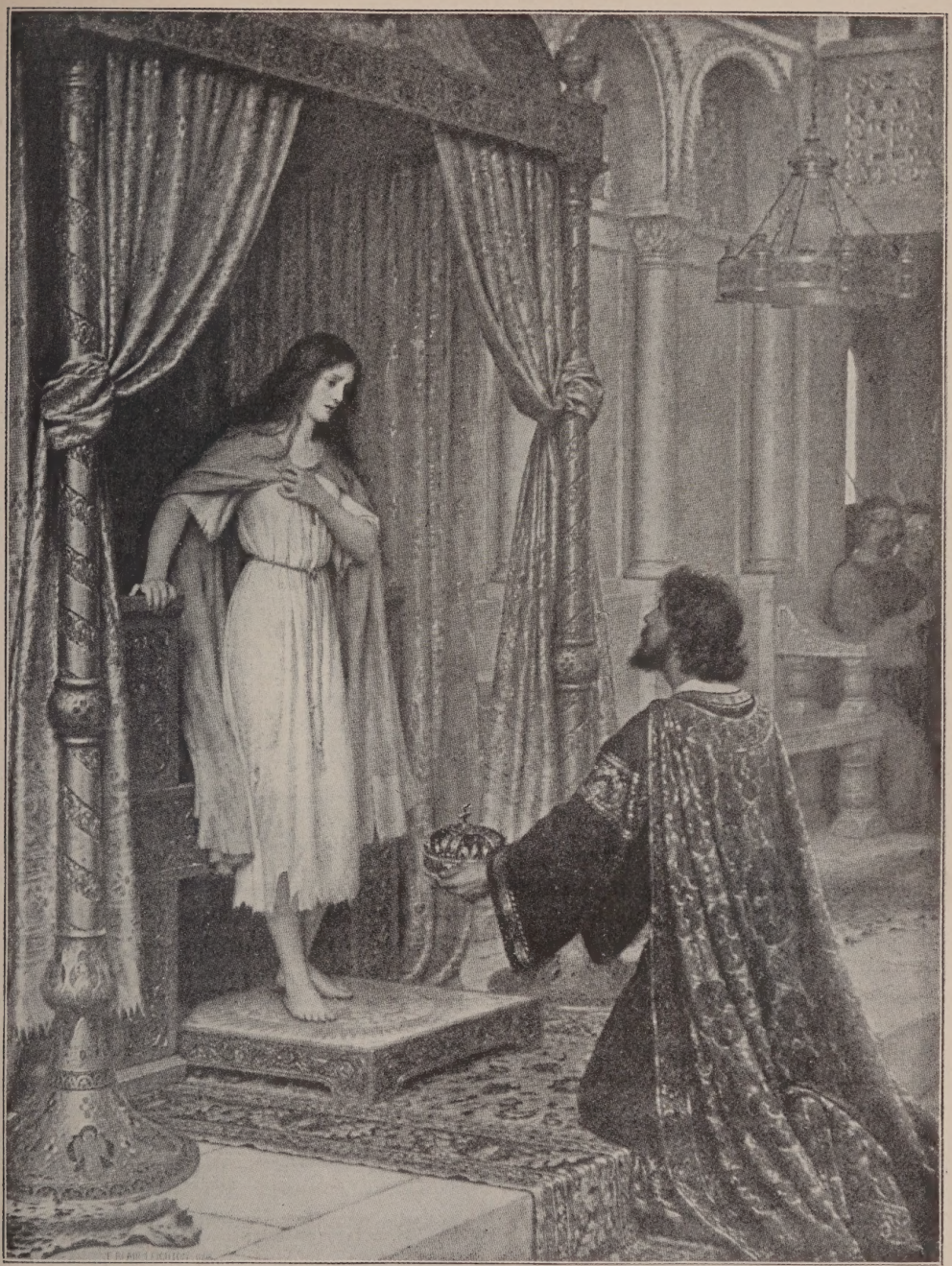
Why shouldn't you and I
Be happy if we try—
The petals are so red
Of roses sweet outspread,
The lilies are so white,
The skies so blue and bright.

Why shouldn't we be gay
In bonny blithesome way—
The woods are full of song,
Bewitching, vibrant, strong;
The clover leas atune
With honey-bees' wild croon.

Why should our hearts be sad,
God meant them to be glad—
The rivulets fast, free,
Run on in endless glee;
The winds with every swell
Joy, benediction, tell.

Why shouldn't we dream dreams
With lingering, gilded gleams—
(Who knows) they may come true,
And if they never do,
What matter? star-like they
Cheer for a while the way.

Why shouldn't you and I
Ignore the tear and sigh,
And dancing on instead
With heedless, trusting tread,
The golden sunshine fling
Full-length o'er everything.



"Her arms across her breast she laid ;
She was more fair than words can say :
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.

In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.' "

GROUP OF MISSIONARIES, SHOWING FATHER HORNSBY, S. J. ON EXTREME RIGHT.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

There is but one American among the Catholic missionaries in China, Rev. William L. Hornsby, S. J., a native of St. Louis, Mo. Father Hornsby was born in that city on Sept. 1, 1863, and entered the Society of Jesus on July 18, 1881. He has been in China for a number of years, and has been engaged in teaching classes in English at the college and seminary of St. Joseph, at Macao. Besides the duties mentioned, Father Hornsby also conducts catechetical instruction for the benefit of the natives in the vicinity of the college. A sister of Father Hornsby is a member of the community at the Carmelite convent in St. Louis.

In the accompanying picture, which the kindly courtesy of a St. Louis Jesuit permits us to print, Fr. Hornsby is shown standing on the extreme right. It is a very excellent likeness of this apostolic missionary.

The two accompanying portraits of Chinese are native lay friends of Father Hornsby, who have assisted him very materially in his religious work.

In a letter which a St. Louis friend received from Father Hornsby five years ago he mentioned the pleasure of having met in Shanghai a brother Jesuit who had labored for some years in New Orleans and neighborhood. The latter, however, is a Frenchman by birth, belonging to the Jesuit Province of France, and he has spent the greater part of thirty years on the Chinese mission.

The Rev. W. C. Gaynor, Editor of The Freeman of St. John, is one of the best known priests in New Brunswick. As a literary man he has been doing good work for years, especially in the line of magazine fiction. Fifteen years ago before Papal Infallibility had ceased to interest Protestant controversialists, he wrote a work in defence of that dogma. In later years he has done some good biographical writing which has its value from the standpoint of local ecclesiasti-

cal history. As a member of the New Brunswick Historical Society he has taken a foremost place by reason of his studies in early New Brunswick history. His latest contribution to the labors of that Society is a biographical sketch of the Mic-Mac Sagamore, Membertou, one of the greatest Indians of the American forests. It is an example of clever biography where the details were sparse and incomplete. In his capacity of Editor of The Freeman, Father Gaynor has shown a wonderful adaptability to journalistic work, and has already succeeded in placing his paper on a plane of such high excellence, that Catholic papers in broader fields might well imitate his methods. He is distinctly original and independent in his views, and enforces them with a lucidity of thought and logic that always makes The Freeman good reading. Father Gaynor is also president of the Lepreaux Club and the Excerpta Club, the latter being the only purely literary Catholic club in the city of St. John.

HAW YUE (PHOTOGRAPHER.) CARPENTER OF THE COLLEGE.
TWO CATHOLIC CHINESE, WHO ARE OF MUCH ASSISTANCE TO FATHER HORNSBY.

J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL. D., is one of the leading lights in Catholic literature. This distinguished gentleman is a native of Alexandria, Va., a graduate of Georgetown University, and for the last quarter of a century a prominent citizen of New York, where he is at present clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

Dr. McLaughlin's most notable productions are a biographical sketch of Rev. John Boyce, "Paul Peppergrass, Esq.," a life of John Kelly, "College Days at Georgetown," and, latterly, "Matthew Lyon, the Hampden of Congress, a Biography."

This latest work has attained for Dr. McLaughlin a national reputation, and it has contributed to historical literature a Catholic figure of whom we may all feel proud.

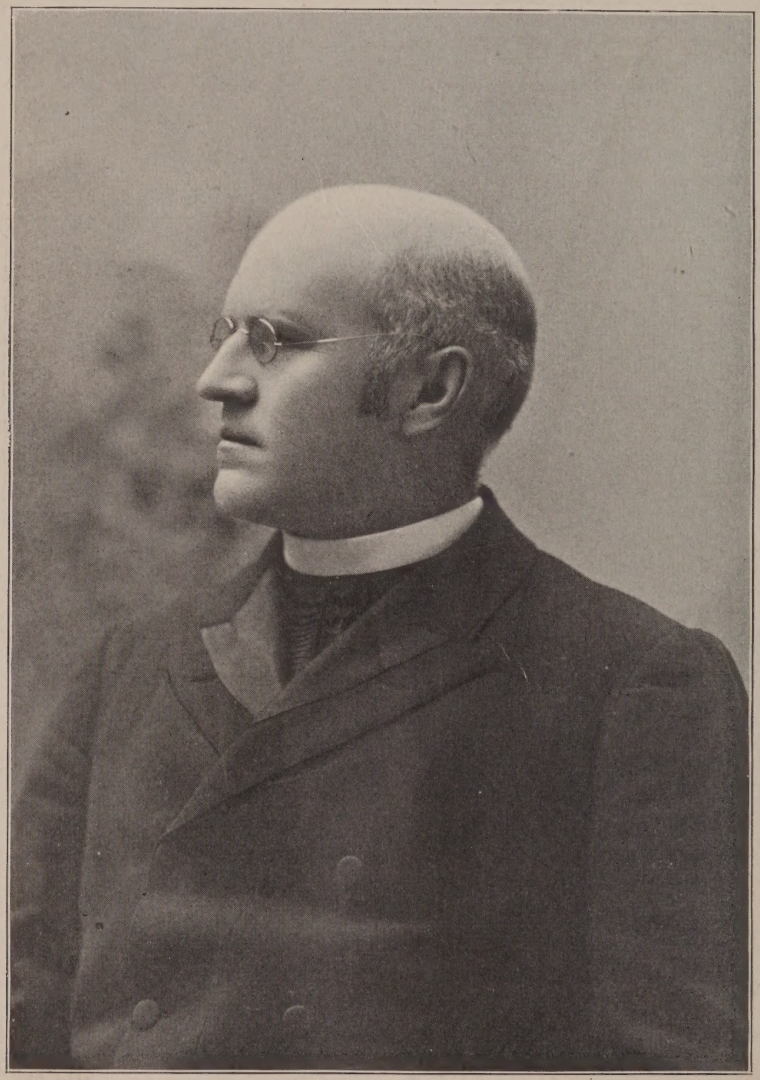
Richard Henry Stoddard adds that Mr. McLaughlin has rendered a distinctive service to American history as well. He calls "Matthew Lyon" a sound, serious, well-balanced study, which will take its place among the best biographies extant.

Dr. James Sullivan is the Democratic candidate for mayor of Manchester, N. H., and his friends are making a lively canvass in his behalf.

Dr. Sullivan's career has been a busy

one. He is a native of New Hampshire, having been born in the good old town of Mount Vernon. He received his early education in the public schools of Milford, N. H. Later he pursued his studies at Starling College, Columbus, O, and at Yale University, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1875 with high honors. Following graduation he came to Manchester where he soon entered upon the practice of his profession, which he has since followed, and in which he has met with exceptional success.

Dr. Sullivan is not a politician in the sense that the word is generally used, for he is possessed of the firm convictions of the right, and from early manhood he has been an outspoken champion of Democratic principles. His experi-



REV. WILLIAM C. GAYNOR.

ence is comprehensive of service in the legislative bodies of city and state. He was the youngest member of the common council in 1876 and 1877, and served on the committees on finance, public instruction and soldier's monument.

ber of the legislature of 1877, and he was returned to the general court in 1881 and 1882. He was alternate delegate to the national Democratic convention of 1884, and attended the national convention at St. Louis in 1888.

J. FAIRFAX MCLAUGHLIN.

In 1876 he was also elected a member of the convention which was called in that year to revise the constitution of the state. He was the youngest mem-

From 1885 to 1888 he was examining surgeon for the United States pension bureau, and for the last seven years has been president of the United States

board of pension examining surgeons. For five years he was assistant surgeon of the first regiment, N. H. N. G. Here, as with the acquaintances that he has made among the "Old Guard," through his connection with the pension bureau, Dr. Sullivan enjoys many friendships and is held by them in the highest esteem.

He is a member of the New Hampshire Catholic club, one of Manchester's representative social bodies, and of the A. O. H., and the Sheridan veteran association, and is connected with the Granite State club. For two years he has been at the head of the Knights of Columbus of New Hampshire. In all positions, professional, official, and in the ordinary walks of life, Dr. Sullivan has never failed to please and satisfy those whose interests were in his keeping, and that he will make a strong candidate goes without saying.

He is a man of liberal and progressive character, represents no faction or clique, but stands for the city as a whole, the citizens, and their best interests.

DR. JAMES SULLIVAN.

CATHOLICITY IN JAPAN.

BY REV. J. M. GLEASON, NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

After my hard service as an unpaid Catholic missionary among the troops in the Philippines I came here to Japan for rest and recuperation. What a delight these two months in Nippon have been it is absolutely impossible for me to express adequately. One day after the other has presented its quota of revelations—glories of nature, which seems in this wonderful country to surpass itself; triumphs of art, treasures which are to be seen not only in the ancient and modern capitals but even in the rudest hamlets; Japanese Buddhism with its wealth of structure and color in perfect harmony with its pomp of ceremonial; Shintoism with its bare temples, yet drawing thousands upon thousands of pilgrims to its famous shrines; the picturesque costumes, the interesting customs, and the natural and unstudied politeness even of the peasantry. These are but a few of the thousand and one things that fascinate the foreigner in this gem of the Orient. Yet there is one thing above and beyond all this that cannot fail to make its lasting impression upon the Catholic foreigner. I refer to the past and present history and position of the Church in this land. It is something of which we are reminded at every step. The relics of past glory of the faith are on all sides. The energetic zeal of the modern missionaries is a patent fact. The great persecution of the 17th century, corresponding in historical parallel to the more ancient attempt of the older empire of Rome; the opening of Japan to the world by America in 1853; the advent of the French Fathers of the Missions Etrangers; the discovery of the body of the Japanese, who despite the cruelty of 250 years had secretly preserved the faith, and without the ministry of priests baptized and instructed their children; the revival of the old laws of persecution which this discovery brought about; the tortures to which native Catholics were subjected by the examining officers, between 1868 and 1873; and the final cessation of official prohibition of Christianity;—all these are too recent, and the still living actors in this tragic history too numerous not to interest a Catholic, and especially a priest, a priest of America, who has been in the Philippines. America, through Commodore Perry, opened Japan to the outer world, and Manila was an important factor in the earlier history of Japanese Christianity. Luzon is mentioned in hundreds of old manuscripts still preserved. Numbers of these old records have either been translated or printed in Roman characters, and I might mention now that Luzon is always spoken of as Roxan. This may seem strange to outsiders, but here it is easily understood. The Japanese have no letter L and they pronounce that letter in our words as R, and to the letter X they gave the Portuguese sound of the early Jesuits.

Catholic historical interest fastens upon Nagasaki, but, after all, though

Nagasaki did its giant share in this history other parts of the empire have interest equally entrancing.

On entering Nagasaki harbor and steaming up the long channel that leads to the anchorage a multitude of beautiful islands make a picture most fascinating. On some of these can be seen, rising here and there in the midst of the pine trees and the native houses, the dainty outlines of a church. These islands though not thickly populated, are populated entirely with Catholics. The steep bluff of Pappenberg, so-called by the Dutch on account of the number of priests and lay Christians who were hurled to death from its summit, now has its peaceful setting in a graceful little church. As the eye ranges up the beautiful valley of Urakami, the scene of two persecutions, a gigantic church not yet roofed shows the energetic zeal of Pere Frennot, who has labored for years to erect here a monument to the steadfastness of the Japanese in the faith. Six thousand Japanese are in this district alone, and, poor as they are, they yearly cut stone and haul lumber to help this self-sacrificing priest-architect, their adored pastor, to a happy culmination of his worthy project.

Rounding the headland to the haven proper a grand, Gothic, stone church at the base of a mountain breaks upon the view. This is the memorial monument of some wealthy French Catholics, and the hill which makes its background is the Holy Mountain where the famous twenty-six martyrs of Japan were put to death. In Nagasaki proper, or rather in the settlement, is the Cathedral, small but beautiful erected in the early sixties for the benefit of the foreign Catholics. Here it was that the Japanese out of curiosity as it seemed used to come from time to time, until finally some of them made known to Bishop Pettijean that they too were Christians, and the surprised bishop could hardly believe his ears until investigation proved the existence of a considerable number who through 250 years of interdict and persecution had held their faith. This was a memorable day in the annals of Japanese Catholicism. St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1865, is known as the "Discovery of the Christians." With the knowledge that Christians still existed among the Japanese the old laws of persecution were revived and from 1868 to 1873 raged with fury. It is true that more were sentenced to death, but it is equally true that large numbers died of the tortures they received. I have been told this by men who were witnesses of the torture and death, in consequence, of Catholic servants who were in their employ.

The Valley of Urakami, the most thickly settled with Catholics, was devastated. The people were exiled in small bands here and there to all parts of the Empire in order that the Despised Sect might be eradicated. Mr. Irwin, formerly Hawaiian minister at the court of Tokyo, at whose residence near Shiba I spent a pleasant day, told me in graphic words the sad story of this exile of which he was an eye witness.

The persecution broke out in the early part of 1868, yet hundreds of the Japanese Christians came to the midnight Mass that year in the Cathedral, and the one Father who was present on the occasion told me of the sad but imperative duty of sending the people away in twos and threes in order to avoid their arrest and torture.

Nagasaki is full of holy memories.

It was founded as a Christian town in the beginning in order that the native Christians of the Southern district would be well united, and its Christian memories are brought up continually. The Kencho, or governor's residence, today, is on the ground of the bishop's residence of the late 16th century. The famous Shinto temple of Osuwa was the site of the Dominican monastery and so on.

I have read lately an article, by W. A. Wooley, entitled "Historical Notes on Nagasaki" prepared for the Asiatic Society of Japan in 1881. His material is taken entirely from the 14 volume manuscript of Matsura To of Nagasaki, written in 1811 and entitled Nagasaki Kokon Shuran, a work still preserved in the Kencho archives. It is a most interesting account of how the Prince of Omura, a Catholic, gave Nagasaki in 1573 to be a Christian settlement, and how it rapidly became a flourishing city. With Pagan naivete he explains how from 1558 to 1592 the dainnyos obeyed neither shogun nor emperor, owing to the state of civil war, and how natural it was that the people should have become Christian in that time. From 1587 to 1603 he explains that there were eleven churches in Nagasaki and Urakami alone.

In 1587 Hideyoshi issued his edict expelling the Jesuits and prohibiting Christianity. Nobunaga, his rival for power, had invited the priests to Saka and further gave them land and income for a church in Kyoto. The liberality and work of the missionaries, especially among the poor, led to large numbers of conversions even among the nobility. In 1589 Hideyoshi destroyed this church, and in 1594 six Jesuits and twenty-four Japanese Christians captured in Kyoto were sent to Nagasaki and there put to death. In 1613 there were still three places where Mass was said in Nagasaki, and in this year the spy system was inaugurated for the discovery of Christians, and was vigorously prosecuted not only in Kyushin but also in the Gakinai and Shingoku. In 1614, when Ieyasu was supreme, one hundred priests and native Christians, including the Prince of Takatsuki and other leading Japanese, were banished to Macao, and the search for Christians became more rigid.

In 1629 the damnable practice of Fumi ye, or trampling on the figure of Christ, was instituted. From the 4th to the 9th of the first month there was ordered an annual round-up of suspects who, to prove the truth of not being Catholics, had to trample the image of the Saviour. Paper pictures were first used, afterwards wooden slabs (ye ita), and in 1669 twenty bronze plates were cast and embellished with the crucifixion in relief, by a Nagasaki engraver, a man named Yusa. These plates about five inches square and an inch thick were set diagonally in wooden frames about sixteen inches wide. They were made of the metal of the Catholic altars destroyed in the persecution, and the credit of this dastardly device has been laid by historians at the doors of the Dutch traders of Deshima who, to advance their commercial interests and monopoly in Japan, did not hesitate to bring about the death of Catholics. And that death was terrible. Not merely crucifixion, but the recusant was sliced alive and then thrown, still living, into the hot springs of Shimabara.

The revolt of the Christian peasants of Amakusa and Shimabara led to the expulsion of all foreigners except the Dutch who were confined to Deshima Nagasaki. The revolt of Shimabara is famous in Japanese history. Forty thousand peasants, goaded on by feudal tyranny even more than the governmental edict against Christianity, raised the standard of revolt and fought till death under banners adorned with the figure of the crucified Saviour. Seven months the revolt lasted. April 12, 1638, after four months of siege in the Castle of Hara, which they made their stronghold, they were overcome and all survivors were put to the sword.

Time and time again priests from Macao, India, and Manila made attempts to get into Japan and work again among the people. Some of them succeeded in their purpose, but only to bring about their own death in prison. The most entrancing instance of this kind is that of Father Sidotti, an Italian, who came here from Manila in 1709. He was captured in Nagasaki, and sent on to Yedo, the capital of the Shogun, where he was interrogated and imprisoned, dying there after six years. Arai Haku Seki, the official inquisitor of Father Sidotti, kept an accurate record of the entire process, to which he added a postscript concerning the conversion of his jailers and the lingering death from sickness of the priest himself. This interesting contemporary document has been translated into English by Mr. W. B. Wright, and may be found in volume IX of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. I never read twenty more engrossing pages, and it is gratifying to know that this original record disproves the story of the old French and Spanish historians that Sidotti met a violent death. I took particular pains to hunt up that part of Koishi Kawa, Tokyo, near the present Botanical Gardens, where he lived and died. The place still bears the name of Kirishitan Yashiki or Christian Inclosure. Here too is the headstone of Father Chiara, another priest who gave his life to the Christianizing of these people, even before the time of Sidotti, although the Buddhist priests in the little temple near that locality claim that he died a good Buddhist.

In Tokyo I spent some time in the National Museum in Ueno Park at the two large cases which contain the relics of early Christianity in Japan. Not only are to be seen there old rosaries, and statues and paintings of Our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin, of native make of those days, but also the identical bronze plates with the raised figure of our crucified Redeemer that were used in the annual ceremony of trampling upon this sacred emblem of the faith. What thoughts welled up within my mind it is easy to surmise. There too before me was the wooden sign-board with raised characters telling the direful news of the persecution. This is the original edict of persecution of Ieyasu. There are no signboards of the later persecutions. From 1868 to 1873 signs were placed on the high roads entering the various cities prosecuting Christianity. In 1873 by imperial order these official notices were taken down, but old residents in Japan tell me that the old laws of persecution, revived in 1868, were not officially abrogated until many years after the order taking down these anti-Christian sign-boards.

For one who wishes a little useful

information in compact form on this most interesting of Japanese matters I would recommend the chapter marked Missions in Mr. Basil Chamberlain's pocket cyclopedia on "Things Japanese" (3rd edition). Mr. Chamberlain, professor of Japanese literature in the Japanese Imperial University of Tokyo, is the greatest living authority on matters relating to this country and its language and history, and though this work, "Things Japanese" was not written by him as a Catholic, it may have helped him to become a Catholic, a fact which happened in 1898. In common with the other laborers of the Asiatic Society of Japan, this gentleman has worked assiduously to throw all possible light from Japanese records, historical and monumental. upon the history of early Japanese Christianity. Mr. Ernest Satow has ransacked the libraries of Europe in his search for books printed in the mission press of Japan from the time of St. Francis Xavier, who landed in 1549, until the last known work of that press in 1610. A review of his search is found in Volume XVII, A S. J. An interesting fact to know is that printing by movable type was introduced by the Catholic missionaries instead of by the Coreans as is commonly supposed.

In this same volume I read with extreme interest an article by Mr. Satow on "Spanish and Portuguese Rivalry in Japan." It is a strange story. Everyone knows how Columbus received from Spain the aid which led him to America. Portugal was the exploring nation, and Columbus was in her service from 1470 to 1484, and when he came back from America he put in at Lisbon time enough to taunt the King for his lack of foresight. Portugal had received grants of all lands to be discovered between Bojador and India and thought Spain was interfering. Alexander VI, a Spaniard, when called on to arbitrate issued his famous Bull of Partition, May 4th, 1493, which gave the Spaniards everything west of a certain line on the map and the Portuguese everything to be discovered east of it. Both nations worked on opposite sides of the world. In 1497 Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope on the way to India, but matters became just a little complicated when Magellan, a Portuguese in Spanish service, and Elcano went through what is now called the Straits of Magellan and discovered the Philippines. The Portuguese were in Macao and this was dangerously near. Each nation claimed that the other was interfering with its rights. In 1580 Philip II obtained the crown of Portugal in addition to that of Spain and things warmed up a little. What had this to do with Japan? A great deal.

The missionaries who came to the Philippines from Mexico were mainly Franciscans, Augustinians, and Dominicans. Those who came from Portugal were all Jesuits. The Portuguese Jesuits went from Macao to Japan. In 1585 on the occasion of the visit of the Japanese Embassy from the Princes of Bungo and Sendai to the Pope, Gregory XIII, when these ambassadors were weighted with honors and given the citizenship of Rome, the original of which document I saw myself on exhibition in the National Museum, Tokyo, the Pope limited missionary work in Japan to the Jesuits. Only towards the end of the reign of Philip II did the Spanish missionaries get a footing there.

The romantic story of Paul Anjiro, the young Japanese, who led St. Francis Xavier from India to the evangelization of his country is familiar to every foreigner in Japan, and to thousands of natives as well; the success of the new faith equally so. The sending of an embassy to the Pope by the Prince of Sendai, himself a Buddhist, and honored today with a statue as a Buddhist saint, a statue I myself have seen in Sendai and Shiogawa; the efforts of heroic missionaries to enter the country during the time of proscription; the persecutions bloody and relentless, which historians all agree were nothing but political moves in the difficult times when Nabalunga who favored Catholics somewhat, and Hideyoshi, his adversary, on that account ill-treated them, and even put to death his own Catholic officers; the tyrannical persecution of Ieyasu who rose to supreme power after them both, founded the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguns, and decided that the best means to govern the people was to expel all foreigners and crush the religion they brought to the country—all are facts that should be better known by Catholics outside of Japan.

In 1889 Mr. Chamberlain wrote, "If ever persecutors triumphed and reaped the reward of their triumph it was here in Japan. And yet this triumph cost them dear. Had Japan Europeanized herself 250 years ago she would not now, at the fag end of the 19th century, be still knocking for admittance, still pleading for the abolition of the political discrimination made against her as a heathen state by the governments of Europe. But it is not in the political field alone that her rejection of European civilization in the 17th century bore disastrous fruits. When she turned her back on the Spanish and Portuguese missionaries she betook herself to the Chinese philosophers. She used the 250 years of the Tokugawa regime in assimilating Chinese philosophy, Chinese literary methods, Chinese medicine, Chinese music, Chinese everything, and now she has to try and unlearn it all. Instead of starting almost fair with Europe, as she might have done 250 years ago, she starts with Europe infinitely farther ahead, owing to the phenomenal expansion of European civilization in the meantime. While Europe was progressing with strides and leaps Japan was handicapping herself with the useless weight of Chinese methods in thought and language. She acted like one, who in a sailing race should purposely delay to start his boat till half an hour after the other competitors, and who should employ this half hour in filling the hold with lead."

The door to European intercourse was opened by Commodore Perry in 1853, but European commerce and European or Christian religion was another thing. The public sign-boards announcing the proscription of Christianity were taken down in 1873, but the laws against Christianity were not abrogated till much later. And the hatred of Christianity that was erected in the hearts of the Japanese people for 250 years has not been taken down yet. The Japanese people as a people are today inimical to Christianity. The work of the old missionaries was absolutely undone among them, except in the case of those heroic families that cherished their faith in secret without the guidance of the priest for all these centuries. The concentrated

prejudice of this period of silence, when even to mention Christianity was a punishable crime, has left as its historical result a barrier almost inconceivable in the path of Catholic missionaries of today. Yet they have set themselves with hopeful heart to their task, and God has wonderfully blessed their efforts. It is true that Russo-Greek and Protestants of thirty denominations have worked with fair success among the Japanese, but even today the Catholic native population is larger than all the others combined. The Church is in excellent condition throughout the entire country, and when it is remembered that persecution ceased officially only in 1873, and that the spirit of anti-Christianity still survives, it must be conceded that the Church has done wonderful work. To-day there are 54,000 Catholic Japanese. Who can say what their number may be twenty-five years from now? The Japanese are a proud and self-sufficient race. They have absorbed enough Europeanism in their system of education to make the graduates in most instances a class of scoffing and atheistic dilettanti. The lower classes are linked to Buddhism and Shintoism in a way that will need a great lapse of time to modify. Moreover the traditions of 250 years are a deadly obstacle to Christian work. The Church, as may be seen, has no easy task on its hands, yet the French missionaries of the Missions Etrangers have worked here unceasingly and with unparalleled self-denial from the time of their arrival on the opening of Japan. Some of the white-beared original pioneers still survive, and many of those who came after them have grown gray in their hard service. They have a respect such as no Protestant missionary in Japan commands, and that too from all, both Japanese and foreigners, irrespective of creed. They alone have been disinterested in the strict sense of the word in their work among the people. Today there are 108 apostolic missionaries, and more than forty Japanese Catholic priests doing the work of God here. They are assisted in their efforts by 130 Catechists for the Pagan and 150 for the Christian Japanese. The Cistercian monks count eight Japanese out of their community of twenty-three. The Brothers of Mary have colleges at Nagasaki, Osaka and Tokyo, and count five Japanese professed brothers, besides a large number of novices. Their schools are attended by Europeans and Japanese, Pagan as well as Christian, and the least good result of their work will be the eradication of prejudice. I have visited all the institutions and was present at the closing exercises of the College in Tokyo when a programme in four languages was carried out before an audience, of which by far the larger number were Japanese, and the exercises were terminated by an address in Japanese by one of the leading senators of the Empire. The three convents of the nuns here are respected just as are the colleges of the brothers. One hundred and fourteen European nuns are united in religion with forty-one Japanese sisters and postulants besides the five sisters who reside permanently in the two leper settlements of Tokyo and Nagasaki dioceses. In addition to these institutions the Church here maintains one hospital for the aged, two free hospitals for the poor, fourteen pharmacies for the poor, thirty-seven primary schools with over 4,000 children

attending, a few kindergartens, seventeen orphanages maintaining thousands of children, and twenty-two industrial schools for boys and girls, and all this without one cent of compensation or aid from the Japanese government. Moreover by the narrow-minded and blind policy of the Japanese government a foreigner cannot own an inch of land in Japan. The Church is classed as a foreign body, and does not own the ground on which it has built the 116 churches, large and small, and the 90 temporary chapels, that minister to the 300 Catholic congregations of the country. Outside of the original foreign concession in the Treaty Ports it cannot even lease the land, and it is on the honesty of the Catholic Japanese who make the lease that the Church must depend. And yet the Japanese wonder why foreign capital has not come to Japan since the new treaties of last year. Perhaps the imperial government may be able to see further than its nose after the lapse of some years, and the Church in common with the other foreign bodies with which it is classed may be able to put itself on a more stable basis.

I have visited the archdiocese of Tokyo and the other three dioceses of Nagasaki, Osaka, and Hakodate, and have had ample time and opportunity for observing the work that the Church is doing here. I officiated in the cathedrals of Tokyo and Nagasaki, I visited the theological seminaries of these two places and saw the class of young Japanese priests that are being turned out to work among their countrymen, I said Mass in many of the mission churches, and spent days inspecting the work of the mission establishments in a great part of the empire. The character of the work done is not of the sky rocket kind which usually makes only a temporary splutter. It is steady and sure and not half as slow as it might seem to some.

The Japanese are an imitative and impressionable people. The recent graduates of high schools and university, whose heads are abnormally swollen on account of the mass of knowledge absorbed, look as a rule with unconcealed disdain on all forms of religion. They think this is intellectually the proper thing, and wear that air as they wear a crease in their European trousers. But their nerves have been jarred a little bit within the last few years by the numerous conversions to Catholicity of men whose names are paramount guarantee of intellectual acuteness. Little by little the Japanese student class are discovering that the greatest minds are only too proud to acknowledge the truths of religion. Mr. Irwin, the Ex-Hawaiian minister to Peking, and the Belgium minister and wife, became Catholics within three years. Within the Imperial University itself, Mr. Basil Chamberlain, the greatest name in Japan today, and Mr. Nedai, his fellow professor, a Japanese universally admired and respected, became Catholics since 1898. These are but a few of many who here in Japan have embraced the true faith and their example means a great deal towards leading to serious thought on this matter numbers who otherwise would never deign to notice Catholicity.

The character and reputation of the Catholic priests has also had its good impression, which, if not leading immediately to conversion, has at least kept the same priests in the category

of most highly esteemed foreigners. The Archbishop of Tokyo, Monsignor Osouf, now seventy-two years of age, is one of the most respected men in Japan. The bishops of Osaka, Nagasaki, and Hakodate are likewise esteemed, not only as disinterested workers for the Japanese people, but also as intellectual giants. Father Felix Evrard of the Cathedral Tsinji, Tokyo, one of the greatest savants on matters Japanese, before a recent trip to his French home after an absence of twenty-seven years in Japan was decorated by the Mikado with the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun. The priests come here not as many missionaries of various Protestant Foreign Mission Societies to spend a few years in indolent Oriental ease and return with well filled pockets after reports, to a gullible public far away, of their terrible self-denial here. No, the Catholic priests here come for life; they live real lives of self-denial; they become of the people, and on all sides the visitor may hear the oft repeated sentiment that they alone are the true missionaries in the Orient.

Their work is progressing apace and with God's blessing it will prosper more. In five districts of the city of Tokyo alone are Catholic parishes with neat little churches and the most devout of congregations. On Corpus Christi I officiated as celebrant in the church at Tamatskuri, Osaki, its five hundred parishioners all marching in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament round the block. It was a ceremony I shall never forget. About thirty Japanese acolytes were followed by the various sodalities chanting the hymns of the occasion, and then the nuns, European and Japanese, followed by twenty little Japanese girls ranging from six to ten years of age, dressed in blue Kimono and white obi, their heads shaven as all other Japanese children, and their ear locks of jet black dangling on either side. These little ones scattered flowers in the path of the Blessed Sacrament, and marched and countermarched in a way superior to any I have ever seen before. When we halted at the first station for the incensing and the chant 500 fervent Japanese Catholics were on their knees on the ground. And so too when we returned to the church. Each native left his or her slippers at the door and walked in stocking feet to the proper place on the mats within. The congregational singing of the hymns by the Japanese was excellent, not only on this occasion but on others in which I took part, and which I might describe if I had not already said too much.

I would like very much to describe the work of the industrial schools, especially that of Sekigushi, but I shall call attention to only one phase of its activity. The students are boarded here at the rate of three yeu ($1.50) per month, and those who give promise of intellectual advancement are loaned money without interest for the expense of a collegiate course. Every month the students sign their duplicate accounts with their chop or seal according to the universal Japanese custom. Their expenses for tuition, books at college, and board and lodging in the institution, do not exceed fifty yeu ($25.00) per year. This debt they cancel when they obtain employment afterwards, even if by paying only one yeu per month. In this way they are encouraged in their ambition without sacrificing their independence, and at the same time

a bright and intelligent stock of young Catholic Japanese is gradually being brought to the front. These are the men on whom the Church in Japan must depend in the future, and the few who have already advanced themselves in life give sanction to the belief that with the increased output the Church has no better arm in Japan today than these institutions and their student fund. Catholic students who live at home are loaned as much as thirty yeu per year from this same fund which, though small, is maintained by the payments of working graduates. One of the most successful mechanical engineers in Japan today was enabled to fulfill his ambition this way, and another graduate, if I may so call him, is a judge on the bench in Tokyo.

Father Ferrand has opened in Hongo, Tokyo, in the shadow of the Imperial University, still another class of beneficent institution, namely a students' lodging house, or geshikuya as they are called here, in order that students even though not Catholic may be brought under Catholic influence.

Not only are the priests of these institutions well-known and respected, but also all priests throughout the islands without exception. Some, however, like those mentioned above, together with Pere Salmon the venerable vicar general of Nagasaki; Pere Pettier of Yokohoma; Pere Linean of Osaka; Pere Mugabure of Shidzuoka, and others whom I might mention by the dozen, have been brought into particular prominence. Nor are there wanting among them men who have achieved distinction in the scientific fields while still working as humble missionaries. But of these I will call attention only to Pere Forir of Aomori, diocese of Hakodate, whose name is known in every museum of Europe as the greatest collector and authority on Japanese flora. A famous botanist, after whom some hundreds of plants are named, a savant in the strictest sense, yet he is the humblest possible missionary working among his poor congregations as if unknown to fame. His only weakness is to wear prominently at all times on the breast of his cassock the decoration of Officier de l' Academie, sent him by the French Academy in acknowledgment of his services to the science of botany. Year after year he tramps through the country in order to send cases of specimens to the Botanical Gardens of Berlin, Vienna, Geneva, Kew, and other places, and the proceeds of this work are expended on humble Japanese Catholic chapels in his parish on the extreme north coast of the island of Nippon. Of others I might write as I have written of him but already I have said enough to show the calibre of the Catholic missionary in Japan. Little by little they are bringing to maturity a rich harvest for the Church. Prejudice is bound to disappear. In the city of Shidzuoka today the Catholic chapel is within the walls of the old castle of Ieyasu, the first Tokugawa Shogun, who persecuted the Church as it was never before persecuted in history and gave the permanence of three centuries to that persecution. I think this fact is not merely incidental. To me it is symbolic. The Shogunate is past. Active persecution is past. Truth crushed to earth has risen again and will after a while flourish in Japan as it did before the time of Ieyaso when there were here almost a million Catholics.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

St. Francis called the robin his brother. At Rieti a family of red-breasts were the guests of the monastery. The day of the birds of Bevagna remained in his memory as one of the most beautiful of his whole life. (Memoir of St. Francis.)

Full well do I remember,
  Dear Red-breast, that March day,
When grief was changed to gladness
  By thy sweet roundelay.

Dark rose the sullen mountain,
  The unploughed plain gloamed bare,
And sparse the morning ration
  Thou found, my Red-breast fair.

But hardship did not daunt thee,
  Abroad on lone, cold hill;
Nor lack of sunny hostel
  Thy minstrelsy could chill.

For e'en so blithe thy matins
  Methought thou didst emprise,
To glad the joyless woodland
  With songs of Paradise.

But now 't is verdant Summer,
  And cherries ripe and rare,
Await thee in the garden,
  My Red-breast, debonair.

Come in, O wondrous songster!
  Of birds I love thee best:
Come, Brother of Saint Francis,
  And be our honored guest;

For well do I remember,
  Sweet Red-breast, that drear day,
When heart awoke to gladness
  With winsome roundelay.

—B. F. DeCosta

ST. PHILIP NERI AND MUSIC.

BY REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

The impression which in our days connects poverty and abjection with lack of mental ability would be wrong if applied to the voluntary poverty and the self-abasement which are so characteristic of the saints of the Church. If judged merely upon the basis of genius and intellectual culture the saints, both canonized and uncanonized, present one of the strongest and most productive bodies of men intellectually that the world has ever seen. The statement is made merely as a matter of fact, with no intention of insinuating that the Church regards either mental or physical qualifications in the choice of her saints; she looks rather to the illuminating graces of God which may fall with equal brilliancy upon the savant of many sciences as well as upon the poor, unlettered old woman murmuring her beads in the corner of a country church. Nevertheless the history of development in the fields of human learning presents such an array of saintly souls, near if not close to the altar, that one wonders how little of progress there would be in the world today if such men had never existed. This is more than evident in the field of musical culture.

It was a saint, the glorious Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, who in the fourth century gave to the disordered sounds, that were called music before his day, an intelligible and systematic method, the first orderly musical system the world had known. St. Gregory the Great, towards the end of the sixth century, took up the work of St. Ambrose, solidified it, strengthened it with newer and more varied resources and left to the world, in the Gregorian Chant, the substratum of all melody. A saintly monk of Flanders, Hucbald of St. Armands, brought us harmony; another monk, Guido of Arezzo, developed the system of musical notation; and still another monk, Franco of Cologne, introduced to the world the element of musical time.

Passing over the latter centuries of the Middle Ages when saintly men introduced the various devices of counterpoint and the glories of polyphony, we find ourselves at length in the middle of the sixteenth century in the Eternal City. It was the period when the Flemish influence which for more than two centuries had dominated the musical world was beginning to wane, its various accomplishments culminating in the magnificence of Orlando di Lasso. There existed at the time in the very centre of the Pontifical City a coterie of music lovers, among whom were such master minds as Palestrina, Animuccia, St. Charles Borromeo and St. Philip Neri. The two former have left to the world imperishable compositions, the two latter have left only the force of their saintly influence. All four were connected by the strongest ties of friendly intercourse and a mutual love of the musical art. In

this article we will speak of them only in their relation to their great master-spirit, St. Philip.

Personally, St. Philip was deeply imbued with the love of music. It had been infused into his soul in his earliest youth, and formed an immense resource of consolation and helpfulness to him during the busy years of his life. He was by nature both poet and artist, and loving the forms of beauty that are reflected in the literature and painting of all times he was intuitively attracted to those more ethereal modes of loveliness that spring forth from the fountains of song. His spirit was carried away at times under the mighty influence of simple and stirring music. It is said that whenever he listened at the Church of the Minerva to the singing of Vespers his emotions so far overcame him that he would burst into tears. He loved music with a practical ardor. Where ever he went, to St. John's of the Florentines, to the Vallicella, to the meetings of boys on the heights of San Onofrio, everywhere he carried with him an atmosphere of music. And even in writing out the Rule and Constitutions of the Order of the Oratory which he then founded, he was careful to place among its articles one which said that the members should "rouse themselves to the contemplation of heavenly things by means of musical harmony." The Latin word by which he spoke of harmony was the term concentus, whereby he desired to express the breadth of his idea, as comprehending not merely the sweet concord of voices alone, but the blending of voices and instruments into agreeable harmonies. And music, as if grateful for his love, repaid the gentle saint by its sweet influence upon his mode of action. Gentle, indeed, by nature and the grace of God, he acquired from his extreme sensitiveness to the influences of harmony that ineffable sweetness of speech, of gesture, and general disposition which endeared him to everyone. But more than all, the soul of the saint was attracted to the usefulness of music feeling as he did that it had an especial fitness to elevate the soul and bring it nearer to God. Thus in his visions he listened with rapture to the echoes of celestial harmonies, and saw the souls of the blessed upborne to their eternal home, caressed by the songs of myriad angels.

With a spirit so devotedly attached to the beauty and holiness of true music it is easy to understand how St. Philip became one of the great factors in the musical developments of the sixteenth century. This he accomplished in two ways, first, by making his churches the gathering places for the most distinguished musicians and singers of his time, and second, by the introduction of that great musical art form which we know by the name of oratorio.

Among the musical celebrities who made the Oratory of St. Philip famous was Giovanni Animuccia, maestro-di-capella of the Vatican Basilica, who with his wife lived a life as the angels might have lived. He was moreover a penitent of St. Philip in whose arms he died; indeed, it pleased God to reveal to the saint that the soul of the holy composer was received into Paradise. In the preface to his first volume of Masses he betrays with kindly gentleness the aims which actuated the great composers of the Oratory, namely, to cor-

rect the abuses that disfigured the music of the times, and to create music of such simplicity, tenderness and devotion as should harmonize with the dignity of the house of God. Another musical companion of the saint was the illustrious Palestrina, that father of modern music of whom every historian of music utters eulogies most enthusiastic. Nor was this great master less holy in his manner of life and in the gentleness of his disposition than Animuccia, his predecessor both in the Oratory and in the Vatican Basilica. Palestrina also was a life-long penitent of the gentle saint in whose arms, like Animuccia, he breathed out his soul to God. There was, finally, among his friends, the great lover of music, St. Charles Borromeo, that singular ecclesiastic who in the midst of his cardinalitial honors practiced the poverty, the abjection, the holiness of a saint. It was with St. Charles Borromeo that the great reform in church music, which has made the name of Palestrina famous, had its inception. He it was who, when the Council of Trent, just ended, had called for better and purer music in the Church, had turned to the composer, and urged him to write three Masses in a style consistent with the sacred character of divine services, and capable from its worthiness of saving the music of the Church from utter destruction. Everyone is familiar with the triumph of Palestrina in answer to this invitation of St. Charles, and the glory of that Mass of Pope Marcellus which called forth from the reigning Pope Pius IV the memorable words: "These must be the harmonies of the new song which the Apostle John heard in the heavenly Jerusalem, of which this other John gives us a foretaste in the pilgrim Jerusalem."

Saint Philip outlived all his great musical friends; but the musical work which St. Philip began lived after him and will live as long as music shall last. We have spoken of St. Philip's love for music and of the musical intellects he gathered around him; it remains now to indicate the most important service which the saint performed to the advantage of the art of music.

When we find ourselves in a crowded audience listening to the sublime beauties of the Messiah, the Creation, Elijah or any of those charming works of the master composers, wherein the subject is taken from the Scriptures or from Church history, how seldom does the mind turn away from the glamour and display of the social crowd to the humble cell of St. Philip Neri, who gave to the world this noble art form, the oratorio. The saint had been very much grieved to note with what abandonment the youth of Rome had given itself up to the unlawful, or at least questionable, pleasures that obtained at the time. The ruin that came upon noble families through the nightly wanderings of their sons, and more than all the growing carelessness in the morals of the young and their consequent loss in faith had compelled the saint in his zeal for their spiritual well-being, to invent some means of drawing the young away from their constant temptations and of providing in return an attractiveness in the home or in the church which would offset the allurements of dangerous amusements. His inventive mind, doubtless enlightened by divine aid, conceived the project of making the evening services of the

Oratory attractive, to the best of his ability. He therefore called to his aid all that Rome contained of distinction in the fields of poetry, of art, and of music. Through the efforts of eminent litterateurs and musicians he began, in the chapel of the Oratory, a series of religious entertainments. With the aid of Animuccia and of Palestrina he produced many representative scenes in Scripture history, or in honor of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, which were set to music and received the general name of Laudi, or praises. The entertainments were interspersed with prayers, thereby raising their religious character still higher. They became immensely popular, and later, in remembrance of the church in which they were first performed, were called oratorios.

It must be confessed, however, that the whole idea of the modern oratorio was not brought out in the little scenes of St. Philip; but they served at least as the germs out of which grew the great art form which today delights the musical world. The first attempt at a complete oratorio, in which the various airs and choruses were connected by a musical recitative, must be attributed to Emilio del Cavalieri. Two or three years after the death of the saint this composer set to music a work written by a celebrated poetess of the day, Laura Guidiccionè, and entitled a "Representation of the Soul and Body." The piece was performed in the year 1600 in one of our saint's churches, the Vallicella, with scenes, dialogues, decorations and chorus. The success of this production was the signal for many successive works of a like nature, until finally the oratorio came to be recognized as one of the great forms of the musical art.

We have spoken as briefly as possible of only one of the intellectual activities of this most lovable saint. In the other fields of human endeavor he will be found to display as great a zeal. Poet, artist, music-lover, he was above all a saint, and in that title all material excellences fade away into nothing. Yet in our human way it is a pleasure to think of one so highly blessed by God stopping by the way to sip the delicate essences of the flowers of harmony, that he might scatter them abroad like drops of blessed water to soothe the struggling soul and turn it, in the midst of its wanderings, towards the seat of all celestial harmonies, the dwelling place of God.

LOVE, THE REDBIRD.

BY ROBERT COX STUMP.

Love, the late redbird, when the stately sheaves
Are trodden in the croft, and summer gone
To spread her tresses to the southland's kiss,
Will whistle farly; straight our quickened sense
Sees stretching fields in sun-sweeps palpitant,
Or apple-buds that sweetened a lost May.
He sitteth there, most careless of musicians,
In scarlet panoply, upon a black-green bough
Of fir, the wind just moves to consciousness,
And then goes shuddering off. Full light he springs,
With satiate heart, and turns a sportive eye
Beguiling as of yore, upon my face,
Still fluting through the steady evenshine,
Albeit winter's feel is in the air,
And gathering mist-troops muster on the moors.

MY WISH.

BY JOSEPH LOUGHRY.

The poet sings, "Oh, fain would I
  Her dainty glovlet be."
What trifling gain would thence accrue
  In faith I cannot see.

Or yet again: "The perfumed rose
  Reclining on her breast
Could I replace, my heart would be
  Forever more at rest."

Why pine for fleeting joys like these
  Where true bliss may be gained?
My Lady's glove will only please
  The while it is unstained.

The dew-kissed bud she clasps at morn
  Exhaling draughts of June,
At night will reap my Lady's scorn,
  For roses fade but soon.

Were I to frame a wish I'd be
  My Lady's kindly heart,
That I might love and live with her
  Till death us two would part.

THE SHEEP OF THE SENOR.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

Had it not been for the sheep there there had been no story to write. On just such commonplace things sometimes the greatest tragedies hinge. A more unromantic place in which to portray human joy or woe could not be imagined, but the story was here and locality became a second matter.

Even the faint sea breeze which an hour ago swept over the brown sun-scorched hills had receded and scarcely a rustle of the dusty leaves of the lone sycamore, which marked the nearest adjacent hill as different from the others, was noticeable. Up on the thirsty landscape the lurid afternoon sun poured down like molten fire. As far as the eye could see, one continuous stretch of bare sun-baked hills and shrivelled grass, the steady merciless glare of light for miles with only the distant peaks of the rugged mountains to relieve it, and above the August sun.

The sheep bleated patiently as they cropped the hot Bermuda grass. A strange uneasiness was upon them; even sheep have more intelligence than a sleeping man, and the one lying in the scant shade of the sycamore had, for the last half hour, been oblivious to all that surrounded him, overcome by the stifling heat.

A whinny from a bronco tethered at a short distance from the sleeper caused him to stir. Again the pony whinnied and sniffed the air. The man sat up and, half stupified, gazed about him. His lips were dry and parched. He reached over and from under his coat drew a canteen and drank from it a long, deep draught. Then he staggered to his feet and looked about him with the feeling that something had happened while he slept.

Something had happened. But Juan Castelero did not yet comprehend its full significance. One thing he did understand, to the eastward hung a deep haze—a dusky, yellow glare, that, widening on either hand, shifted steadily toward him.

"El Diablo!" He muttered impatiently, "a sand storm, by the saints! As if the day were not purgatory as it is!"

The sheep were beginning to huddle together. Carlos, the bronco, pawed the ground restlessly. Juan was puzzled. He did not remember that he had ever seen animals show so much uneasiness at the approach of a sand storm.

He was still stupid with sleep, and had not his wits about him. Back in the hills, creeping nearer and nearer, writhed a twisting, yellow tongue of flame, licking up the dry grass like tinder and gaining in strength and velocity as it advanced.

Juan, fanning himself with his sombrero, suddenly grew wide awake. His eyes were upon that advancing dust-cloud, but their expression of annoyance had changed to a startled look. A dense, blue shadow now mingled with the dusky yellow of the atmosphere, while here and there a lurid light gleamed dully.

The man paled suddenly under the tan of his swarthy skin.

"Dios!" he muttered in terror, "the hills are on fire, and with that wind coming, Mother of God! What shall I do?"

While he was yet speaking a fierce gust, the advance guard of the storm, struck him, and an instant later he was enveloped in a whirlwind of sand and dust.

But one thought was uppermost in Juan's mind at that moment, the sheep of the Senor. Upon the faithful discharge of his duty depended the happiness of Juan, for their safety meant comfort and the well-being of Anita and the small dark-eyed son who bore his name.

Disaster to the sheep! Ah! well did Juan know, none better—for did he not work for a mere pittance and live in deadly terror of losing that—that the American Senor was a hard man and a close one; if one of the sheep were lost Juan would have the price deducted from his meagre wages, perhaps lose the work that was salvation to the three lives in the little adobe where Anita prayed every day that Juan might have work.

There was but one hope, for the wind was bringing the fire toward him with terrifying rapidity, and that was to reach the distant arrayo. Through its sandy, rocky bed, winter and summer, a tiny stream of water ran. Once he reached the arrayo with the flock they were safe, the fire could not cross it.

Hastily untying Carlos he vaulted into the saddle and giving the familiar call gathered the terrified herd and drove them before him through the fast increasing storm. It was a race for life with death close upon their heels. Juan's brain was in a whirl. The heat was overpowering, the smoke blinded and choked him, and the stinging sand lacerated his face. He heard the crackle of the fire above the bleating of the frightened sheep and the roar of the wind, and knew that the flames must soon overtake him.

Suddenly the bronco stumbled, his leg was broken. Juan sprang from his back; he knew that Carlos was doomed, but he dared not wait to speak even a word of sympathy or farewell. A cry of almost human woe rent the air, such a sound as only a horse in the throes of agony can give. Juan covered his ears with his hands and stumbled on guided by a face that had risen in his memory, or was it in the whirlwind of smoke and sand that he saw it? A dark tender face with scarlet lips and radiant eyes, the face of Anita, his sweetheart, his wife, his child's mother, the most precious thing upon earth to a good man. A sob escaped his parched lips, the tears fell over his smoke-grimed face like rain, but he did not know it.

"Anita mia, the saints bless thee, adorado!" he cried chokingly. Only to reach the arrayo! He felt his strength failing and threw up his hands with a bitter cry. And then—

Was it a vision? Or did a flying figure on horse-back, dash into the cloud of smoke? a woman's figure, slight and young. Dimly Juan saw it, as in a dream, dimly as in a dream he heard a clear, familiar voice, how strangely like Anita's! calling to him.

"Juan, mio, is it thou?"

Juan dropped upon his knees and made the sign of the cross. He knew it was an angel, it could not be Anita, she was at home with little Juan.

"Juan, courage, give me thy hand and up behind me with all haste!" The voice was crying "For thy life, Juan, for thy life!"

But Juan only muttered prayers, and suddenly the smoke swallowed up the phantom figure so like Anita's, and Juan could no longer see it. He could only hear the voice, fainter and fainter, still calling.

"Juan! Juan! I am here! I have lost thee in the smoke, but press on, beloved one, the Arrayo is near. Juan! Juan! Press on!"

The wind caught up the echo, "Juan! Juan!"

Juan staggered to his feet. "One must obey," he muttered. His eyes were full of blinding pain, his breath was on fire. As he stumbled through the smoke his feet struck a strip of sandy, rocky ground. He smiled vaguely, then he remembered only the gnawing pain that was consuming him, and then he remembered nothing. His feet had entered the Arrayo —and the Valley of the Shadow. At full length he lay upon the rocky bed, very, very still.

* * * * * *

A man stood under the pepper trees gazing anxiously towards the hills, a hard-visaged man, with narrow, shifty eyes and thin lips. His shaggy brows were drawn together in a deep scowl.

The sun was sinking behind the distant line of Eucalyptus trees, and a faint breeze stole down from the mountains, cooling the heated atmosphere.

The man started and uttered an exclamation of astonishment and relief. He had removed his eyes from the cloud of smoke issuing from the hills and was regarding the approach along the highway leading to the ranche, of a herd of panting, half-spent sheep. As they neared the irrigation ditch they broke into a mad stampede for the water.

Behind them on horseback was a woman, young but evidently very weary. The American, as she drew near, broke into angry imprecations. Silently she dismounted and came up to him. Her face was white, even the lips were pallid as death, her eyes held a strange fire.

The scowl on the man's face deepened. He struck out his hand toward the sheep, cursing savagely.

"Where is that lazy Juan? The rascal has deserted his post, and left my sheep to the care of a woman! I shall discharge him without his wages. You—why, you are his wife! How dare the scoundrel leave my flock to any woman? Why is he not here to answer?"

"Thy sheep are here—let that content thee," said the woman, coldly. "Juan cannot come, he is dead—he died in saving thy flock."

She spoke without emotion, but her great burning eyes were upon his face. They seemed to scorch him like fire. He shifted his feet uncomfortably, and then, as she turned to go, he drew a silver dollar from his pocket and held it reluctantly toward her.

"I will let my man go with you, and—and see what can be done, wait, I owe you something for your trouble."

She turned back slowly and saw the silver in his hand. For an instant she measured him from head to foot with her eyes and then deliberately spat at him.

A moment later she was riding away as if from a pestilence.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A thrilling story of Irish life, so simple, yet so dramatic, so wonderfully true in delineation that the art by which the incidents are woven together and worked up to the climax scarcely appears—such is Robert Buchanan's "Father Anthony." It has passed through several editions in England, attaining from its first appearance a wide popularity, and there is little doubt that the American edition will not prove equally successful. It is a hopeful sign of the times, when a non-Catholic like Mr. Buchanan can give in the pages of a novel such a finely drawn, sympathetic characterization of a Catholic priest and achieve such instant and pronounced success. Mr. Buchanan is in thorough sympathy with his subject. He has seen the places which he describes, having visited several times the western Irish coast; he has met the people and has learned to love them and to appreciate their simplicity and goodness. As a consequence the whole atmosphere of the book is exquisite and carries us along with a deep sense of appreciation of how thoroughly the author has entered into the spirit and feelings of the people whom he has portrayed before us.

The characters in this simple but fascinating story are all well-drawn, that of the young priest, Father Anthony, being as fine a portrait of the faithful priest as has appeared in English fiction.

New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

A stirring tale of the chivalric days in Spain in the time of Peter the Cruel is Mary F. Nixon's "God, the King, my Brother." The interest of this sprightly and interesting narrative centers about the fortunes of two English squires, who in youth enter the service of Pedro of Spain and meet with many adventures, until, with the help of the Black Prince of England, Pedro wins back his throne. There is a delicate vein of romance throughout the story that enhances its interest. A healthful, stirring romance of the brave days of old. Beautifully bound and printed.

Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.

We are almost too near to the events of the Boer war to obtain a just perspective. A very full narrative of the events of this war down to the taking of Pretoria may be found in a substantial volume, "In South Africa With Buller," by Captain George Clarke Musgrove. The book is written wholly from the English point of view, yet the exposition of the causes which led up to the war and the narrative of events during its progress are full of interest. The book is well gotten up and well supplied with maps and illustrations.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

Another volume of great present interest is "World-Crisis in China in 1900," by Allen S. Will of the Baltimore Sun. The author gives an accurate account of former uprisings in China and traces intelligently the chain of events which have led to the present deplorable state of affairs in the "Celestial kingdom." Just now it is an invaluable handbook of information for all who are interested in the outcome of the Chinese problem. With maps and illustrations.

Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. $1.00.

"A Child of Light" is a volume according to principles of the "new psychology" written to meet the increasing demand for a practical treatise on heredity and pre-natal culture. Whether one may accept all its conclusions or not, much valuable information may be found in its pages. The author, Newton U. Riddell, is a popular lecturer on "psychology," "Heredity," etc., and is well known to Chatauqua assemblies.

Chicago: Child of Light Publishing Co. $2.00.

A valuable handbook for students in Greek is "An Epitome of the New Testament," by Nicholas J. Stoffel, C. S. C., Professor of Greek at the University of Notre Dame. The professor details the story of the New Testament in the Greek which is peculiar to the sacred volume, and by short summaries of parables and events renders the study of Greek easier to the student. Such a volume should be of inestimable value in schools to those beginning Greek translation, as it accustoms the student to the translation of simple narrative before coming to the more difficult and involved style of the classic authors.

The University Press: Notre Dame, Indiana.

LITERARY NOTES.

From the very start the one idea of the publishers of BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE seems to have been to make the last number better than the one that preceded it. Following this out the September issue, which has just appeared, comes to us a full-fledged popular illustrated family paper, destined, we believe, to take the place in Catholic homes of the "Journals," "Companions," and similar publications often found there.

While preserving its old form it is, in every way, a new magazine. It now appeals not to any *one* of the Catholic family, but to *all*, particularly the mother, the wife, and the daughter. Its special articles are original, terse and well illustrated; its women's department contains the latest and choicest in fashions, home adornment, and household matters. Its fiction—both serials and short stories—is the best to be had for love or money, for it is by such well-known and well-liked writers as Father Finn, Marion Ames Taggart, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "Theo Gift," Maurice Francis Egan, Mary G. Bonesteel, Marion J. Brunowe, Mary C. Crowley, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mary T. Waggaman, Katharine Jenkins, Sallie Margaret O'Malley, Anna T. Sadlier, Magdalen Rock, Esther Robertson, etc. A new illustrated novel by Katharine Tynan Hinkson begins in this number. Nor are the father, the son, and the brother forgotten; sports, popular science and the newest inventions will hold their interest; while games and amusements for younger folks, and short stories and jolly plays for the little tots show that all have been considered.

And yet the price remains the same, one dollar a year. What more can be asked? Live agents, men and women, can make easy money by getting subscriptions for this magazine, and we advise them to write to the publishers.

Among the most prominent publishers of books for schools are D. C. Heath & Company. Their fall announcements include nearly sixty volumes. Among those that are of especial interest are the following:

Pratt's America's Story for America's Children. A series of five volumes suited to the needs of children from seven to twelve years of age. In this series the author has had the rare good sense to do justice to the memory of the early Catholic pioneers. The first two volumes in the series are now ready. The remaining volumes will follow at short intervals.

Another interesting volume upon history is Thomas's Elementary History of the United States, which is one of the most attractive and impartial presentations of the subject that has been made.

The publishers will be glad to furnish full information concerning all of their new and old text books. Our readers may be interested to know that it is probable that the sales of the Walsh Arithmetics and the Natural System of Vertical Writing will this year be much larger than ever before. This is especially gratifying to Catholics who have taken so general interest in these valuable series.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 835 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

HIGHEST AWARD AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. has been awarded the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Paris Exposition for the superior quality of its Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. This is the highest award given at the Exposition.

This Company was established in 1857 and are the largest manufacturers of milk products in the world. Gail Borden originated the process for condensing milk and in that year the great industry was started. Borden's brands are used throughout the world by consumers generally, and are deemed an indispensable supply for armies and navies, a superior food for infants and a great milk product for general use.

QUESTION BOX.

What is the name of the Princess whom the Pope allowed to marry a Protestant with the understanding that her girls should be raised Catholics and her boys Protestants? Why did the Pope refuse to grant the Princess of Orleans the above favor or privilege?

We would be indebted to our correspondent for the very name she asks for. No doubt she has heard this vague rumor, or has read it in some yellow journal. But it is time that Catholics should hesitate a little before accepting all kinds of statements in regard to their rulers. Rome is still the centre of Catholicity, and the Holy Father does not find himself at all permitted to change divine decrees. So, recognizing the will of God, he has not granted to any princess, be she of Orleans or elsewhere, a "favor" or "privilege" opposed to the law of heaven. We say opposed to the law of heaven, because it would be directly against God's own will to grant such a "favor" as is referred to. For after all, the Church has its limitations. With laws of its own making, it has the power of change or dispensation. But, in regard to the positive will of God, who can suppose that it has power to alter that? In this very matter under consideration, the law is not of the Church's institution, but is of divine decree. It is not the Church which has primarily fixed the salvation of man as the end of his existence; it is not the Church that has first written: this is the will of God, your sanctification; it is not the Church, which has marked out the road to heaven. These all belong to God Himself, and the Church only speaks in His name, acts with His authority as she teaches not her own will, but that which has been decided on in the eternal counsels of heaven. "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" "One God, one faith, one baptism;" are not mere words, but the teaching of St. Paul. And the Church cannot alter one syllable of God's will. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," says the Lord Jesus Christ, "but my word shall not pass away." And why did Christ establish His Church in security, so that the gates of hell should not prevail against her? Why did He promise to send the Holy Spirit, and why did He fulfill that promise, if not to save from human error, and to give us all the assurance that the Church established by Him shall be always true to Him and to His teachings? Now, in the matter before us, the Church has no choice. It is not in her power to permit that some of the children shall be brought up outside her influence. The Catholic father or the mother who would consent to such arrangement would be guilty before God of grievous fault. How much more the Church, knowing as she does the will of God. Father or mother may bring in the excuse of ignorance. The Church cannot. She is the depository of truth. Therefore, the Church never consented to any such arrangement. But our correspondent read it somewhere. But you you should look to the authority given, you should require proofs, substantial, indisputable. Detraction, calumny, slander have ever been considered handy weapons of attack against the spouse of Him who was mocked by Herod and condemned by Pilate. The disciple is not above his master, and the Church cannot escape from the persecution of falsehoood that was endured by the Lord Jesus Christ. If any such arrangement was made, it was done simply and solely by the parents, without any knowledge on the part of the Church.

Now, the venom of the lie is in this: persons poorly instructed look upon the promises exacted by the Church, at the marriage of a Catholic to a non-Catholic, as a mere formula. Some go farther than to merely consider these promises as indifferent, they even say that the Church does not expect to see them fulfilled. Whether it be ignorance or malice that so informs people, truth is still mighty, and lifts up her severe voice in condemnation. The promise that *all* the children born of a marriage of a Catholic and non-Catholic shall be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith is no idle promise. Unless that promise is made, no priest will assist at the marriage. The priest cannot

make any compromise. Why, it is not his law, nor simply the law of the Church. It is eternal law of God, regarding the salvation of immortal souls. The priest cannot permit the question of sex to enter, as if the lack of faith in one parent should be an excuse for the grievous deprivation of faith to the children of the same sex as that parent. See how absurd it is to a believer. And notice what the priest sees as the only course left, when he refuses to marry those who will not make the necessary promises. The marriage will be performed elsewhere without the blessing, with the condemnation of the Church, and with a mortal sin on the part of the Catholic. Even so, there cannot be any compromise, any lessening of the law of God. We insist that here is no question of a mere human decision, but a decree of heaven. And it will be always well to remember that the Church in her dispensations or favors does not go beyond her powers, nor dare to invade the rights of God. Like the Blessed Virgin Mary, she is the handmaid of the Lord to hear His voice, and to say the will of of the Lord be done.

Analogous to this question of our correspondent are many incidents handed down as facts to the unwary, which, on investigation, lack the necessary qualities of truth. Sometimes parties have been married by the priest and have then stood before the Protestant minister to have him perform the marriage ceremony of his church. This has been the private compromise by which the Protestant party has consented to stand before the Catholic priest. Then the rumor goes abroad, and scandal is given. And what is the explanation? Simply this, that no word was ever given to the priest that such action was in view. The parties came to him to arrange for marriage, and he had no reason to suppose them so stupid or so villainous as that they should mean to leave him, and, already married, go through an empty ceremony before a minister. We do not regard people as deliberate liars or as fools until we have learned by experience of their moral or mental weakness. But then, the priest once so deceived is likely to inquire diligently in future so that no such action may take place. The impression is sent out that the priest said it was all right, whereas, they know, and every Catholic knows, that the priest would absolutely refuse to assist at a marriage, unless he and he alone should be the officiating minister. A few years ago rumor was busy in circulating a report that certain parties of prominence had, with the approbation of high authorities in the Church, been favored with a Catholic marriage to please the groom, and then with another marriage to please the bride. And this was not so. The groom belonged to a nation in Europe which insisted on civil marriage, and so to conform to the law of his country, he appeared after his Catholic marriage before a representative of the law. It was not the bride's action at all, and the whole matter was simply equivalent to the appearing of one or both of the parties intending marriage before a city or a town clerk to obtain a marriage license. This man had to secure a certificate after as well as before marriage. Would that our Catholics took a few moments of reflection before swallowing so greedily the wild statements of the daily irresponsible press.

Quite recently one of the leading journals of the United States in its editorial columns made a statement reflecting on the honesty and truth of some Catholics in China. If its language were the language of truth, then these Chinese Catholics were simply base hypocrites. Being asked to give authority for its statement, this influential journal had no authority to offer other than mere hearsay, and a conjecture that it thought this might explain what otherwise it could not reason out. Being taken to task, and having presented to it arguments based on the Scripture, on learning, and on the practice of Catholics, all tending to show how baseless and frivolous was the assumption made by the paper against the Chinese Catholics, this great journal had no answer to make, but that it admired the erudition of the priest who sent in the explanation, that it was glad to learn that the reverend writer appeared—only appeared, mind you—to believe the end did not justify the means. Thus it to the very last sought to leave the impression that if even this one believed as he wrote, he was only an exception to the great mass of deceiving and double-faced Catholics. Beware of statements made in the daily press regarding the Catholic Church. Look not there for truth. We offer this incident to indicate the harm so frequently done by statements founded on prejudice, ignorance and hatred, read by those who absorb the poison, but take little interest

in the antidote afterwards offered. Voltaire, and he was an enemy and hater of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Church, gave out as his maxim: "Lie, lie always; some of the mud is sure to stick."

PARIS AWARD FOR THE PRUDENTIAL.

The award of gold medals for American exhibits has just been made at the Paris Exposition, and the first and only life insurance company in the United States to get a gold medal or an award of any kind is The Prudential.

It comes as a formal and official recognition of The Prudential's excellent policies and modern business methods, and the officers feel justly proud that theirs is the only company to be paid such a well-merited honor.

The Company's exhibit was made at the request of the United States government, and the award carries with it a double significance, for it bears witness to the unique status of The Prudential in the world of life insurance and to the high character of American exhibits in general.

The fact that The Prudential was also able to get up such a comprehensive and exhaustive exhibit on such short notice from the government authorities, and, besides, one that received the only prize awarded to American life insurance companies, speaks volumes for its excellent office system and accurate business methods, and makes it clear that the Company has its business in all its branches under thorough control.

The Prudential gave the initiative to the idea of Industrial life insurance in the United States in 1875, and, from that time until the present, The Prudential has been its foremost exponent, and its policies have been held as the best and most liberal examples of modern life insurance contract.

To receive a high award is one thing, but to receive the first and only award attests not only the Company's commanding place in the life insurance world, but is equally a tribute to those of its management, to whose untiring efforts the success of the company is so largely due. The Prudential's award suggests the epigram, "Praise is praise when well addressed."

SPALDING GETS THE GRAND PRIX.

New York, Sept. 8, 1900.—Word has been received that American business ingenuity has again been rewarded at the Paris Exposition, this time in a new line. Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Bros. have received the Grand Prix of the Exposition for the best exhibition of goods and implements in the world. The Spalding exhibit is located in the American section, in the Building of Varied Industries. It not only deserves the prize it received, but is also regarded by many as the finest representation of any one line of goods in the American section. On three side walls are displayed in a very artistic manner, implements of the following sports: Baseball, with a line of bats, balls, masks, gloves, protectors, and all the other paraphernalia of the game; Lawn Tennis with a great variety of rackets and nets; Golf, in clubs of all kinds, from the humblest iron to the queerest of bulgers. There is also shown a great variety of gymnastic exercisers. Photographs of all the leading American games are shown. A mammoth case of quartered oak with bronze trimmings, which stands in the centre of the space is the artistic feature of the exhibition. Inside this in clever grouping are shown not only baseball, lawn tennis and golf supplies, but also football, basket ball and croquet supplies, striking bags, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, dumb bells, ice and roller skates, guns and hunting clothes, fishing supplies and landing nets, and many other interesting implements which must be known to every visitor to the Exposition.

IN DOUBT.

And the prayer changed; "Out of the depths,
We lift our cry to Thee.
Grant her, O Lord, perpetual light,
Eternal rest, with Thee!"

Donahoe's Magazine.

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ALL SOULS' DAY.

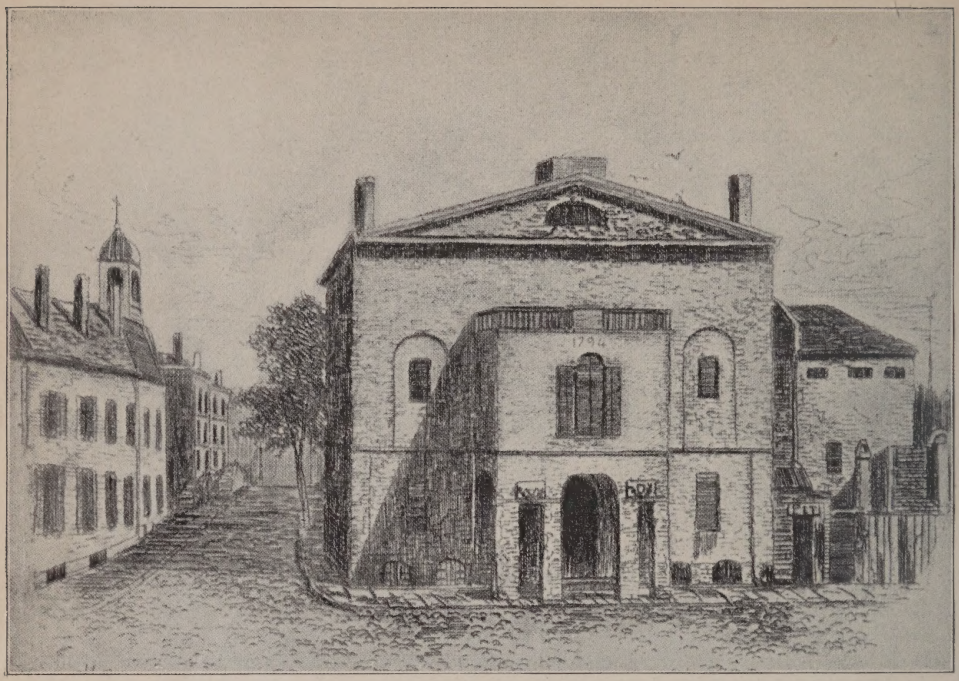
BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"For oh! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware,
Can never rest on earth again."

"Depart, O Christian soul, in peace,
Unto thy Saviour's breast!
We would not keep thee from His arms,
We who have loved thee best.
Depart, O Christian soul, in peace,
Where welcoming angels stand!"
So sang the women, waiting near
For death's supreme command.

How should the struggling soul break loose
From all earth's tenderest ties?
Yet the breath faded from the lips,
The love-light from the eyes;
And the prayer changed; "Out of the depths,
We lift our cry to Thee.
Grant her, O Lord, perpetual light,
Eternal rest, with Thee!"

Peace on the pallid, patient brow,
Where death's sure seal is set;—
But the soul sees, and the soul hears,
And never will forget.
It is not that she loved us less,
When light, for her, grew dim;
But they who see the Face of God
Must needs leave all, for Him!



OLD BOSTON THEATRE, (ERECTED IN 1794). ON THE LEFT IS SHOWN THE TOWER OF THE CATH. CATHEDRAL BUILT IN 1813, CORNER OF FRANKLIN AND DEVONSHIRE STS.

BOSTON OF OTHER DAYS.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Idly opening at random a book that lay on my desk, sent in for review purposes, my eye caught this elegant effusion:

> And lo! from out a dirty alley,
> Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
> I saw a crazy woman sally
> Bedaubed with grease and mud.

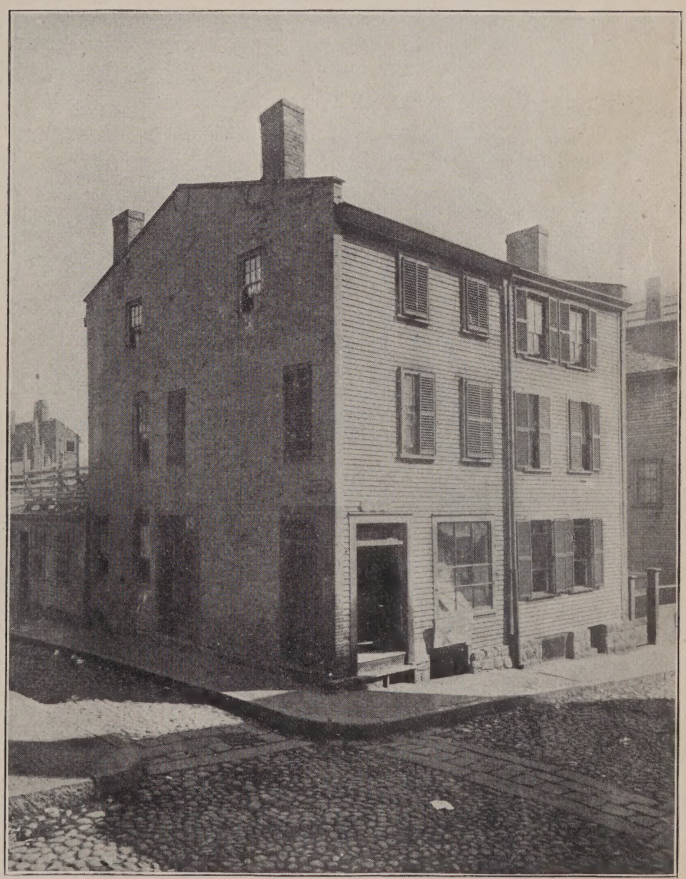
Naturally I wanted to know who had paid such a delicate compliment to my race, particularly as the title of the book, "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston"* would lead many to dip into its pages for information. Taking up a chapter here and there I found much interesting matter, and also that on several occasions Mr. Drake, the author, had gone out of his way to make some mean little thrusts at the Irish, defects that seriously mar the volume, and will go far to defeat the compiler's purpose, if he hopes to popularize the work as a reference. In preparing his new edition, Mr. Drake should have taken care to eliminate such evidences of bad taste as the lines that provoked this censure. They reflect little credit on his heart, and still less on his head—if he have an eye to business.

Here is another instance of the rankling dislike of the race dominant

*A new edition published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass.

in Boston of today. "Some one has called the Irish the finest peasantry in the world," says Mr. Drake, "but perhaps he has never seen them herded together in our great cities." And again, when moved to more eloquent description, he characterizes them as "those disenchanting features of our antiquarian pursuit." When this same pursuit leads him into the vicinity of Fort Hill, he has this to say of the residents, "The streets which struggled up the hill were once peopled by a highly respectable class, but Broad Street and the outlying works were soon carried by the Irish, and the citadel was yielded to them." It may be permissible to introduce here the personal experience of Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the venerable publisher, who holds the respect of the entire community for the sterling integrity of his long and busy life in the city of his adoption. No better evidence can be produced to prove the progress the race has made. Writing to the Boston Globe, Mr. Donahoe says:

"Eighty years ago the city of Boston was a very different looking city from what it is now. I remember well indeed when there were no railroads or steamboats or street cars or gas lights or telegraphs or telephones. The facilities for travel or communication were simple and few. Certainly it is staggering to pause and think of the great changes that have come about.



CHARTER HOUSE. BUILT IN 1660, BY JOHN FOSTER, A PROMINENT BOSTON MERCHANT. HERE WAS SECRETED THE COLONIAL CHARTER OF THE MASS. BAY COLONY DURING THE TROUBLOUS TIMES OF 1681.

OLD CORNER BOOKSTORE. BUILT 1712.

If I were to try to select some one of the wonderful improvements that I have witnessed and call it the greatest achievement that has been realized in my time, I should find myself in a state of much perplexity, because all these things that I have mentioned are equally marvelous works of the hand of God.

But there is one thing that appeals to me as the most remarkable achievement that has touched my own personal life more closely than anything else that I have seen come to pass in the eighty years that I remember in Boston.

I shall not speak of the vast material improvement brought about by discoveries and inventions; with those we are all familiar. But what seems to me to have been the greatest achievement of my time has been the progress of the Irish race in

HARTT HOUSE, HULL STREET, COPP'S HILL. BUILT 1723. EDMUND HARTT, THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE HOUSE, BUILT THE SHIP "CONSTITUTION."

PAUL REVERE HOUSE.

America, and as I have observed it, in Boston.

When I attended school in this city as a little emigrant boy, eighty years ago, I was the only boy of Irish birth in the school, and the only boy I daresay of alien birth. There was no business or profession in the city in which a man of Irish birth had a conspicuous place, or, I believe, any place at all. I look back upon that period and compare it with the present time, and I am overwhelmed by the contrast.

In every profession in this great metropolis today, in every important commercial avocation, the men of Irish parents occupy prominent places. They are so great a part of the life of the city that to subtract them from the population would leave the city poor indeed.

I have watched the growth and progress of the Irish race in Boston, and nothing seems to me to have been more remarkable or gratifying. There is no man of my race alive in this city today who was here when I began life in Boston so many years ago. I remember well the first efforts of the race in this town to carve its way to success, and I remember what a hard task was presented. But I have lived to see it accomplished, and the tremendous extent to which it has been accomplished seems to me to be the greatest achievement that has ever come under my observation.

And in all these years I have

OLD FEATHER STORE AND FANEUIL HALL.

watched the growth and development of a spirit of toleration and good-will toward the alien. The alien in my early days was a noticeable figure because he was so few. Today the man of alien birth or parentage is so numerous that he no longer is especially noticeable. I have seen Boston grow step by step to its present splendid position, and I have seen the native and the foreign-born working together in the common cause of civic development, and I am willing to call this spirit and its results the most wonderful achievement I have witnessed."

The little Irish lad must have had a weary time as the sole representative of his race in that school eighty years ago. Mr. Drake affords us a glimpse at the system obtaining in the modern school less than fifty years back:

"The modern school acquired some notoriety in 1859, from a rebellion of the Catholic pupils against the reading of the ten commandments, which caused no little excitement in the old North End. Various attempts have been made from time to time to prohibit the reading of the scriptures in the public schools, one of which gave rise to the following mot of Rufus Choate; "What! banish the bible from schools! Never, while there is a piece of Plymouth Rock left large enough to make a gun-flint of!"

Poor Rufus! Does he know the "goings-on" in the godless schools that are the boast of present Boston?

The amount of space devoted to "the origin of the Romish worship in Boston" is altogether disproportioned to the importance of the subject, but Mr. Drake does find time to pay a gracious tribute to Bishop Cheverus "sincerely beloved in Boston by Protestants and Catholics alike." I wish

the author had shown this kindly spirit more frequently, it is so much pleasanter to acknowledge kindness than to point out shortcomings. One would like to read more, very much more, of the gentle prelate who wrote to Bishop Carroll, "Send me where I am most needed without making yourself anxious about the means of supporting me." The Landmarks did not help me to find a description of the palace of Bishop Cheverus, so, for a moment, I turned to another source of information, and was rewarded with this: "His Episcopal palace was a single room, which served alike for his reception room and sleeping chamber. His bedstead helped to seat his company when his few chairs proved insufficient. He dressed plainly, was content with simple fare, employed no attendant, split his own firewood; yet he was assiduous in the performance of his duties, going miles by day or night to administer the consolations of religion to the sick, or material assistance and advice to the poor and oppressed."

Surely here was a "personage" worthy of a chapter to himself and his work!

"Nothing can be permanent save the written record," says Mr. Drake, —deploring the disappearance of historic landmarks as the march of progress demanded their removal,—and for this very reason such record should show no race prejudice or narrow discrimination. It is like being subjected to uncalled-for insult while enjoying a pleasure to which one was bidden, to chance on such contemptible gibes as I have noted in Mr. Drake's otherwise enjoyable book.

An interesting chapter is that devoted to "Liberty Tree and Its Neighborhood." This famous tree was planted in 1666, and cut down in 1775 by a frenzied gang under the leadership of one Job Williams, because it bore the name of Liberty. Its site was the scene of stirring events. When Lafayette reached Boston, after riding forty miles in one night to keep his word to be in the city at a certain time, an arch was erected on this spot, and as he rode by, uncovered, in the barouche with Mr. Quincy, he bowed incessantly to the multitudes assembled there, and is said to have remarked, "The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree." Mr. Drake gives this description of the location:

"In the wall of the building at the southeast corner of Essex Street, at its junction with Washington, we see a handsome freestone bas-relief, representing a tree with wide-spreading branches. This memorial is placed directly over the spot where stood the famed Liberty Tree," so-called from being used on the first occasion of resistance to the obnoxious Stamp Act.

To expedite the finding of this historic place by a stranger, I take the liberty of supplementing Mr. Drake's information by calling attention to the fact that this corner is now recognized most readily as the site of The Pilot Office, and that just over the way DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is published in the building occupying the ground on which stood Peggy Moore's hostelry, and later the Boylston Market, a market with a hall above, where in 1822 Charles Mathews gave his "Trip to Paris," in order, so says Mr. Clapp, "To meet the wants of those holy puritans who would not visit the theatre to see an entertainment which

Tremont Street from Court to Bromfield St
As it appeared in 1800

View of Tremont Street from Bromfield to West Street
As it appeared in 1800.

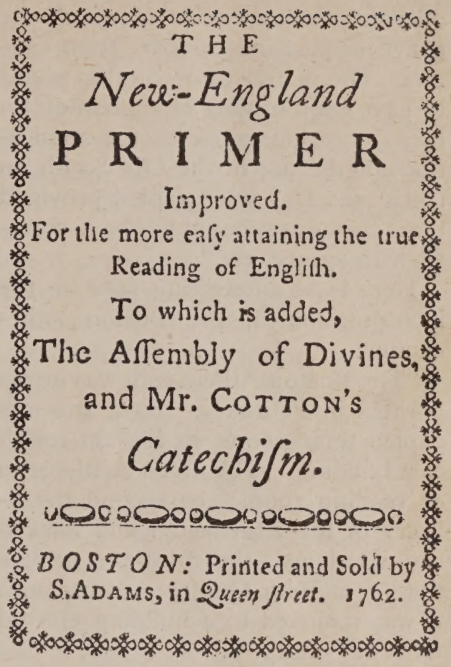
View of Tremont Street from West Street to Boylston Street
As it appeared in 1800.

View of Boylston St. from Tremont to Carver.
As it appeared in 1800.

they patronized in a hall." What panic would have seized them if they had been permitted to look into the future and see the plant of an Irish Catholic publication in active operation on this spot!

We are told that in Peggy Moore's day "The vicinity was the usual halting place for the country people coming into town with their garden produce. Then ox-teams were the rule, few farmers having horses, and the neighborhood of Peggy Moore's was usually a scene of plenty and jollity. From the shrewdness with which barter was carried on, the place was dubbed shaving corner, and among the keen blades who trafficked on this exchange, none, it was said, excelled William Foster of the neighboring lane. Even the future president may have cheapened his joint here, or turned the scale in his favor by a call at Peggy Moore's."

Here was a change from the earlier days when the townsfolks were "grave and austere" in bearing, and the watch, eight in number, walked by rule "two and two, a youth joined with an older and more serious person." These instructions seem a trifle arbitrary, but were quite of a part with the issuing of such decisions as that "one Edward Palmer" be compelled to sit for an hour in a pair of stocks he had made for the city, and for which he was accused of asking an excessive price, and that Captain Stone be sentenced to pay a fine of 100 pounds, and be prohibited from coming within the patent without the governor's leave, upon the pain of death, for calling Mr. Ludlow (a magistrate) a Justass." Endicott appears as the champion of ladies whose friv-


THE
New-England
PRIMER
Improved.
For the more eaſy attaining the true Reading of Engliſh.
To which is added,
The Aſſembly of Divines, and Mr. COTTON's
Catechiſm.
BOSTON: Printed and Sold by S. ADAMS, in *Queen ſtreet.* 1762.

TWO PAGES OF THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

olity in wearing veils incurred the grave displeasure of Rev. John Cotton. The matter of decoration seems to have been a bone of contention on many occasions as when the application for the use of the Old South on Christmas Day was granted provided that "the house should not be decorated with spruce, etc."

Here is an interesting note on the incorporation of the Boston Athenaeum:

"The Boston Athenaeum was incorporated in February, 1807, and occupied three rooms in the old rough cast building. The first was the news or reading room; the second the library of the Athenaeum and American Academy; the third the private library of John Quincy Adams, until it was removed to a building erected for it at Quincy."

Of Faneuil Hall and its founder we are told that:

"Peter Faneuil is best known as the munificent donor of Faneuil Hall to the town of Boston. He was born at New Rochelle, near New York, in 1700; was the wealthiest Bostonian of his day, and after living only forty-two years, died suddenly of dropsy in 1742. Like many of his contemporaries he was a slaveholder, and there was a sort of poetic justice in the fact that the first steps for the emancipation of slaves in Boston, were taken in Faneuil Hall." That Peter was not scrupulous in regard to revenue dues is revealed in one of his letters when he asks the pertinent question "what good French brandy is worth, and if it be possible to cloak it so as to ship it for rum."

Mr. Faneuil lived as befitted a merchant prince, owning a chariot and coach, with English horses for state occasions, and a two and four-wheeled chaise for ordinary purposes. His cellar was bursting with good wine, arrack, beer, Cheshire and Gloucester cheeses, and he died owner of eight buildings in Cornhill and King Street, with many vessels and parts of vessels." In Faneuil Hall, Trumbull exhibited, in 1818, his picture of the Declaration, on seeing which, John Adams pointed to the door next Hancock's chair and said, "There, that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for Commander-in-Chief of the American Army."

Scollay Square is another point of much interest for its associations. The Scollays came from the Orkneys, and in 1692 John Scollay leased the Winnisimmet Ferry, and in the Revolutionary period another John Scollay became prominent as a Fire Ward and a Selectman. His son, William, gave his name to the buildings after which the Square was named. He was an apothecary and lived on Tremont Street where the Boston Museum now stands.

On Court Street, once Prison Lane, stood the Old Prison, where the notorious Captain Kidd was committed in 1699, after his vessel had been seized. He was afterward sent to London, on the King's order, and was hanged at Execution Dock. Mr. Drake traces his career as follows:

"He was an officer in the British army prior to 1691, married in this country, and had commanded a merchant ship owned by Robert Livingstone, a wealthy New York merchant. When, in 1695, the coast of New England was infested with pirates, Livingstone proposed to the Earl of Bellomont to employ Kidd to go in

pursuit of them, and offered to share the expense of fitting out a vessel. Application was made to the home government for a thirty gun ship, and a commission for Kidd for this purpose; but the government being then unable to furnish a vessel, the Earl of Bellomont, Lords Halifax, Somers, Romney, Oxford and others contributed, with Livingstone, to fit Kidd out in the Adventure Galley. He received a commission from the Court of Admiralty in December, 1695, authorizing him to cruise against the king's enemies."

But Kidd became a pirate on his own account, and on his return to New England was arrested. A pot of gold dug up on Long Island in 1790 was supposed to be part of his booty, and many a search has been made for his treasure.

In the present Court House the fugitive slave cases were tried, and here, too, Professor John W. Webster received the death sentence for the murder of Dr. Parkman, at the Massachusetts Medical College. Dr. Parkman went to the college to keep an appointment with Webster, and was never again seen alive. At the trial there was a most affecting scene when the daughters of the accused gave their evidence, fully believing in their father's innocence. He was convicted and executed in the enclosure of the Leverett Street jail.

In Old Boston, the historian tells us, that the first object attracting the attention of the traveler journeying towards Boston was the gallows, standing as a monument of civilization at the gates. It was at first situated near the old fortification on the easterly side of the Neck, but stood at a later period not far from the site of the New England Conservatory of Music.

On Cornhill, near where Goldthwait's carpet store is now, Paul Revere had his shop, and on North Square the house that was his residence, and probably his birth-place, still stands. It is difficult to imagine Summer Street as a pasture of two acres, resounding with the tinkling of cow bells, but such it was as late as 1815. In Chauncy Street, Daniel Webster made his home, received Lafayette, and at times less welcome visitors, his pressing creditors. It is related that on one occasion he "was dunned by a needy tradesman for a trifling sum, and, after emptying his pockets in vain, he bade his visitor wait until he could call on a friend near at hand for the money. The loan was no sooner asked than obtained, but at his own door Mr. Webster was met by an application from another friend for a deserving charity, to whom he gave the money he had borrowed, and returned empty-handed to his creditor."

The chapter, "A Visit to the Old Shipyards" is chiefly taken up by the history of the sturdy old Constitution, well worth reading. The "ill-fated ship," as the superstitious styled it, because the first two efforts to get it off the ways were unsuccessful, was destined to make a noble record, and bring lasting fame to Edmund Hartt in whose shipyard the Pride of the American Navy was built.

The tour of the Common (with its many reminiscences of duels, executions, spinning contests, marshalling of troops, etc.), and through Valley Acre, Bowling Green, and West Boston, back again to Liberty Tree, is a round of instructive experiences

with many a pause at memorable landmarks closely associated with the city's history.

The route followed by the intrepid Mohawks who turned the contents of 342 chests of tea into the waters of the bay, and the haunts from which they sallied, also receive due attention. The story of the Tea Party is one that may be read again and again without lessening of interest. Mr. Drake relates this little anecdote of the adventure:

"It is said that on their return from the wharf the band passed a house where Admiral Montague of the fleet happened to be, and that he raised the window and cried out, 'Well, boys, you've had a pleasant evening for your Indian caper, haven't you? But mind, you have got to pay the fiddler yet?' 'O, never mind!' shouted Pitts, the leader; 'never mind, Squire! just come out here, if you please, and we'll settle the bill in two minutes.' The populace raised a shout, the fifer struck up a lively air, and the admiral shut the window in a hurry."

The women of those days are given due credit for their fine spirit, and honorable mention of their connection with stirring events is frequently made. Their heroism in refusing to drink taxed tea is fully appreciated by modern lovers of this favorite beverage. Here and there in references to their home life one chances on a bit worthy of Cranford. The following is an instance in point:

"It has always been the fate of some who have known better days to become dependents on public charity. One notable instance is mentioned of the daughter of a clergyman of the French Protestant church having sought and obtained an asylum in the Old Almshouse. She continued to visit and be received into the houses of her former friends, who, with intuitive delicacy, forbore to question her on her residence."

When "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages in Boston" is sent forth in a future edition it is to be hoped that it will indeed be what the author claims the present volume is, "a labor of love." Compiled with malice towards none it would be a valuable book, and a welcome one, bearing "a hearty greeting to all true Bostonians and to all others, wherever born, who shall derive from the story of a great past, hope and inspiration for a still greater future."

THE INDIRECT INCREASE OF WAGES.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Labor Question came none too soon for the good of society. Whatever opinions may be held as to its intrinsic merits, all must agree that it provided the clergy with the proper initiative in practical treatment of the problems that beset the question of the hour. Without its encouragement individual priests might have hesitated in accepting the responsibility and the disagreeable notoriety which attend a public expression of their opinions. Moreover the labor question is one of the most puzzling that society and government have to deal with at the present time, and the most skilful might well hesitate before mingling in its difficulties and dangers. But the leader having spoken, the rank and file have only to line up for the struggle. The Encyclical was the official announcement of a fact with which all civilized governments have long been familiar, but which all have by tacit agreement kept out of sight: that the working populations of the world have one serious and righteous grievance against society in the insufficient wages paid them. There was a general expectation that the Encyclical would recommend some new plan or scheme for the juster distribution of labor's earnings. The disappointment in not finding such a plan led many to overlook the real and tremendous significance of the Encyclical: that it lifted the labor question into a foremost place in political councils and practically pledged the Catholic millions to the task of solving it.

Hence no time is to be wasted in discussing with purblind optimists the fine condition of the workers in America as to wages and environment. There is a labor question, and that is the end of it. The workers are not getting the wages they have earned, and to which they are entitled. This has been made painfully evident to Americans by the constant and very serious disturbances between masters and workmen for the past twenty years; still more by the bitterness of spirit, the unrest, the desperation so often shown by both parties in the struggle; most of all by the tremendous strikes in which society itself was threatened. That the breadwinners should in one moment become so desperate and disloyal as to risk the stability of the national institutions is a proof of the straits to which low wages has reduced them. The workers are the most conservative of our population. The men who have small families dependent upon them, who are struggling to secure a small competence for old age, who dread the anxiety, the uncertainty, the poverty, the change of locality, and other evils that inevitably follow a strike, do not rush into a struggle with capital hastily and without thought, and then apply the torch to the property of their employers in the madness of failure. It is only after long and patient endurance of frequent cuts in wages, when it has been made plain to them that the employer will cease reducing wages only under the stress of a strike, when the semi-starvation

of half-paid labor is only slightly preferable to starvation direct, that the workers accept the pitiable alternative of a strike. Whether they win or lose it is surely a time of anxiety and bitter suffering for them until work is resumed again, for the simple reason that the grand majority among them live from hand to mouth, and rarely have sufficient to support them in idleness beyond a month.

The labor disturbances of the past twenty years had their foundation in real suffering on the part of the people. When the Huns and Poles of the great mining regions struck again and again to retain their miserable wages, wages fifty per cent lower than the natives whom these Huns displaced were able to live on, it can be conceived by the inexperienced to what depths employers like Frick were willing to sink their workers. Wages in America have had a downward course for the last two decades. There is a tendency in wages at all times towards the starvation point; that is, the least possible sum for which a workman can be induced or forced to give his employer service. This tendency is purely artificial. It is caused not by the economic conditions, but rather by the economic views of the employer, who classes human labor with the other expenses of production, and treats it accordingly. Wages are never voluntarily raised by the average employer, no matter how great the profits of the business may be; the employer considering it as absurd to raise wages unforced as to pay more than the market price for his raw material. The labor of men is rated with the raw material, and when expenses are to be cut down for the sake of greater dividends or to pay the robber's percentage on watered stock, wages are reduced with the same heartlessness as if workmen were lampposts. This is the common view of labor even among the workers themselves; and the result of this separation of the man from that activity by which he lives is the utterly inhuman regard of the average employer for his workmen, and the steady reduction of wages.

A volume could be written to describe and explain the fall in wages since the panic of 1873. The decline has been steady and serious. It accounts for the restlessness, the bitterness of the workers toward capitalists, and the numerous fierce uprisings against the railroad and mining corporations. The unskilled workman struggles through the year on a dollar a day; the factory hand is taxed to his utmost strength to get the same. In the departments requiring some skill two dollars a day reminds the earner of the time when his wages were a third more and the labor lighter. The mining business no longer attracts any but the cheapest European workmen; the same story can be told of a half hundred trades that once afforded good living wages; and it is best told in the impressive fact that women and children in many occupations do the work once done by grown men. The trades protected by strong unions alone have been able to hold their ground, and these only in the great cities. What a commentary on our methods is it that these unions are strong and able to cope with greedy employers because they use the unjust methods of unjust employers! They keep up wages to the top notch, let prices and profits be what they may; they refuse to take boys as apprentices and have actually destroyed the apprentice system, in order to keep

their numbers small; they dictate to employers what they shall and shall not do in certain matters with the very insolence formerly peculiar to the masters; and they conduct the business of the unions with unparalleled selfishness. As the employers taught the arts of autocracy, they cannot complain of their disciples. Where numerous the unions are very successful in securing good wages. But scarcely a third of the workers of the country are connected with labor societies, and in the struggle to secure living wages the grand majority are quite helpless, with the prospect of becoming more helpless as the great corporations called trusts increase in number and power.

It is well understood by the workers that wages will never rise of themselves, or by any act of their employers. A rise is to be got only by asking at the point of the bayonet,—in other words, only by the threat of a strike or by actually striking. We hear much wisdom on the subject of strikes from the wiseacres nowadays, and truly the cost of these uprisings is tremendous. But has any sage yet pointed out a cheaper method of securing just wages, or calling public attention in a forcible manner to the injustices practised upon the workers? No practical employer will raise wages one per cent until he is forced. In the present barbarous condition of society on this point he would regard such a proceeding as unsafe; and it would certainly subject him to annoyance from his kind, perhaps insolence from the unions. At present there is no other method by which wages can be directly raised than by the strike,—an orderly quitting of work by the workers at a moment when employers find a strike costly, perhaps ruinous. Before ridiculing and condemning this engine of economic strife, it is well to recall that to it are due the larger part of the better conditions now enjoyed by workmen; the shorter hours, high wages, and protection to life in dangerous occupations; and that wages would be still lower in many trades but for the dread employers have of the strike. Where the workers are sufficiently free and united to give a strike a chance of success, wages are slow to fall, and the condition of the workers is fair; where the strike is impossible wages are as low as they can fall, the condition of the laborer is miserable, and the name alone is needed to make him a slave. Hence in the face of the abuses which now often accompany a large strike, we are forced to admit that the workman has absolutely no other way of directly raising wages, or calling public attention to his wrongs.

Arbitration, no doubt, will yet have a legal standing in the community, but the time may be long until the difficulties surrounding the proper development of the idea have been removed. In the meantime the strike will be popular, perhaps too popular, if we can judge from recent troubles, and the policy followed by the Knights of Labor in the noonday of their power. It is well therefore that the natural leaders of the people should instruct themselves with regard to the relations of employers and workers, and try to discover less violent means than the strike for improving the condition of labor without inflicting injury on capital. The strike is a simple affair, and consoling as well as comprehensible to the workers. Its demonstration of independence acts like balm on souls that have long borne injury in silence.

But the simplest worker can see the inherent weakness of the strike: it can do but one thing at a time; and like all heroic doses it must not be administered too often. When it fails of its aim the failure is usually disastrous. The professional labor leaders long ago recognized the limitations of the strike, and supplemented it with legislative work, which has been of great use in certain states. By legislation the hours of labor, for certain trades, and for women and children, have been shortened, child labor has been altogether forbidden in certain states, better sanitary conditions in factories and tenements have been secured, wages have been more frequently paid and the due-bill with the company store is passing away. In plainer words, wages in these instances have been raised indirectly by these measures. Cash payments, shorter hours, and a few years added to life are money in the workman's pocket. I am of opinion that sufficient prominence has not been given to this means of peaceably and successfully raising the wages of our workers. It is a means which offers congenial employment for such priests as are eager to help the workers without entering the troubled circle of professional labor activity. It is lawful and fitting for any citizen to promote special legislation in behalf of meritorious public enterprises. Moreover the work of the labor unions benefits only the members of the unions, and leaves the great mass of workers in the same trade unprotected. The raising of wages indirectly, like the raising of indirect taxes in a community, is usually accomplished without trouble or noise, and as it is a method which all classes of patriotic citizens can support without subjecting themselves to annoyance it can interest a larger number of the influential. There is no reason why the citizens of each state in the union should not secure proper legislation on the points discussed in order below; and having secured the proper legislation see that the law is strictly carried out in every corner of the state.

1. Regulation of the hours of labor. We have heard much of the eight hour law, but have seen very little of its practise. Some trade unions have secured for their members this limit without much need of it from a sanitary or an economic point of view. A few legislatures have made eight hours the limit for workers in the state's employ, and many employers have adopted the ten hour system. The great majority of workers in this country average close to twelve hours a day. The character of the work has much to do with the time limit. Miners should not work more than eight hours, factory hands generally ought to have the same limit, women and children as a rule would save money on the score of doctors' bills alone under the eight hour system. Many occupations are safe with a ten hour limit, particularly those carried on in the open air, as teamsters and farm-hands. It is certain that the average occupation should not take twelve hours daily from any man. Numerous trades like the paper-makers and moulders, which run factories continuously for six days and nights in most cases, require twelve hours' service. Shopkeepers in all cities exact twelve to fourteen hours. The eight hour limit for some occupations and the ten hour for all others will be two certain features of our economic system in the next century. In this matter the experiment of a Manchester firm with an eight hour

system is interesting. Urged to try the system, the firm exacted an agreement from the particular trade union in which their 1,200 workers were enlisted, that should the experiment fail the firm would be at liberty to return to the original limit of fifty-three hours a week. The hours adopted were 7.45 to noon and 1 to 5.30 for five days, and 7.45 to noon Saturdays. A year's trial resulted in the following declaration from a member of the firm: Better workmanship and greater steadiness are apparent all round. Coming to work after a comfortable breakfast with their families the men frequent the grog-shops less for a sustaining nip. The moral tone is improved, there is more eagerness to begin work, the apprentices are brighter, and a better tone is given to the whole day's work. The loss to the firm in the increased wages, some small per cent, was made up in the saving on lighting and wear and tear. As a result of this experiment the Admiralty consulted with the firm and by their advice adopted the eight hour system for the 30,000 workers in the English Royal Dockyards.

2. Cash payments of wages. One of the most desperate abuses practised upon workers by conscienceless employers is the due-bill system, abolished in the State of New York only a few years ago, and still prevailing in out-of-the-way industries in all parts of this continent. This system refused the laborer cash payment of wages. A due-bill was given to him instead, acknowledging the employer's indebtedness. The object of this method of payment was the actual enslavement of the worker. It forced him to deal in the stores run by the company, where all articles were sold at the highest price. It forced all other dealers in supplies to pay tribute to the employer, since only through him could they get cash pay for what was supplied to the workers. The latter were treated as minors, unworthy to handle money. As a result they were always in debt to the company, and wore a collar as real as any that ever shone on the neck of a Roman slave. This system is today the curse of the Canadian provinces, and it prevails in innumerable small communities scattered in the retired places throughout all the states of the Union. The removal of this abuse means freedom as well as an increase of wages for the affected communities. The more frequent payment of wages in many districts would emancipate hundreds of workers, who are also held in bonds by payments made only at long intervals, say four times a year. One act of a spirited legislature, and a few fines after would end these abuses in any state.

3. Good sanitary conditions in factories. Whoever has followed the work of the factory inspectors in New York State cannot but be impressed with the good accomplished by the law which created these offices. It is their duty to visit all the factories of the state, and examine into their condition with regard to the laws of health, decency, and the protection of life. Heat and ventilation, fire-escapes, protected machinery, lavatories and closets, are inspected. Abuses must be promptly removed or the courts are appealed to. The saving to the workers in thus avoiding sickness and maiming, in having a few years added to life, is not small. There is no reason why every state should not have the same system.

4. The better housing of the workers. The reduction of wages means

reduction of expenses for the workman. His rent is the large necessary item in the monthly outgo. Therefore he is forced to seek the cheapest and necessarily the poorest quarters in the towns. He finds accommodating houseowners everywhere, who furnish him with cheap shelters called houses, at prices that look cheap, but are only too dear when the house is considered. A few states pursue the landlord with laws that force him to repair and clean and pipe his wretched tenements, and often to pull them down. The same laws can be enacted with ease in any state as public opinion is strong on such matters.

5. An age-limit for women and children. The necessity and justice of this limit is so well understood that its discussion is unnecessary. The same may be said of protection for the innocent against immoral surroundings in stores and factories.

To conclude with a summary of the argument here put forth: there is a labor question which must be solved; it is concerned directly with the rise and fall of wages; wages have fallen to a point dangerously close to the starvation line; the result has been serious disturbance in society and danger to the civil order; every patriotic citizen should contribute his share to the settlement of the labor question; the indirect raising of wages is a field where every citizen can do a little; therefore every state should have its league, call it what you please, for the bettering of the workers' condition after the method described above. Nothing new or untried has been here suggested. The various states have legislation embodying one or another of the described means for indirectly raising wages in a peaceable manner, but their laws limp in some particular. Either their execution is deficient, or they are applied to one part of a community and unknown to another; and one state will have this good feature, while a sister state has that other. There is nothing systematic, universal, because the indirect rise of wages has not appeared to the labor leaders a principle of much importance. Yet if one could suppose a universal application of legislative power in the ways suggested, the result in dollars would mean millions to the workers. It would mean freedom and hope and health to thousands. It would be at the least a half way journey toward the proper solution of the labor difficulty. It is a long way yet to the settlement of the present phase of a world-age problem. The workers must be interested in some way other than the strike. Legislation in their behalf is a real diversion for them. It can be suggested from the pulpit and discussed there quite as fitly as church finances. It can be the object of civic organizations in which the parish priest may honorably have a high place. It is becoming more and more evident that the guidance of the people cannot be left entirely to the accidental demagogue, who must be met on his own ground and have his errors, communistic and ethical, exposed to his own face in the presence of his innocent followers.

AT NIGHT-FALL.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Dewy-dark shadows
Instinct with bloom,
Violet-haunted,
Mazes of gloom,
Show us your blossoms secluded below,
Wierd little spirits of passionate glow!
Greeting of sweetness, is this to be all,
Shy purple beauties, evading our call?

Face thine own question,
Curious heart!
Beauty and strangeness
Are never apart.
Pallor of dusk and a crescented moon
Heighten the charm of the violet's croon.
Joy in the sweetness that floateth along:
Seek not the singer, content with the song.

I LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF GOD.

A Villanelle.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

While blades are breaking through the sod;
Amid the greening dells and hills
I listen to the voice of God.
The earth has passed beneath the rod,
And vales are musical with rills,
While blades are breaking through the sod.

A sound of wondrous joy abroad
Forth issues from a thousand bills;
I listen to the voice of God.
I walk with joy where late I trod,
'Mid snows and rains and wintry chills;
While blades are breaking through the sod.

Oft when in weariness I plod
Life's highway, bowed 'neath aches and ills,
I listen to the voice of God.
Reviving glory from the clod
My soul with dreams of rapture fills,
While blades are breaking through the sod
I listen to the voice of God.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

BY REV. JOHN MURPHY, BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.

Far away in the southern seas, little more than a century ago, there was a vast island continent that was practically unknown to civilized man. It was peopled by perhaps the most degraded race that ever shared our common humanity. Endless forests covered its surface, and the tempestuous seas dashing against its shores, were, as regards human life and human sounds, as lonely as the grave. It was a land of complete barbarism, and if left to itself a land utterly devoid of promise. Such was Australia, even at the close of the eighteenth century. But at the end of the nineteenth century what a transformation has taken place! Instead of a bare and desolate land with a sparse native population we have now one of the richest countries and one of the most progressive peoples in the world. The forests are fast receding, and the penetrating rays of the sun are covering the ground with a vegetation of tropical growth. Verdant plains and smiling valleys spread before the gaze; towns and cities riotous with life have sprung up on every side, and thousands and thousands of men are daily engaged in unearthing treasures. The lonely shores that resounded only to the beat of the sea are now sites of busy seaports, throbbing with a diverse and active population. The sullen waters, no longer deaf to human sounds, bear innumerable ships carrying the freight of commerce and human life to and fro from all parts of the world. And not alone what is necessary or strictly useful, but what is enjoyable, luxurious, and ornamental is to be seen in this once desert land. All the arts and comforts of life are cultivated to the utmost; every facility in the line of education for developing the faculties of men and bringing forth latent genius is available. Lawful pleasure is abundantly provided for; museums, public parks, gardens, zoölogical and

OFF TO THE MINES.

botanical, are present in profusion. Everything, in fact, tells of a country in a high state of civilization, and it is only the disproportion between the number of its inhabitants and the immense extent of the country through which they are scattered that at all betrays its tender years.

Surely this is a marvelous change in the right direction! the more marvelous when we take into account the time in which the transformation has been effected. Cook must have been sanguine indeed if he had visions of a future for his newly-discovered land at all approaching the reality, and almost equally sanguine would he be who on visiting Australia for the first time would not be surprised at what he saw. Let him enter the narrow channel that separates Port Philip Bay from the great Southern Ocean, and land in the capital of the South, Melbourne, and, if knowing the age of that city—fifty years ago it had no existence—he can gaze unmoved on the gorgeous palaces around him, he is not to be envied for force of imagination or depth of feeling. Fifty years ago the forest stood here, and the aboriginals roamed about; today a spacious street leads through the city that in its magnificent buildings and architectural beauty, will compare favorably with

PANNING OUT.

any in the world. And not one, but several such thoroughfares disclose themselves, displaying a profusion of highly ornamented pillars and facades, and huge establishments containing merchandise from every country on the globe. In one place stands out prominently a massive structure enclosing within its walls the largest collection of books in the hands of any bookseller in the world, a collection, it is thought, comprising millions of volumes. In another glitters a parliament house that would do honor to any capital; in yet another appears a cathedral of vast dimensions that deserves to be ranked among the great churches of Christendom. Farther out from the centre where wealth and labor have been so ostentatiously concentrated, the eye is charmed by endless lines of suburban villas embowered in shady trees and surrounded by lovely gardens. These ideal homes of luxury and soft refinement extend miles and miles away. Sometimes they are interspersed with gardens, reserves, and promenades on which all the resources of beauty seem to have been lavished. Sometimes a magnificent public institution diversifies the prospect, and sometimes a tiny artificial lake spreads its clear waters to reflect the glories that surround it. A commanding view of the great city will always reveal a magnificent spectacle, but at night, with the ravishing softness of the Australian climate, its dry balmy atmosphere, and its glorious firmament mingling its pale light with the glare of thousands of street lights that almost annihilate the darkness, the scene baffles description. It is like what one reads in a fairy tale or Oriental fable.

And yet Melbourne is not the most beautiful of Australia's cities. It is indeed the largest, and is deservedly styled the capital of the south, but it is not its queen city. There is one enthroned by the eastern Pacific dowered with superior charms. Sydney has glittering streets, and gorgeous palaces, and magnificent churches, and hundreds of thousands of eager inhabitants as Melbourne has, but it has in addition gifts of nature rivalling those of Naples, or Lord Byron's favorite city of the Bosphorus, Constantinople. Words can poorly depict the superb position that Sydney occupies. It looks out on a most beautiful harbor, and is approached through suburbs of exquisite beauty. When it attains the age that invests objects with an undefinable charm, and when it possesses those historical associations that are the fruit of age, then indeed can it claim the palm of beauty against all rivals.

Next to Melbourne and Sydney comes Adelaide, well styled the "Athens of the South." Few cities have been more fortunate in their title, and few more worthy of it. Adelaide has not the sweeping thoroughfares or gigantic mercantile establishments of Melbourne and Sydney, but it has possessions peculiarly its own. It would be difficult to find a more picturesque position for a city. Behind it rises a range of wooded hills protecting it from the devastating winds that the desert sends down annually from its burning wastes; and at its feet lies an arm of the great Southern Ocean, which runs up here and spreads itself out into a glassy sheet of water rarely disturbed by an angry gale. A fragrant and transparent atmosphere lending a dazzling brightness to the many tints that meet the eye and imparting distinctness of outline to all surrounding objects en-

BALLARAT EARLY GOLDFIELDS,

velops this delightful city. Its climate is unsurpassable, mild, yet not enervating. It only remains for a man to pour forth on it the fruits of genius and make it the home of learning and art. To the visitor who has seen Melbourne and Sydney it will come as a surprise, and he will regard it as not the least of the marvels of this strange land.

After Adelaide comes a constellation of cities, all worthy of the name of city in point of size and beauty, and all as yet in their infancy—Brisbane, the centre and outlet of what promises to be Australia's wealthiest colony; Perth, the gate that leads to the real El Dorado of modern times; Ballarat, and Bendigo, names that will never be forgotten in the annals of gold-digging; Hobart and Launceston, two lovely cities on the wooded shores of Tasmania that are already mentioned among the world's beauty spots.

What a change indeed has come over this land! It would have been in accordance with the usual course of events if Europe had gradually poured the superfluity of her population on Australia. It would have been natural too if this population, small at first, should have gradually made itself felt. But as we see the transformation has been sudden. How has this been brought about? There is one magic word, and only one that will suffice as an answer, and that word is—gold. The predominant influence of gold in shaping the destinies of nations and countries is often underestimated by us, but if we reflect on the subject we shall find that as all the evils of the world can be traced to the love of money, so also most of the important changes of the world have some connection with this object of man's desire. And in civilized ages this power of gold is particularly strong. An enlightened people will undertake a war of conquest more readily when it has in view the material advantages in the shape of commerce, mineral wealth, or territory likely to yield a rich revenue, than when its only object can be to increase its glory and spread its idle dominion. Individuals are as nations in this respect. They, too, strive hardest for wealth.

Australia's greatness is due to gold, and the desires it awakens in men. Long after this continent was discovered by Cook and the Dutch navigators it lay neglected by the nations of the Northern Hemisphere. White men came and went away convinced that there was no allurement for them in this far-off land. After a while a few more adventurous or more desperate than their predecessors, settled down on the most attractive parts of the eastern shore, and lived a hard, struggling life. Very slowly a few straggling villages rose, but they enjoyed only a languid existence. There were no signs of progress to be seen, and the new colony seemed destined to a premature end. Indeed at no distant date there was a prospect of the native barbarism of Australia making itself felt among the new colonists. They had gone as it were outside the limits of the world, and every day were drifting farther away. It would be difficult to find in the history of colonization anything so dull, so uninspiring, and unpromising as that little community that became the nucleus of the Australian nation.

But all at once with the suddenness of the lightning flash it began to throb with new life. It felt a magic touch. Gold had been discovered. It was an auriferous country. The news spread rapidly over the earth, and men's

START STREET, BALLARAT.

hearts beat with uncontrollable desire, and extravagant visions floated across the imagination. It was said that the new gold-fields were the richest the world had yet known, and that immense quantities of the precious metal were strewn about in all directions. Fabulous fortunes offered themselves. The world became restless. Men lost their love of home and kindred and became imbued with a spirit as enterprising as that which animated Cook and his daring navigators. They rushed in hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands to the golden land. From Germany, France, the Netherlands, from America, and above all, from the United Kingdom the stream of human life flowed. The intervening seas and oceans swarmed with ships of all kinds conveying their burthens away to the end of the earth. The Mediterranean resounded with a life busier than any it had known since the days of Genoa's glory. The Red Sea opened its gates to a multitude outnumbering the hapless Egyptian host of Pharaoh over which it closed its waters. Down the Indian Ocean, under tropical skies, or around by the stormy seas that dash on the coast of South Africa, the great tide moved, over the waves of the Southern Ocean, until it poured itself on the shores of Australia. One wave of human beings succeeded to another till in a few years the most adventurous, the most daring, the most active of European manhood was to be seen roaming through the woods and plunging into the depths of the long neglected land. Within an incredibly short time well-nigh a million colonists, burning with a restless and anxious spirit, had arrived, bringing with them a tireless energy.

In 1835 Melbourne was a dull plain interspersed with straggling eucalypti; in 1853 hundreds of thousands had landed there. In 1850 Ballarat was covered over by a dense forest, and was remarkable, a traveler tells us, for its sylvan beauty; three years after it was the home of more than 100,000 people. It was the parent gold-field of Australia, and the first cause of its greatness. It astonished the world by the immense quantities of gold it gave forth, and as a result attracted to it multitudes from the four winds of heaven. The moment ships cast anchor in Hobson's Bay the passengers rushed up madly to join the eager crowds already hewing the woods and disembowelling the earth in this new El Dorado. The crews and even the captains of the vessels caught the contagion and abandoning their charges joined the passengers in their quest for gold. It was no uncommon thing at that time to find the harbors crowded with deserted shipping, the occupants having gone to the gold-fields. Each new nugget unearthed, and each new fortune acquired, gave a fresh impetus, till at one period men thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, sought nothing but gold and fortunes.

To satisfy all the desires kindled at this time was of course impossible. Some seekers for gold had to eat the bread of disappointment, and some met with untimely death, but multitudes amassed fortunes. Gold was discovered abundantly, money circulated freely, and even those who did not alight on a "lucky find" had at least the prospect of a rich remuneration for their labors. Wages increased enormously. Before the discovery of gold labor was rewarded at such a rate as two dollars per week; now, three dollars a day was not an exceptional rate, while many earned five and and even ten dollars a day. This was an attraction to the less venturesome spirits.

Food, clothing, and all the various articles of merchandise rose in price in unison, and as a consequence the commerce of the world hurried to the new market. Ballarat and Bendigo supplied the gold and drew the multitudes toward them. Melbourne as a necessary complement started up on the shore of Port Philip, becoming the outlet of the gold-fields and the port through which was introduced the freights of merchandise from northern countries. Soon it assumed the features of a city, immense warehouses rose up everywhere, streets were formed, and men who had amassed fortunes inland came down to the sea, and built luxurious mansions, and brought their wealth with them. And in the end Melbourne became one of the great cities of the world. The causes of its greatness produced less powerfully but not less certainly proportionate effects in Sydney. In South Australia and Queensland new discoveries evoked new rushes and gave rise to the cities of Brisbane and Adelaide. It was the same in Tasmania, New Zealand, and Western Australia. Gold laid the foundation of the prosperity of all.

But gold is not the only agency in the preservation and increase of that prosperity. As men traveled through the country they could not fail to see all around them one of the richest agricultural countries in the world, and they were not slow in realizing the new source of wealth. Soon land became valuable, and was occupied and cultivated, and the shrewd owners promptly proved that the labor ex-

pended on it brought in a surer return than what fell to the lot of the gold-diggers. From that time gold no longer exclusively occupied men's attention. Farming industries started up, the population spread through the country, hewed down the woods, and erected pastoral hamlets on the rich plains. Purely agricultural centres vied with the gold towns in prosperity, and often even surpassed them, for frequently these gold towns of mushroom growth enjoyed only a mushroom's length of life. The new resources resulting from the land gave a fresh impetus to industry and commerce. They especially established on a sure basis the greatness of Sydney, and in the future perhaps when Victoria has given forth all her treasure will preserve Melbourne from the fate that in the natural course of events befalls a too rapid growth.

Gold will for long ages to come be the chief source of Australia's wealth, but gold alone would not ensure its future. Gold will add to its greatness, but the other wealth scattered over its wide surface tells of the future in store for it. Not that all Australia is fruitful. On the contrary, there are boundless stretches of burning sand that devastate the interior, and arid wastes in Western Australia and New South Wales. But all around its coast is a wide margin of fertile country that promises one day to be a land flowing with milk and honey, teeming with an industrious population, and studded with innumerable cities rivalling Melbourne in their importance, Sydney in their beauty.

KING STREET, SYDNEY.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS AND THE VICTORIAN VISITING PRELATES.

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF AUSTRALIA.*

"First in time and first in dignity."—*Dr. Polding.*

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that by the troubles in Ireland in 1798, the seed of the Catholic Church in Australia was planted. For no other crime than "amor patriæ," hundreds of honest Irishmen were treated as felons and transported to the inhospitable shores of Botany Bay. With their love of the land of their birth, they also brought with them the light of the True Faith, and through all their trials, troubles and tortures, were ever attached to the religion of their forebears. For years their lot was one of spiritual desolation, and their cries to the old world for pastors to minister to their wants, were loud and sorrowful.

The first priests were exiled; in other words they were patriots, who struggled for the rights of free men against intolerable injustice and tyranny, and suffered accordingly. Rev. James Harold reached Port Jackson on the Feast of the Epiphany—13th January, 1800—and Father Dixon arrived in New South Wales a few days later. Every obstacle was placed in the way of these holy men ministering to the unfortunate prisoners, and it was not until 15th May, 1803, that, under government regulations, Mass could be publicly celebrated. To show the poverty of the Church in those dark days that closed the last century, let us tell the reader that Father Dixon had only a small tin chalice, made by one of the convicts to use in the divine service, and that some old damask curtains had been transformed into a many colored vestment. For a time there was no altar stone, and the consecrated oils had to be procured from Rio Janeiro.

Even then there were constant reports that the services only served as meeting places for traitors, and on one occasion, in which some Irish convicts were concerned in a rising, 30 of them were flogged in the presence of the priest, who was obliged, after the flogging, to put his hand on the bleeding back of each of the sufferers. His courage and strength held out for the first eight who received the lashes. Then he swooned and had to be carried away from the brutal scene of suffering.

At one time attendance at a Protestant service was compulsory, the punishment for non-compliance being 25 lashes for the first offence, 50 for the second, and transportation to a penal settlement for the third.

Father Jeremiah Flynn, of holy memory, used to say Mass secretly in the house of Mr. William Davis. He was arrested, put on board ship, and sent out of the colony. He was not allowed time to revisit Davis's house to consume the Blessed Sacrament, and for two years, while there was no priest on the settlement, the few devout Catholics used to meet in this quiet cottage and visit and offer their prayers to their Saviour. It is fitting that on this very spot—donated to the Church by Mr. Davis—the stately edifice of St. Patrick's now stands.

On 6th May, 1820, Father Therry

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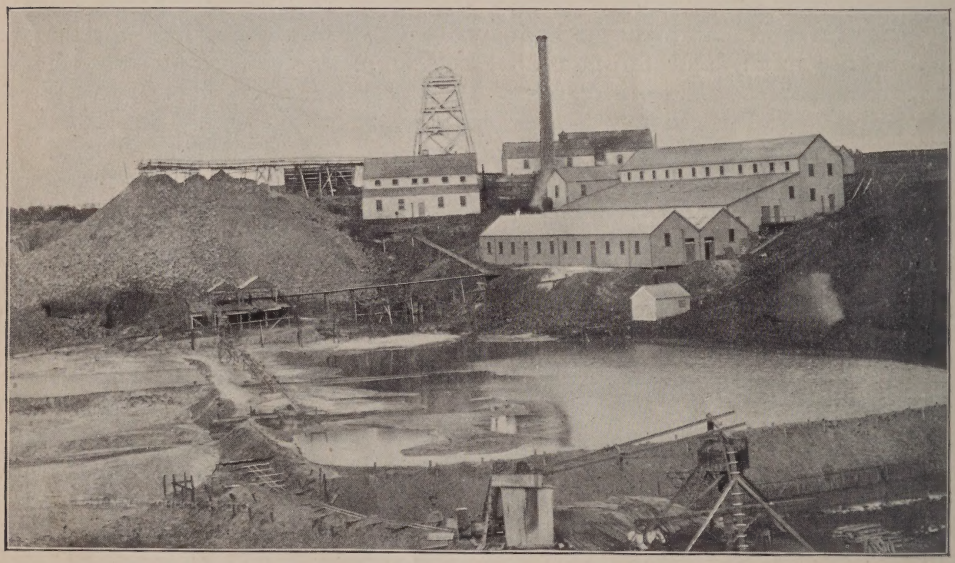
* We are indebted to The Austral Light, Sept., 1900, for this interesting description of the work of the Church in Australia.

called a meeting of Catholics, with the object of building a suitable Church. The present site of St. Mary's was selected by Father Therry, and was granted by the Government. By most people, in those days, it was considered to be a very unenviable place. It was quite an unreclaimed bush, far away from the fashionable town quarter, and in unpleasant proximity to the prison, stockade and hospital. The result, however, has proved the wisdom of Father Therry's selection; and varied and beautiful as are the thousand sites that Sydney, at the present day, presents to us, many are of opinion that no better, more appropriate, or more beautiful spot could have been secured than that which has been assigned to St. Mary's Cathedral.



STAR OF THE EAST MINE, BALLARAT.

The foundation stone was laid on 29th October, 1821, by Governor Macquarie, and Father Therry thenceforth devoted all his energies to the erection of the sacred edifice. In 1827, in consequence of the Government having withheld a subsidy, funds became completely exhausted, and men began to talk of Father Therry as a mad enthusiast, who was driving his people to certain ruin. A petition was then addressed to Governor Darling, which was resultless. Two years later Father Therry again addressed His Excellency, assuring him that if the roof were to remain much longer "without being shingled and unsupported by columns," there would be imminent danger of its tumbling down and bringing with it part of the walls. No aid was, however, forthcoming, and the intrepid priest had to rely solely on his own exertions.

In 1832 the prospect became brighter. The sum of £500 voted by the Council enabled the work to proceed.

The energetic Dr. Ullathorne then arrived on the scene (1833), and at once took up the work with character-

istic zeal. In 1834 the church was safe against the inclemency of the weather, but the altar, internal fittings, and benches were absent.

The arrival of the first Bishop of Australia, Dr. Polding, gave matters a fillip, and on 29th June, 1836, the ceremony of dedication was performed. In 1843 the chime of bells was solemnly blessed. For years progress was necessarily slow, the Catholic works in other parts of the vast diocese being a constant drain on an always generous body. In 1858, Father Therry was raised to the dignity of Archpriest and donated £2,000 towards St. Mary's. In 1862 state aid to all religious denominations was withdrawn, and Dr. Polding resolved to make a grand effort to complete St. Mary's—"the first church of this once dreary land, first in time as well as in dignity; first as being that from which the dear saving consolation of Catholic Faith flowed in our early times into many of the weariest, saddest, most broken of hearts that ever throbbed in human breasts — the hearts, I mean, of many poor banished sons of Ireland, who, innocent of crime and taught in this cathedral to realize their glorious faith, have found the sentence of their exile become the happy means of securing their title for entrance into the everlasting Kingdom; first, again, as being still, and ever to be, the centre of the circulation of the Catholic life-blood in this land."

Everything was progressing satisfactorily, and a building was being erected, which bade fair to be the noblest religious structure in Australia, when a calamity occurred, unparalleled in colonial history. A disastrous fire reduced all to ruin and ashes. The event was regarded as little less than a national calamity. £50,000 worth of property had disappeared. The disaster took place after evening devotions, on 29th June, 1865, the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul. Father Garavel, through smoke and flame, had barely time to remove the Blessed Sacrament. The organ (which cost £2,000), statues, altars and ornaments, were all destroyed.

The ruins were still ablaze when preliminary meetings were held expressive of the sympathy of the citizens, and all seemed animated with but one resolve, that a new cathedral should be erected, which, in extent and architectural perfection, should far surpass the old St. Mary's.

On 6th July a public meeting was held in the Prince of Wales Theatre, at which Dr. Polding presided. The Governor, the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the President of the Council, the Chief Secretary, as well as all that was best and worthiest in official and social life, attended.

"I need not say," said the good Archbishop, "that I was prostrate, stunned at first, by the blow. But in a very short time after the first intelligence was received, a second communication informed me of the promptitude with which all classes came forward to make good that which had been so destroyed; and thus, my friends, you roused me up at once. I am enabled to make a perfect act of resignation to the Divine Will; and foreseeing consequences coming which would be of general benefit, I will say that I am almost glad that that has happened which has happened. It was a gladness, however, simply arising from the good, which I believe will come out of it. . . . Though St. Mary's now lies low in her tomb, yet she shall rise again more glorious

and more stately than heretofore."

A temporary wooden structure was erected, and the late Mr. W. W. Wardell was commissioned to prepare plans for the future cathedral. On 8th December, 1868, the corner stone was solemnly blessed by Dr. Polding.

Misfortunes, however, were not yet over, for on 6th January, 1869, the temporary building, which served as a cathedral, was destroyed by fire and with it all the vestments, paintings and altar vessels.

Dr. Vaughan arrived in Sydney as Coadjutor in December, 1873, and on the following Sunday preached in aid of St. Mary's Building Fund. "I am glad to take part in the magnificent work in which you are engaged—in building up the House of God, in erecting your splendid Cathedral. It is indeed a cheering thing in this new world to see the great Cathedrals of old, living, as it were, over again—to see the old faith and love of art and architecture in their grandest and most beauteous forms establishing themselves in this new and growing continent, and to feel that the old glories of the Catholic Church may yet be rivalled by the new ones. How is it that these great acts of faith have been raised by the hands of Catholic men throughout the world? The secret is a simple one—simple as sublime, because they believed in the real presence of Christ crucified upon the altar. No home could be too costly or too beautiful for Him. Besides this, you feel, however, that no monument could be too lasting to perpetuate, as it were, his name who has borne the heat and burden of the day, and has built up this grand Australian Church."

In 1882 was held in Sydney the famous "Fayre of Ye Olden Time" to aid in paying off the debt of the cathedral, which brought in £6,000.

On 8th September, 1882—Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady—the cathedral was solemnly dedicated. Five thousand people assembled within its hallowed walls each day of the Triduum to give praise to God and to join in the joyous ceremonies.

The arrival of His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, gave a great stimulus to the building fund. His Eminence has ever had dear to his heart the completion of the historic Mother Church, and his hopes are soon to bear full realization. In 1887 a great meeting was held, at which the silver-tongued William Bede Dalley said:—"As I sat and listened here tonight to the enumeration of benefactors, dead and living, who have during these latter years made this building beautiful for ever, I thought of the old and almost forgotten times, when the most sanguine and hopeful would not dare to trust their imaginations to body forth the beauty of the scene about us. And I could not help feeling all the more tenderly towards the memory of those devoted creatures, whose very names are unknown to us, of whom we only know that they labored in suffering and bitter poverty and discouragement."

During the last decade much has been done through the energy of His Eminence to reduce the debt, a bazaar held in Sydney realizing over £10,000. The amount now due is, from a Catholic standpoint, a bagatelle, and no doubt during the Congress, when Catholics from all parts of Australia will be present in Sydney, the donations will flow in with such liberality that the new century will see the Mother Church consecrated for ever to the worship of the Living God.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, over £100,000 was spent on St. Mary's before the arrival of Cardinal Moran. Since then fully that amount has been expended, and the present debt is only £20,000.

One hundred years ago all was darkness and gloom. Today the Catholic Church in Australia is a living body, strong, active and progressive, with a mighty future before it. In the century how has the grain of mustard seed grown! "Circumspice."

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER IV — Con'd.

Sister Mechtilde hurried to the open door, but there was no sight of the child.

"Run, Helena," she said to the girl who had spoken, "and find her."

The girl obeyed, but soon returned with the information that Teresa was not in the clearing. The color left the Sister's face. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was fully half an hour since she had left her chair, by which Teresa always played.

"Sister," whispered Helena, her delicate face white with fear, "as Sister Dorothy and I were coming from town yesterday, we met Mr. Conyers, and he told us that he had heard wildcats crying in the woods lately. I heard one last night, after we went to bed."

"Say nothing about it to the children, Helena," cautioned the Sister. Then turning to her pupils, she said: "I am going out for a little while. Study your lessons," and bidding Helena to keep order, Sister Mechtilde hurried from the room. As she reached the yard, she glanced around. On all sides was that great, richly colored wall, with its thousand gateways. Through which one had the little feet wandered in pursuit of a butterfly, or, and the woman's heart gave a throb of pain, been hastily carried by an enemy—if brute or human, it were hard to say which she feared more. She lifted her face to the far-off, cloudless sky, while her soul cried, "O God, direct me!" Then she ran to the kitchen, where several of the Sisters were engaged in preparing the noonday meal, and with blanched faces they listened to her words. "I am going to the wood," added Sister Mechtilde. "Only God knows if I shall find her. It is useless to call her, for she never answers. Sometimes I think, Sisters, that Teresa is not the child's name at all."

"I will help you in your search, dear," said Sister Miriam, laying down her work; but Sister Mechtilde was gone.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE TERESA IN DANGER.

She entered the forest at a place not far from the narrow opening through which the butterfly had led Teresa, and pushed forward in haste, her anguished soul pouring itself forth in prayer. For a mile she went straight forward, pausing every few steps, hoping for a sound of baby laughter or the prattle of baby lips; but the silence was unbroken. Then she turned to retrace her steps by a different direction, and as she progressed, and no sign of the child appeared, despair began to creep into her heart. She concluded to go back to the convent and send word to the neighbors to gather and join in the search. Bitterly she reproached herself that in her absorbing interest in her class she had forgotten the innocent child. If she were never found, how, she asked herself, could she meet that father when, the dangers of war past, he returned to claim his child. It was then, as she paused for the thousandth time, there came to her a ripple of laughter, and at the sound the little Sister dropped on her knees and poured forth her soul's thanksgiving. As she knelt, laughing words came up to her from a dell through which a tiny stream curled.

"What has the child!" thought the Sister, as she moved noiselessly in the direction of the voice. Near the brook there was an opening, and as Sister Mechtilde came in view of it the color left her young face. The blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins; for there in a patch of sunlight sat the child, smoothing the head of a wildcat. Sister Mechtilde was rooted to the spot, and as she gazed the horror of the situation grew. Let the animal catch one sound of her feet, one glimpse of her dress, and the life of the child was worth no more than the red leaves dropping with a sad rustle to the ground. Cautiously she stepped back into the security of the wood, and there waited, listening with a sick heart to the innocent prattle poured out on the fierce creature, which, because of its agility and treachery, was more feared by the hunter than a pack of wolves. Its yellow eyes blinked, the long, bristling hairs near the mouth quivered, the sharp, cruel nails of the fore feet moved in long, slow stretches; but the child continued to smooth the soft head and pour forth her laughter and words of admiration and joy. This, indeed, was a plaything far more interesting than corncob babies and chip-houses. The animal began to yield to the light, continued touch on its head and fierceness left its eyes. Once it even rested its chin on the child's lap, and again it rolled over on its back, whereat she laughed out so clear and sweet that a mocking-bird began to warble, as if it were June-time.

"Do it again!" she cried, but the animal laid its head on the child's knees in expectation of a caress. Instead, to her horror, Sister Mechtilde saw the child take one of the cruel paws and slap it as she said: "That's what my mother does when I don't mind her, and that's what mother's going to do to you!" Then: "O you poor baby! don't cry! I know it hurts, but I must teach you to be good. Now mother'll kiss you!" and she began again to caress the heavy head. The words gave Sister Mechtilde a sudden inspiration. Perhaps if the child left the animal of her own accord, he would permit her to continue her way unharmed; so the Sister called low and softly,

"Baby! O Baby!" for she felt in-

stinctively that was the endearing name the dead mother gave this child. To her joy, Teresa rose, saying,

"That's my mother calling me. But you stay here, and I'll come back after dinner. O, you pretty thing!"

The animal made no movement and the watching woman, half-paralyzed with fear, knew not whether he was preparing for a spring or intending to allow his victim to depart. Teresa walked almost to the edge of the wood, then, with a sudden flash of memory, she said, with a half-cry, "Oh! I've got no mother! She's gone to Heaven."

She was turning back. The beads of cold perspiration broke on the Sister's brow, for she saw the wild-cat was stealthily lifting itself for the death-dealing spring. In another moment it was in the air and the Sister had sprung forward to snatch the child from her fate or share it with her. But a rifle shot rang clear and crashing over the stillness. A cry, the like to which there is no other sound on earth, followed, and the animal dropped with a thud, its blood staining the green grass. Sister Mechtilde, now on her knees, the child pressed against her breast, turned to see Sister Miriam standing on the other side of the rill, a smoking gun in her hand. She was a daughter of the pioneers and had been taught by her father how to defend herself and others. As she stepped across the rill, Teresa tore herself from Sister Mechtilde's embrace and springing to the body of the wild-cat broke into piteous sobbing.

Sister Mechtilde rose from her knees and went forward, saying,

"Dear Sister Miriam! thank God! One moment later and—"

"I had been watching them for some time," said Sister Miriam, without any sign of emotion, "but I could not get an aim at a vital spot, because of Teresa. He was too close to her to take any chances at wounding him, so I knew I should have to wait. I had no fear, however, for my father taught me to shoot straight."

Then she laid down her rifle and took Teresa by the hand. If Sister Miriam had a sensible father she had been blessed in a wise mother; and as she had illustrated on the wildcat the lessons given her by one parent, she proceeded to illustrate on the child those given her by the other parent.

"Haven't you been forbidden to leave the school-room alone, Teresa?" she asked.

"Yes, Sister," replied the little one.

"Then why did you do it?"

Silence.

"Now that pretty thing," went on the Sister, "would have killed you and eaten you up, if Sister Mechtilde and I had not come in time to save you. Your father gave you to us to take care of you while he is away up North, fighting for our country. If anything happens to you during his absence, he will think that the Sisters were not careful, and he will blame us. Dear Mother and Sister Mechtilde have told you repeatedly not to leave the school-room without one of the big girls; they have forbidden you ever to enter the wood. You have disobeyed dear Mother and Sister Mechtilde. What do little girls deserve when they are disobedient?"

"Punishment," said Teresa, with tears in her voice.

"Then I must punish you."

Teresa uttered no protests, no cry as Sister Miriam's not very hard strokes fell on the little hands, but an occasional sob would rise and break in the throat. Then Sister Mechtilde lifted

her in her arms, Sister Miriam picked up her gun, and they left the wood.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER NERINCKX.

Teresa ate little dinner that day, nor did she join the children in their recreation. There was a strained expression in her dark eyes, and Sister Mechtilde saw the pale face occasionally quiver with strong, suppressed emotion. For several hours she sat by her chip-house, oblivious to her surroundings; then, she startled the room by a sudden, wild outbreak of sobs and tears. Sister Mechtilde gathered the child to her breast.

"O Sister!" she screamed, "they will put the pretty thing down in a hole in the ground, like they did my mother, and I won't get to play with it any more!"

It was in vain that Sister Mechtilde tried to soothe the baby sorrow, so finally she carried Teresa to the Superioress, who was working in the low loft room. The gentle Mother laid aside her sewing, and taking the child on her knee, succeeded, after a while, in stilling that tempestuous grief. The long hours of repression and the following violent outbreak had spent the child's strength, and before the sobbing had entirely ceased the curl-crowned head was leaning against the Sister's bosom, as Teresa slept the sleep of exhaustion. The Mother looked down on the sleeper's pale face with troubled eyes.

"Poor little girl!" she mused. "Life is hard for a heart like yours. Why is this terrible capacity for suffering the dower of great souls?" and as she laid the child on the bed, she stooped and kissed the ivory-like brow.

She returned to her stool and for nearly two hours stitched intently, lifting her glances at intervals to the crucifix hanging on the log wall opposite. Then Teresa awoke, and sitting up in the bed, pushed back the heavy curls from her eyes, and looked around, surprised at her environment.

"You have had a nice long sleep, my little girl," said the Superioress, as she lifted the child to the floor. "Now let me wash your face and brush your hair, then you shall come with me to see Father Nerinckx. Won't that be nice?"

"Does he like little girls?" asked Teresa, from behind the towel the Mother was pressing against her wet face.

"Oh, very much," replied she.

When Teresa's toilet was completed, together they went down the rude ladder that did service as a stairway, through the now deserted room, which was a school-house during the day and a sleeping apartment for the children at night, and out into the opening, glorified by the light of departing day. They crossed the rail fence and followed the wagon road that passed the convent and church, in its irregular way to Bardstown. A new log house stood in the shadow of St. Charles' Church, and at the Superioress' soft tap, the door was opened by Father Nerinckx himself. He greeted the nun with the joy of a father, seeing a favorite child after an absence, and eagerly inquired for the health of the community. After assuring him that all were well, the Superioress continued:

"We are happy to see you again, Father. You have had a long, tiresome journey, I fear?" for the calm face of the saintly priest showed white and drawn under the light that was

pouring in through the open western window.

"And a fruitless one," he added, sadly. "I wrote you from Washington that His Lordship advised me to postpone my visit to Belgium, on account of the war. This was a great disappointment to me. I believe if I could personally lay our crying need before my countrymen, their relief would not be withheld; that funds to help build churches in these wilds, and missionaries to spread the Word of God, would be forthcoming. My heart is sad when I look over this country, this great, glorious country, so full of promise, and see the work that is to be done, and no one to do it; see its potentialities for good and know these are to be lost, in part. Take Kentucky alone. Its people are a generous-souled people, naturally good tractable as children in matters of religion. Seldom have I seen so strong a desire for education as I find among them, never a readier response to ennobling sentiments, a quicker perception and appreciation of good works. If I could accept all the invitations coming from Protestant communities to build churches among them, establish branches of your convent school, there would be few towns in this portion of the state in which education and religion would not be planted. A few poor priests, a young religious order as poor—what can be done? His harvest is whitening on the fields and no laborers to gather it for Him!"

"In God's time they will come, Father," said the woman, softly. But he shook his head.

"The zealous watch for God's opportunity and seize it for Him," he replied. "This is the hour. Tomorrow error will have established itself here; then, begins the old, old conflict between it and Truth. In conflict there is no real gain." He mused awhile, then spoke out his full heart:

"Take the people of our faith who are settled in remote places. Around them are neighbors of every persuasion, or no persuasion. Shut off from the society of their co-religionists, debarred from the practices of their Church, it is a wonderful grace if they preserve their faith; little less than a miracle, if their children and grandchildren are not lost to all Catholic belief. I do not look for such miracles; and I foresee the time when the descendants of English and Irish Catholic martyrs will lead in the promulgation of false tenets, sooner than subscribe to which their forefathers languished in dreary dungeons, bled on shameful scaffolds."

His hearer knew that these thoughts lay on the priestly heart like hot coals. Yet, though she grieved with him over the sad condition confronting them, since it was beyond their remedying, she, in her woman's wisdom, refused to add its mountain weight of sorrow to her already great burden of care.

"We can only do our allotted portion of this task, Father," she interrupted gently on his musing silence. "If we plant good seed and carefully tend and garner our little harvest, it must yield increase; each year we shall enlarge our field, until, at length, it embraces all the land. It will take time and toil and patience, but in the end the object aimed at will be attained."

He turned slowly toward her. The sunset light was on her young brow, in her blue eyes. The faith and holy resolution of an unswerving soul were in her tones, and though she sat motionless, with her small hands clasped on her lap, that spirit breathed forth

from the still face and figure. A smile illumined the countenance of the aged priest.

"My beloved daughter," he said, "your words are the words of faith, if not of knowledge, the knowledge of the world, the flesh and the devil, who will watch for our moment of relaxation to plant the cockle in our richest fields. But faith is better than knowledge. Remember, though, who sows in faith, must watch in fear. That husbandman is the one for whom the enemy waits night and day, with a patience that never wearies, a hope that never flags."

The nun's eyes were now on her folded hands. Something of the resoluteness seemed to have passed from her appearance. Her young heart was echoing the truth of those words. Could she keep constant, endless watch over her field? Would there not come in the long, lonely hours one moment when the weary eyes would close, the tired feet pause, one moment when a fatal sense of security would court remissness? What was the work her own soul and this warning man had called her to do? Found a new Order for self-sacrificing women in her country; give to noble souls a medium through which they could work for the uplifting of Christian education in their native land; add a new jewel to the rich cluster of institutions crowning the brow of their Church. A great undertaking! One calling for the purest souls, the cleanest hearts, the strongest hands; for faith that could not falter, hope that would surmount every obstacle, and charity broad enough to embrace mankind. Could she gather such workers to her field? Could she train them to do their portion so well, that if the world filed by to criticise, it could find no flaw? Could she depend on them to keep with her a tireless watch, or know that if she were to fail in that guard, falter in that toil, another, stronger soul was standing behind to take her place, catch the work from her weakening hands?

"And yet," began the priest, after a silence, "what you have said is what I hope from your own work, what I believe you will accomplish. 'Little Loretto' is the leaven which will spread until the whole measure is leavened. But tell me, dear Mother, of all that concerns you. The Sisters are well in body, you have assured me, but how are they in spiritual life? What progress are they making in the attainment of the graces belonging to their holy state?"

"As far as I am able to judge of souls, Father," replied the Superioress, "I think you will find that, by the observance of the rule you laid down for us, they are reaching to the perfection found in the practice of heroic virtue. Their cheerfulness of heart under our poverty; their devotedness to their duties, harsh as they oft-times are; their unselfishness, their sweetness of disposition and great love for each other; their unity of interests, material and spiritual;—all this, Father, impresses me daily more and more, and strengthens me in the conviction that from our humble work, God will unfold good results."

"My heart is rejoiced by your words, my daughter!" said the priest, solemnly. "The future of the Order is entirely in the hands of you and your associates. As you are worthy, will it be worthy. You cannot expect a solid structure to rest safely on an unstable foundation, nor a spring to rise higher than its source. Virtue, sacrifice, prayer and labor are the cor-

ner-stones of religious life; on these let the daughters of 'Little Loretto' build, and neither time nor trial can undermine or break down their work. How is the school progressing?" he then asked.

"Very well, Father," replied she, "if we were not so crowded."

"We must build more rooms!" cried the energetic old man. "It is necessary for the health and proper training of the children, without even considering the absolute demand for retirement for the Sisters. Then you must have a chapel. The altar is the centre of religious life, and it should be in your home. We will begin to build in the spring. God will provide the means."

Both mused for a while, then Father Nerinckx broke the silence by asking, his eyes having wandered to the child, who was standing by the Superioress' chair,

"Is this one of your new pupils, Mother? Come and let us get acquainted, my child."

Teresa advanced shyly, with half extended hand.

"What is your name, my dear?" he asked, but she remained silent.

"Answer Father Nerinckx, dear," said the Mother. It was evident the child was struggling with treacherous memory to recall the name occasionally employed by her mother, or repeat the new one by which she was known to her convent friends. Seeing this, the nun said, assistingly,

"Ter"——

"Teresa," said the child quickly.

"Mar"——, continued the Mother.

"Martins," added the child.

"No, dear, not Martins, but Martinez," corrected the Superioress. "It is strange, Father," she said, turning to the priest, "the child does not seem to know her own name. We sometimes think it is not her real name," and she proceeded to tell him how uncommunicative was the man who had brought the child to them, and repeated the story he had brokenly related. The priest's eyes were on the child's face as he listened, and when the nun ceased speaking, he said to Teresa:

"What did mother call her little girl?"

"Baby," replied the child, with shining eyes.

"Baby what?" pressed the priest.

"Baby—baby—," repeated she striving to catch the name that was occasionally added to that endearing title. But it escaped her, and she continued to stand looking helplessly into the priest's kind eyes.

"I do not think Teresa is her name," he said to the Mother. "Are you certain that she had been baptized, that she is a Catholic?"

"O yes, Father," replied the Mother. "When she came she wore a little gold cross and an Agnus Dei and knew her prayers. The child is a Catholic."

"I hope that you are a good little girl?" he said, smiling on the little face.

"I run away from Sister Mechtilde to chase the butterflies," she confessed.

"And go to the wood to play with wild-cats," added the priest, who had heard of the morning's adventure.

Soon after the nun and her pupil departed. At the door, Father Nerinckx said: "I will go over after tea to join you in your evening visit to the graveyard."

As they crossed the convent yard, the bell from the church steeple chimed out the Angelus hour, over the great country stillness. The Superioress paused and turned her face

toward the west, where day, in her rosy garb, was disappearing through the twilight gates. She made the sign of the cross on her brow, then clasped her white hands against the black bosom of her dress, and said aloud the evening prayer. The child, standing by her side, imitated her actions and lifted her infantile voice in response to the words. Their supplicating tones mingled with the sweet pealing of the bell; then the sounds died into silence, the woman and child passed into the low log house, where their simple repast was spread.

Half an hour later, Father Nerinckx, in cassock and beretta, and prayer-book in hand, walked down the wagon road toward the convent, where the Sisters and pupils awaited his coming before starting for the little graveyard on the hill, which, according to their custom, they visited every evening to pray for departed friends and relatives. After a kindly greeting to all from the priest, the procession started, he leading the way, praying aloud. Sweetly fell his tones on the mild air, sweetly sounded the voices of the women and children, in answer to his invocations. They reached the hill, paused by each low bed to lay on it the flower of remembrance, then turned their faces homeward. The return walk was a recreation usually, but this evening, as they passed through the gate, the Superioress whispered a few words to Sister Mechtilde.

"Dear Mother desires us to sing his favorite hymns for Father Nerinckx," she said to her pupils, and in obedience to the wish, the children lifted their clear, young voices; the Sisters joined with them, and the great dim world of trees resounded to the praise of the Creator.

A little later, the children were sleeping in their beds spread on the school-room floor, and after an hour of prayer and meditation, the tired Sisters sought their rude couches in the loft overhead, and with hearts as innocent as the children's, like the children, soon fell into untroubled slumber. Stillness in the house, silence in the great forest; night and the helplessness of sleep on the land; overhead, the stars keeping their deathless watch. Then out of the still, dark wood came a long piercing cry of the pain of loneliness—the cry of a wild-cat for its slain mate.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASSACRE OF RAISIN.

The President's call for volunteers for this second struggle of the young Republic against a powerful nation was enthusiastically responded to in Kentucky. With the first regiment that left the State, went Gerald Martins and with it he marched over that long and perilous way to Michigan, where one of the blackest pages of English history was to be written. The British had invited the Northern Indians to assist them in this war against the Americans, and the savages, finding opportunity for the indulgence of their ferociousness and revenge were flocking to Detroit.

After reaching the Rapids of Maumee, where they were to await the arrival of General Harrison with the remainder of the Kentucky troops, a call for assistance came from the village of Frenchtown, about thirty-eight miles distant. A large force of English and Indians held this town, but the Kentuckians were not daunted by the report of superiority of numbers. Their cause was just and God was on their side.

Among the guards detailed by the English officers that eighteenth day of January, to watch for the anticipated approach of the Americans, was an Indian half-breed. Though young, he had the commanding figure of his maternal race, without its brawn and muscle; his face showed the white father's features; and the cunning of one line of ancestors and the superior intelligence of the other, were so commingled on his countenance they gave it an unusual, a striking expression. At the end of his rather delicately cut nose there was a loose piece of flesh, as if the ring, worn there by Indian custom, had been recently torn away. As he stood erect by his gun, on the broad plain that lay south of the village, his dark eyes, fixed on the distance, saw a small moving object. An ordinary gazer would have thought it a bird fighting its way against the strong winds; this one smiled, and the exultation of the smile made the face relentlessly fierce, because of its regular, gentle features. "Ah—h! more Ohio men to kill!" If he had spoken, these would have been his words, but men of his type never utter their deeper thoughts even to themselves. As he continued to gaze, exultation melted into satisfaction; the savage grin gave place to the civilized smile; and all the while that moving object was approaching, enlarging, until a flag, showing stars and stripes, was plainly discernible against the morning sky. With it floated a smaller banner, and as now the eyes of the watcher distinguished its design and color, a lightning change passed over his face and satisfaction gave place to wild fear.

"Kentuck! By —!"

The exclamation was involuntary. He glanced around but there was no one near, no one even in sight. Like a cat stealing from cover to cover in momentary expectation of the sudden appearance of a belligerent dog, he made for the wood fringing the town toward the southwest. He was within a few paces of the sheltering trees, when a red-coated soldier sprang from behind a boulder, and, in language more forcible than polite, demanded the meaning of this procedure.

"The enemy's coming," replied the Indian. "If I crossed the plain they might see me and know that I had gone to give the alarm. I thought it best to return to camp through the woods."

The answer was plausible but the soldier realized that he was dealing with an intelligence superior in many respects to his own.

"When an army comes in broad daylight it expects to be discovered," he returned coolly. "Right about face, my lad! and start for camp, and remember me and my gun's behind you!"

The Indian obeyed, with his teeth set in a wild rage that marred the regular beauty of his face.

The Kentuckians did not find the enemy unprepared, and their attack was met with resistance; but finally the British and their savage allies were forced to give way, and by night the Americans held the village. The fearful blunder that occasioned one of the direst, saddest crimes ever perpetrated in the name of war is well known:—how the commanding officer neglected to picket the town and thus left the victors of the day before at the mercy of the reinforced British army. In the gray dawn of that January morning when the Kentuckians, called to arms by the enemy's guns, rushed forward and saw General Proctor's English

and Indian soldiers almost at their tents they read their doom; but it did not daunt them and they dashed forward to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Wells' Regulars became panic-stricken and in rushing toward the hill to rally them, the gallant Lewis and Allen fell. Left without their leaders, unable to assist the Regulars or turn their retreat, the handful of Kentuckians now found themselves at the mercy of the foe. In that sanguinary conflict following, Gerald Martins, with the courage of his race, was a conspicuous figure. Shouting, fighting, by word and act, he inspired the men and held them with their face to the enemy—until there were no more to hold. In the melee, he had caught sight of the half-breed Indian, who, fearless now, was fighting with the ferociousness that the sight of blood inspires in the savage, and he was attracted toward him. The last of his men were falling around him, and Gerald Martins, as the half-breed emboldened by the fewness of the foe, advanced, was struck by the familiarity of the well-poised figure and finely featured face. Then his eyes caught sight of the lobe of flesh hanging from the point of the shapely nose, and a shriek broke from his bloodless lips, as the hand of truth swept doubt and suspicion from his mind. He bounded forward. The Indian was stooping to scalp his latest victim, and when he raised himself, Gerald Martins' gun was in his eyes. Instantly all the ferociousness was quelled by the alert, active intellect received from the white father. Down below, the bugles were calling retreat, for the American forces had surrendered; but Gerald Martins did not heed them, if indeed he heard them.

"You fiend! I know you! You murdered my wife!" broke from his white lips. "I know you," he repeated, "and I know why you did it!"

"I'll tell you all, if you don't kill me," cried the young Indian.

"I know all!" cried the white man, "and the mercy you did not show to a helpless woman, you shall not receive."

Then a thought flashed across his mind. Still holding the gun in his enemy's eyes, with his left hand, he removed a legal-looking document from his pocket, saying,

"Write down your confession on the back of this, the name of the instigator of your crime, and the amount of money you received for your deed."

A gleam crossed the face of the youth.

"I will!" he cried, and plucking the long feather from his head, he dipped its point in the blood that was running over the frozen earth and scrawled a few sentences on the white paper. Then he handed it back, with a smile of diabolical joy. Unconsciously Gerald Martins' eyes fell on those fateful words. The glance was briefer than a thought, but the Indian grasped his opportunity and dashed the gun from its direct aim. It went off, the bullet striking a tree, and before Gerald Martins could again cover his enemy, a well-directed shot from the Indian brought him to the ground. The Indian bent quickly to regain possession of the paper, which Martins was clutching in his left hand, when a blow from behind knocked him senseless. It came from the good right hand of the red-coat who had driven the Indian back to camp at the point of his gun the day before.

"It goes agin my blood to fight 'longside of them howlin' red-skins," thought the honest fellow, "but by the

Lord, they'll murder no white man while Peter Perkins is 'round!"

Gerald Martins opened his eyes and seeing the soldier tried to speak, but pain silenced the words. The Englishman forced a few drops of brandy between the purple lips, then lifted his fallen foe and humanely carried him to the cabins that had been assigned to the Americans for their wounded. Under medical aid, Martins' sufferings were alleviated, and while his wound was severe, the surgeon did not consider it fatal.

When the half-breed had recovered from the unconsciousness caused by the blow from his fellow-soldier's gun, he saw the Englishman entering the hut, with Gerald Martins in his arms; and as he remembered the paper in that man's possession, and sharply realized that the words he had written thereon meant the destruction of his own carefully planned future, he staggered to his feet and gazed long and earnestly at the village. Then he retired to the wood, an expression of determination on his face.

Toward evening he again appeared and sought the Indian camp. He was welcomed with loud cries of welcome, for he had been mourned all day as one of the slain. The red men were rejoicing in their victory, but there was a murmur of disapproval against the commander's not permitting them to crown the triumph of the day with a night of massacre; and this feeling of discontent the young half-breed bent all the energies of his wily mind to strengthen. By theft or persuasion he secured several kegs of liquor, and after a night of wild orgies, he called upon them to commemorate the glory of their success according to the custom of their fathers. Armed with tomahawks and fire-brands, the savages then rushed upon the defenceless hamlet—for the English had abandoned it—and with yells and oaths began their assault on the poor huts, into which had been crowded the wounded and surviving soldiers of that regiment, which had been made up of the flower of Kentucky's manhood. Many of those men were the sons of fathers who had fallen before the red-man in the Battle of the Blue Lick; all had heard of the horror of Indian warfare; and when those fearful shouts fell on their ears, they knew what to expect. Though wounded, Gerald Martins dragged a dying comrade from his cot; but as he reached the door, a tomahawk descended on his head, and he fell, with his friend, on the door-step, while over their dead bodies poured the savages to begin their awful work on the hopeless ones within. But one Indian, the last of that special band, stooped over Gerald Martins and took a paper from his pocket. He was on the point of moving away, but again he stooped and lifting the dead body from its place on the doorsteps, he laid it behind a tree, well out of sight of his brutal followers. Then he started toward the wood. As he reached its verge, a lurid light flared up in the sky. He turned his head and saw the fierce flames crackling and leaping from the roofs of the log huts, heard the wild shouts of the Indians, caught the sickening odor of burning flesh, and plunged into the forest. The Massacre of Raisin was completed.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING OUT FROM HER CONVENT HOME.

The war was over, with complete triumph for the Americans. The remains of Captain Gerald Martins had

been brought home by his cousin George, and with military honors had been laid by the side of his wife, in the tiny graveyard in the clearing. Many a spring had folded its green drapery over their lowly beds. Many a time the violets had bloomed among the grass, and the wild-rose from its place near the stone steps repeated its promise of immortality. Regularly a mocking-bird, bringing his young bride northward, halted at sight of the cedar tree, and built his transitory home in its dark, cool security. With time, a change crept over the landscape. The great forest disappeared, and in its place level pasture lands and fields of grain stretched away, far as the eye could reach. The humble log house gave place to a stately structure, suggestive of ease and elegance. An avenue, marked occasionally by tall whispering pines and clumps of young cedar, wound through the sloping, wooded lawn to the trunpike, that stretched its smooth white length through the unbroken country, connecting Lexington with the growing town of Maysville, some sixty miles distant. On that lawn, on summer days, a handsome youth might often be seen with his books. Often a lady sat beside him, a lady with the carriage of a queen and a face as proud as it was beautiful. These were the wife and only child of George Martins, and the white house, with its many acres and numerous slaves, was his home.

The years had also brought changes to "Little Loretto." The humble two-roomed log house had been replaced by a more commodious building. There were school rooms, refectories, and a pretty chapel on the ground floor, while the second story contained large airy dormitories, and living rooms for the Sisters. The simple comforts of life were no longer impossible for the inmates of that temple of religion and education in the wilds. They no longer slept on pallets strewn on the earthern floor, nor were the daughters of Loretto obliged now to use the home-manufactured dye-pot to give to their dress the sombre hue demanded by their rule. Palatable and nutritious food they had now in abundance, for the great forest had been subdued by unceasing labors and yielded rich harvests. Acres of peach and apple orchards had been planted, vegetable gardens had been laid out, out-houses had been built, and stock purchased. Nor had the ornamental part been neglected. Beautiful groves had been saved from the wood, drives and walks had been marked off, and a flower-garden designed and cultivated with woman's natural love for the buds and blossoms nature gives so lavishly in return for a little care and attention. Within, works of art were beginning to take their honored places. A painting that some generous heart had sent across the water to this youngest sanctuary of art; a statue that had looked down on a martyr's shrine in the Eternal City; a wonderful piece of tapestry whose past was history; precious heirlooms from old Virginian or Maryland homes; relics of the early days of the young nation's struggle for life and independence; and books, the treasures of the world—all these had found their way to Loretto, certain of a safe abiding place. But better than even these indications of the institution's material prosperity and its recognition from the great world of learning, was its success as a religious undertaking. The fairest daughters of the first families of the South were seeking admis-

sion to "Little Loretto's" cloister and the spirit fostered by the saintly Nernickx and developed under his fatherly care, flourished, and pervaded the place like the aroma of rare flowers—the beautiful spirit of unity and peace, love of God and neighbor.

In this atmosphere, the pupils of "Little Loretto" grew into true, noble women. Among those pupils, Teresa Martinez was still counted, although years had flown since the morning the heart-broken father had stopped at the low rail fence and given her into Sister Mechtilde's arms. As time had passed and he did not return to claim his child, the conviction grew on the Sisters that he must be numbered among the unknown heroes who had given up their lives at Detroit or New Orleans for their common country; and they began to look on Teresa as their own, to be especially loved and cared for. On her education and training every attention was bestowed, and as she had been blessed with exceptionally fine gifts, she benefited by her advantages. Hers was the voice that rang out sweetest and truest in the little church choir; hers were the fingers that were most deft with the needle, whether in making rich embroideries for the chapel altar, or stitching her own simple frocks; and her mind was quickest in grasping knowledge. Usually in thus describing a schoolgirl, the truthful historian would add that the leader in the academy was not less the leader in the mischief and sport of the recreation hour. But such was not the case with Teresa. As she passed from the period of cob-dolls and chip-houses, and was permitted by the laws of the playground rulers to take her place among them, she evinced no pleasure in their romps. A few courses across the yard, a few games of hide-and-seek, a few experiences at playing house, and she lost interest. Sports called for too great an exercise of the physical power to be liked by this child, whose languor puzzled, and at times alarmed, the faithful Sisters. She would lie in the sunshine, her hands clasped behind her black head, her eyes fixed on the distant sky or line of trees, and appear blissfully contented, while around her rang the laughter and shouts of her rosy-cheeked companions. Often Sister Mechtilde, from her place by the school room window, watching that solitary, reclining figure, wondered what mystery, or secret, that distant prospect held for the child-mind, to lure it away from the happy, care-free life surrounding it. She had tried to break that charm. She had bade Teresa to join in the play, and the child had obeyed with her customary promptitude, but her attempts to interest herself, and take part in the games were so pathetic that Sister Mechtilde withdrew her command.

"She appears like a fairy trying to accommodate herself to the ways of mortals," said Sister Mechtilde to one of the other teachers.

"I should not worry, Sister, if I were you," counselled this Sister, who five years previously had resigned a position in a celebrated eastern college to wear the garb of Loretto's daughters. "I do not think that Teresa's languor is the result of ill-health, but temperament. She has a vivid imagination, and indulging the play of it gives her more real enjoyment than the sports of the other children. My only fear is its effect on her after-life. She would not desire luxury and wealth for the mere physical pleasures, but because of her intense

love for the beauty of luxury and wealth. Her imagination finds its delight in richness and boundlessness of all things, wealth, power, goodness, religion. Her imagination clothes the world with ideality. If she is ever brought to see the real, and it should be harsh or horrible, death would be a mercy compared with the shock she will sustain. It is this," added the Sister, turning her eyes from the supine figure on the playground to the companion by her side, "that troubles me about our little Teresa. If when she goes out into the world, this attraction of wealth and luxury is temptingly offered, a life opened to her that seems to fulfill these day-dreams of hers, may they not overthrow her judgment or blind it, making her choose the false thinking it the true? Therein lies her only danger."

"But she may not leave us," Sister Mechtilde spoke low. She had never before expressed this fond hope.

"You are longer in the religious life than I am, Sister," returned her companion, "and your experience forbids my setting up my judgment against yours. But my opinion is, that if we could transform 'Little Loretto' into a medieval convent, with a world-wide fame for learning, art and genius; renowned for its sanctity; with great kings and nobles hastening to offer tribute at its shrine; cardinals and prelates coming to pay their respects or perhaps seek advice; with the poor looking to it for succor, and the unfortunate for refuge, I think our little Teresa would be happy as its lady abbess."

Sister Mechtilde smiled, but the sigh followed. She clasped her white hands across her bosom, where a pierced Heart showed in red against the black gown, and murmured,

"Thy will be done! Yet I had hoped that we might keep this first flower of Loretto for Him alone."

(To be continued.)

WHEN LIPS ARE DUST.

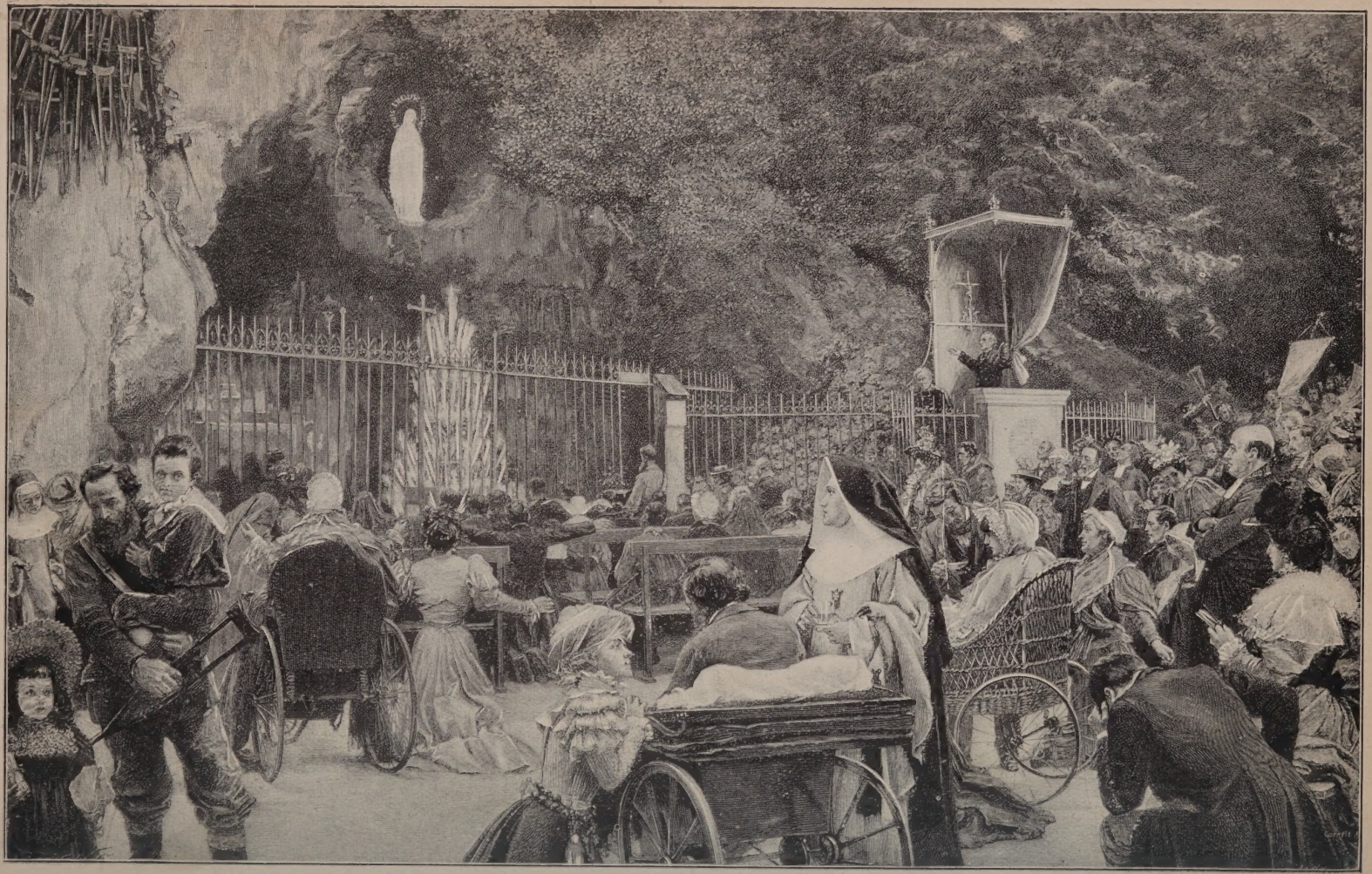
BY CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

When lips are dust, when lips are dust, love dies
  Not idly then, but in the soul lives on;
God's child, in trust it looks to Him and cries,
"Elsewhere, belovèd, raptured past surmise,
We two shall stand beneath His pitying eyes,
    Breathing Eternal Dawn!"

When eyes are dust, when eyes are dust, we know
  Again they shall meet ours, late, late or soon—
All the belovèd eyes that loved us so
When life was love; and thus, hope-filled, we go
Bearing our burdens till the sun is low
    And God restores the moon.

When hearts are dust, when hearts are dust, we turn
  Our souls to prayer, for love grows after death.
Elsewhere re-living we shall hard words spurn;
Elsewhere beseech the dead the past unlearn:
For this thro' all the widowed years we yearn,
    Till God—remembereth.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, THE BOY POET.



SCENES AT THE GROTTO.

A VISIT TO LOURDES.

BY MARGARET E. BRENNAN.

Much has been told and written about Lourdes, but only the faintest idea of the charming reality can be formed from any description. It is not generally known, or even imagined, what a lovely town in itself Lourdes really is. We have no conception of the beauty of the natural charms of the picturesque village.

Nestling in a peaceful valley among the Pyrenees, Lourdes is divided by the river Gave, which ripples and splashes its way along, overshadowed on one side by beautiful convent buildings, and on the other by the magnificent Basilica, high up on a rocky bluff, beneath which is the world-renowned grotto. When our Blessed Lady appeared to Bernadette this was all rustic beauty and rural simplicity; no imposing convent buildings or turreted Basilica in sight, and the river tumbled along close to the grotto. But a few years of devoted reverence to the spot made sacred by Mary's visible presence have brought about a great change in the humble village.

Now it is a thriving town, with respectable, industrious inhabitants. The streets are well kept, the stores and hotels above the average to be found in small towns, while the land around and about the grotto itself almost resembles a beautiful park. The course of the river was changed and its banks walled up, in order to enlarge and improve the space in front of the grotto. The fine avenues leading up to the treasured spot, the grand entrance ways to the Church of the Rosary and the Basilica, not to speak of the interior of these edifices, all bear witness to the amount of labor and skill which was so necessary to so beautify the once rustic village.

These artistic arrangements were certainly a great surprise to all our party, and we contemplated them with growing pleasure as we drew near the grotto our first afternoon at Lourdes.

Shall we ever forget the sensation felt as we gazed for the first time on that hallowed spot where our Blessed Lady appeared so many times, and so recently! To our nineteenth century minds I think this is what appealed the most. Our Heavenly Mother had stood there in our own time, so to speak. She had smiled on a little maid of our own generation, and had given to that simple girl loving messages for all of us. There where her statue is now placed the Queen of Heaven appeared; on that very rock her feet rested; from that nook were wafted the heavenly tones of Mary's voice, as she, clasping her hands, and looking upward, haply on the face of her Divine Son, exclaimed, "Je suis L'Immaculée Conception." Day after day, as we returned to gaze on that vine-clad recess, these thoughts were entwined among the prayers of our rosary.

During our travels through Germany and Italy other shrines had impressed us with deep and strong emotion. We had knelt, awed out of all sense of realization, in the Holy House of Loretto. We had worshipped at the shrine and venerated the relics of the great St. Charles Borromeo, St. Anthony, and many others. We had penetrated far into the catacombs, the shelter and the tomb of the

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS.

early Christians and martyrs; but nowhere—and I think I voice the sentiment of nearly all the party—did we feel in such touch with the spiritual as while praying to Our Lady in the peaceful, open-air sanctuary of Lourdes. It is in the most reverent sense a charmed spot.

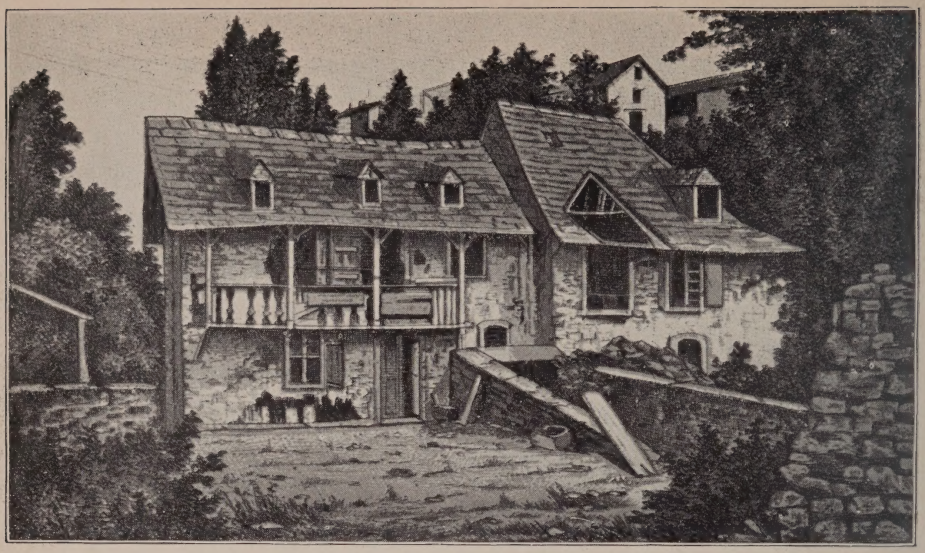
From early morning, when worshippers knelt through several Masses without tiring, until late evening, the petitions of the faithful ascend to the powerful mediatrix, the Mother of God and of mankind.

Numberless are the rosaries recited, and edifying indeed the faith constantly exemplified. The coldest amongst us felt the heart soften, and the least devotional deemed it a privilege to kiss with reverence the rock on which her feet had rested.

The spring which burst forth at Mary's command in the grotto has been conveyed, for the convenience of pilgrims, a little to one side and around the corner of the grotto. Here it is neatly paved, and seven or eight faucets make the supply of water easy of access to all. There is no restraint whatever put upon people as to the quantity of water consumed or carried away; it flows in ample abundance, and can be obtained at any or at all times.

"I wish and desire many people to come here. Go, drink, and wash in the fountain," said the Holy Virgin to Bernadette. And the faithful accede with fervor to the divine request. Everything is conducted, however, with no confusion; an air of peace and serenity seems to pervade the very atmosphere of Lourdes. The bells in the belfry of the Basilica resound every quarter of an hour with a most gentle, persuasive intonation; a tender little refrain; no complete melody, merely a measure of music. This simple strain sounds quaint and unfinished in the first quarter, when it is

BASILICA AND CHAPEL AT LOURDES.



MILL IN WHICH BERNADETTE WAS BORN, JUNE 7TH, 1844.

played only once, a tuneful aspiration as it were. At the half-hour the measure is repeated, at the third quarter it reverberates three times, while as the hour of the day is marked an inspired hymn of praise seems to resound from the united efforts of the four little minor strains. This melody of the church bells is a part of Lourdes. One cannot recall the place without hearing again the prayerful pleading of their voice. Harmony there reigns supreme. Even at night, when hundreds join in procession, and with lighted candles wend their way from the grotto to the Church of the Rosary, everything is orderly and quiet. and the chanting of the Ave! Ave! the only sound borne upward on the still night air.

We Americans, numbering about fifty, gladly participated in these processions nightly, singing enthusiastically the beautiful Hymn of Lourdes, which we had previously learned. This melody is also a feature of Lourdes, and all nationalities join in the same air, though rendered in their mother tongue.

The day set for our departure came all too soon. A few of our party, remaining longer than the scheduled time, in order to be present at the arrival of the great French national pilgrimage, were rewarded by being witnesses to a number of miraculous cures, which were so numerous that year, and of which several accounts have already been written. But even more numerous were the manifestations of divine favor during the great week of annual pilgrimages to Lourdes in the present year. One writer says:

"Thousands of pilgrims visited Lourdes hoping to be cured of various ills during the great week of annual pilgrimages, of which many arrived from distant countries. Special trains of sick people came from Paris by the score. The vast majority of pilgrims, however, were from the southern provinces of France.

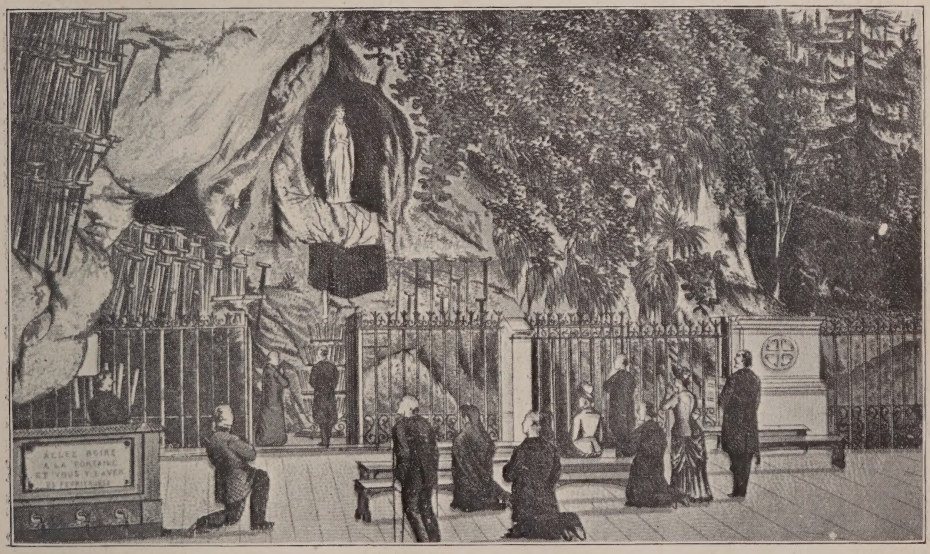
"Many cures of various ailments are

reported. Among them are Mme. de la Doliere of Paris, who suffered five years from internal cancer. After her first immersion in the holy basin she suffered intense pain. Then followed a complete cure, confirmed by the doctors. Louis Pacquet of Paris, suffering from locomotor ataxia, was cured during the passing of the holy procession.

"Sister Ste. Brigette of Villepeinte had been unable to move for seven years, her limbs being paralyzed. At the procession of the Holy Sacrament she rose, now walks, and is well with no suffering. Marie Lauversin suffered long from spinal disease, but has been completely cured. Thirty were reported cured on Wednesday alone.

All week long the sea of humanity rolled from the railway station toward the grotto, ardent prayers and supplication rising from each group of every kind of human suffering represented here. The litter bearers, who are more numerous and devoted than ever, attend the sufferers and help them along. The spectacle presented by these consumptives, paralytics and invalids of every kind who had braved the fatigues of a long and painful journey to ask the Virgin of Lourdes for cure makes for the sceptic and materialist only a sad, cruel sight, but it is consoling for the Christian, animated by the breath of faith.

"At the hour of the Holy Sacrament procession the grotto is besieged daily by a multitude of 20,000. Upon the Rosaire esplanade 1,200 invalids lie stretched on couches and carriages awaiting the procession as it marches along, preceded by several thousand Christians, by priests in surplices and chasubles, bearing lighted candles. Finally the Host appears, borne aloft. At the sight of it the poor sufferers raise their hands heavenward to implore divine help. Tears are in many eyes during the passage of the Blessed Sacrament."



THE GROTTO AT LOURDES.

DEFENDING THE OPPRESSED.

PROTESTANTS AND THEIR PRIVATE INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

Various is the rule of faith adopted by the scions of the Reformation. Some of them make it consist in individual reason as applied to the Scriptures; others, in the special inspiration of the Holy Ghost extended to those who read them for guidance; and others, like the English, in the fallible authority of their church for elucidating the obscure passages of the Bible, which church, experience teaches us, is fallible enough in its origin, its history and its practices. We all know that Protestants, of every shade of belief, or of no particular belief, have been disseminating the idea of the extreme clearness of the Bible, just as if they were the only ones fit to understand it. But we suppose they had some strong reason of their own for so doing. In fact had they not inculcated such an idea, their system woud have collapsed long ere now, or become radically impossible. Luther, "their patron saint and founder," failed not to assert that "Scripture is its own surest and clearest, and at the same time most intelligent interpreter; it proves everything to everybody, and it judges all and enlightens all." I am afraid it proved many things that were far from pleasing to him, and that enlightened him on many subjects, over which he wished to cast the pall of oblivion. In another place his arch-heretical Majesty hesitates not to assert, "Here is what I affirm of the whole Scripture. I do not approve its being called obscure in any of its parts." Further on, this same principle of contradiction and of opposition to the teachings of men a thousand times, at least, superior to himself in learning, and in the seeking out, and following of truth, unhesitatingly adds, "Christians should, above all, consider as certain and indubitable, that the Holy Scriptures are a spiritual light much brighter than the sun itself." When speaking of the Scriptures as " a spiritual light," I ween he meant the real Scriptures, the Scriptures according to St. Jerome, and not his own erroneous, corrupt and obtruncated version, which a certain critic designates as "a vile travesty of the word of God." Now, let us compare these most explicit utterances with others by the same Luther, the founder of the "Reformation," or as Cobbett aptly calls it, the "Devastation," and we will see that like a real chameleon as he was from a doctrinal point of view, he knew how, without the slightest hesitation, to change his opinions from day to day. "To fathom," he says, "the sense of the Scriptures is an impossible thing; we can but skim the surface; to understand the sense of it would be a wonder. Hardly is it given to us to know the alphabet. Let theologians do and say what they will, to penetrate the mystery of the divine words will always be an enterprise above our intelligence." A great change of sentiment on the part of Luther! He said above that he did not approve of the

Scriptures being called obscure in any of their parts, and here he says that it is impossible to fathom "the sense of the Holy Scriptures." Looking at the matter from an abstract point of view, it seems to me that Luther was a very strange, I would almost say original and unreliable, expounder of Holy Writ. I don't see how any just and intelligent man could ever pin his faith to him and try thereby to merit salvation. However, when Luther spoke of the difficulty of understanding the Bible, he expressed himself nearer to the truth than was usual with him. The idea of the obscureness of the Scriptures, is fully borne out by the sacred writings themselves, and by the Fathers of the Church, who were as infinitely superior to him in their knowledge of the Bible, as they were in the art and practice of leading saintly lives.

St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, declares in unhesitating terms, that there are in St. Paul's letters "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." The eunuch of the Ethiopian queen, who was reading the prophecy of Isaias on his journey, acknowledged to the deacon Philip that he could not understand the sense of these predictions, unless some one explained them to him. Our Lord Himself is obliged to explain the Scriptures to His disciples on their way to Emmaus; nay, He tells them that they have not understood the prophets.

All the Fathers of the church, those indefatigable defenders of revealed truth, those faithful guardians, those glorious apostles of sacred science have noted the same difficulties in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. Even those among them that commented on the sacred books, in the most learned manner, were the first to proclaim that they are obscure in many places. Clement of Alexandria affirms that "neither the Saviour Himself, nor the prophets, have spoken of the holy mysteries in so ordinary and common a manner that the first comer could easily understand them," and he adds: "the explanation of them must be asked of those who have received it from Jesus Christ, and who preserve it" (Strom. 1. 6). Origen writes that many men filled with zeal have arrived by force of study at understanding the Scriptures, although in many places they are obscure (Cont. Cels. 1-4. n2). St. Jerome complains that the Holy Scriptures are interwoven with difficulties, and especially the writings of the prophets, which are replete with enigmas. (In cap. III Nahum) In his epistle to Algas, he says: "The entire epistle of St. Paul, to the Romans, is enveloped in obscurity, and can only be understood by the help of the Holy Ghost, who dictated it to the Apostle." In his fifth epistle to St. Paula, he adds: "The Apostles Peter, James, John and Jude have written seven epistles, which are so mystical, that rarely can any one be found to interpret them without committing some error. The Apocalypse of St. John contains as many mysteries as words." After this testimony of a doctor so erudite as St. Jerome who was so familiar with the Greek and Hebrew, who had acquired such a thorough knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and who expended his whole life in studying and commenting on them, how could any one, endowed with common sense and even

ordinary intelligence, assert, after the example of Luther, the founder of the Reformation, that the Scriptures are clearer than the noon-day sun, and that each of the faithful can and should read them and extract from them a creed suitable to himself. Luther by pushing his system of private interpretation so far showed how uncontrollable was his passion for absurdity. Whoever has given serious study to the Bible must be convinced of the truth of St. Jerome's words. The illustrious St. Vincent, the oracle of Lerins, thus expresses himself on the matter: "Seeing the depths of the Scriptures all men cannot draw the same meaning from them. One person interprets the Divine Oracles in one manner, another, in a way so completely different, that it seems as if from the one source as many opinions may be taken, as there are heads to form them; one interpretation is that of Novatian, another, that of Sabellius. There are again those of Donatus, Arius, Eunomius, Macedonius, Photinus, Apollinorus, Priscillian, Jovinian, Pelagius Celestius, and finally Nestorius. This is why it is extremely necessary on account of the numerous variations of error, that the interpretation of the writings of the Prophets and Apostles should be directed by the decisions of ecclesiastical tradition." And as if this were not sufficient to express his manner of thinking, he adds that "the peculiar property of the Catholics and faithful sons of the church is to take care to interpret the Scriptures in accordance with the tradition of the universal church." I could deduce more testimony on the subject from the leading writers of every age, but lack of space prevents me from so doing here.

Another futile objection made by "the dupes of the Reformation," as Challoner calls them, is that the Bible is clear in fundamentals. Let us hear Father Casey, S. J., on the matter: "No one can assert that the Bible is clear in fundamentals, unless he first knows what the fundamentals are. Now, who will enlighten a man on this important question? The Bible, nowhere, lays down a list of fundamentals, and since the authority of the Church is rejected, there is only one possible solution of the difficulty, and that is to have recourse to the Holy Ghost. Well, then, if our inquirer be a true Baptist, he draws up a list of fundamentals, and places among them Baptism by immersion; if he be a devout Episcopalian, the Holy Ghost tells him to take Baptism by immersion off the list; if he be an orthodox Lutheran, the Holy Ghost inspires him to put down the Real Presence as a fundamental; if he be a fervent Presbyterian the Holy Ghost teaches him that the doctrine of the Real Presence is a most pernicious heresy; if he be a loyal Methodist, the Holy Spirit directs him to insert the divinity of Christ; if he be a Unitarian, the Holy Ghost informs him that the Arians were right, and that Christ was a mere man." (The Bible and its Interpreter, pages 18-19). We can say that the examples so ably given strikingly illustrate the unreliability of private judgment in its interpretation of some of the most important texts of Scripture. We may add, however, that though Protestants are ever ready to claim the assistance of the Holy Ghost in their private investigations of Scripture, just as if they had Him

all to themselves, yet they invariably show their inconsistency by denying His aid to the Catholic church whenever she gives utterance to any of her teachings. But this is not the only time when our Protestant friends give an exhibition of their inconsistency and deep-rooted prejudice against the fold of Christ. Every calm and impartial noter of events and every fair-minded student of correct history knows the truth of what I say.

The feebleness of human reason is another proof that the Protestant rule of faith, based on the private interpretation of Scripture, is altogether insufficient. It is curious to expose another contradiction in Luther's writings. According to him, individual reason can and ought to inquire into the sense of the sacred oracles, it is possible for it to understand them. Having established such a fundamental principle it might have been expected that he was going to exalt the force of human reason, by attributing to it a special prerogative, guaranteeing it against error. But he was far from doing so. Of logic, as usual, he manifested his complete disregard. According to his own authority, and not that of any one better than himself, "human reason and free will were completely destroyed by original sin." Then I would ask, how can this human reason reduced to complete powerlessness, and in a state bordering on non-entity, scrutinize the sublime depths, and dissipate the undoubted obscurity of Holy Scripture? I leave the solution of this difficulty to those who pride themselves on following the doctrines of "the great Saxon reformer," as they call him, though with very little reason. Now we will try to show that free inquiry into the Scriptures cannot be considered as the proximate rule of faith. Christ cannot have given, as a rule of faith, a means which never has been, cannot at present, and never will be employed by the greater part of the human race, a means which, not only on account of the malice and weakness of mankind, but by its very nature must necessarily give rise to the most ridiculous and contradictory opinions, and which has only produced, and is still producing, disorder. Now, such are the characteristics of the proximate rule of faith, such are the well known and inevitable results of private inquiry, of the free interpretation of Scripture. One glance will suffice to prove the truth of my assertion.

I would respectfully ask, how could those means, of which we hear so much nowadays, have been made use of during the fourteen centuries that preceded the invention of printing? The entire canon of the Holy Scriptures was only completed sixty years after our Saviour's death, and consequently, nobody could search those books, which were not written till then. All firm-minded men possessed of any love for truth admit that the first members of the faithful were endowed with the most perfect Christian virtues, and their idea of them is enhanced by the account which he Scripture gives of them when it says, that "they were of one heart and soul, and they persevered in prayer, the breaking of bread, giving alms, and other works of charity." I incline to the opinion, that they were superior to many of our Christians of the nineteenth century, and judging from every day experience, that they were far superior to the scions of the Reformation. Those then were Chris-

tians, models in every respect, without ever possessing the Scriptures,—and consequently without ever having applied the force of their individual reason to fathoming the meaning of them. I can also say that they were Christians endowed with the highest Christian virtues of which they learned through the preaching of the Apostles and their successors; in other words, through the teaching of Christ's church, which He established here below, and which is the true, sure and only vehicle of salvation. It must not be imagined, that after the death of the Apostles,—the Scriptures were at once collected into a separate volume of which each member of the Church possessed a copy. Certain individual churches did not obtain them till long after their publication. Others mixed them up with various apocryphal or profane writings, such as the different gospels and apocalypses, which are certainly neither divine nor authentic; as well as the epistles of St. Clement Romanus, St. Barnabas and the Pastor of Hermas, which are very authentic, but not inspired. Others again admitted into their canon only a part of the sacred books, because they doubted somewhat as to the inspiration of the remaining ones. It was only at the end of the fourth century that the question was clearly decided, when the Council of Hippo, A. D. 393, and the third Council of Carthage, A. D. 397, admitted into their canon all the books which the Council of Trent more than eleven centuries afterwards sealed with its authority and pronounced as official for the Church. Pope Innocent I, St. Augustine, St. Gelasius I, and many others, also enumerated the same writings as the Councils of Hippo and Carthage. It cannot then be imagined, that during the period of the great persecutions, when so many of the faithful suffered martyrdom for the faith, that there were not good and fervent Christians. Yet they became so without studying the Bible, and extracting from it their rule of faith after the manner of the modern Protestants, who, according to all accounts, receive from it but very little spiritual profit. I may add, that the Church had been filling the entire world with her glory and her triumphs and that her faith had been sealed with the blood of thousands of her martyrs long before a perfect understanding was arrived at with regard to the canon of the Scriptures. St. Ireneus, who lived towards the end of the second century, speaking of the Christians scattered among the Gauls, the Germans, and the Sarmatians, asserts that they possessed not even a copy of the sacred books. Hence, we can conclude that interpretation of the Scriptures by private judgment is without warrant from the annals of the remotest Christian antiquity.

Certain reformers, perceiving that reason left to itself is powerless to discern the truths revealed in the Scriptures, conceived the idea of substituting for it a supernatural and interior illumination of the Holy Spirit, communicating itself to individuals prepared to receive it. In this system everything is subordinate to inspiration, even the Holy Scripture. It is in this illumination that they make their proximate rule of faith consist. However, according to them, certain conditions are necessary before the Holy Spirit thus enlightens the readers of the Bible. Here is how Minister Mounot, the "convert of the Lyon-

nese," expresses himself on the subject: "Take the Bible, read it, but on bended knees. The Holy Ghost who wrote it will explain it to your heart. If some persist in maintaining that the Bible is obscure, let them know that it is only obscure to them, and by their own fault." Several Protestant writers express themselves in a similar manner. Such appears to be the doctrine of the Anabaptists, Quakers, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Moravian Brothers, and those of their ilk. But this rule of theirs is neither founded on the Word of God, preserved by tradition (they reject tradition), nor on the written word of God alone. When we look into the inspired writings we clearly see that the assistance of the Holy Ghost was promised to the Apostles and their successors to enable them to teach all truth; but nowhere do we find that this promise was made to all the faithful individually and much less to modern heretics individually or collectively. All the texts they adduce to prove their strange and absurd thesis, show that God constantly disposes hearts by His grace, and renders them docile; that He governs the human race with His benign Providence; that sometimes He gives extraordinary lights to His elect to enable them to arrive at the summit of perfection, but, in no manner, do these texts prove that God has promised to give to everybody direct inspiration or illumination, enabling him to extract the dogmatic sense of Scripture in general, and constituting him a supreme judge of faith. This rule of faith is impracticable for the greater part of mankind, because according to it, only those would be saved who actually read the Bible. However, the vast majority of the primitive Christians, the Christians that have been considered as models by all successive ages, never saw the Bible, much less read it. Yet, they have been considered by the testimony of all ages as worthy of the kingdom of heaven. Therefore that rule of faith of our Protestant creed-makers rests, to say the very least, on a very slender and imperfect foundation.

Again I assert that this same Protestant rule of faith is unreliable, and even fallacious in as much as it is liable to conduct, and has conducted many into acknowledged errors, and impiety. I am sure that every learned and fair-minded student of history will concede the truth of my proposition. I regret that the narrow limits of a magazine article prevent me from developing this point as extensively as I would wish. Now I will invoke the aid of history to bear me out in the truth of my assertion. According to Eusebius I.V.C. 15, about the middle of the second age of Christianity, Montanus, Maxilla and Priscilla, the head protestants of the age, with their benighted followers, by adopting this enthusiastical rule, which our modern Protestants in their usual style appropriated to themselves without ever giving them credit for it, rushed into the blindest excesses of folly and blasphemy. They taught that the Holy Spirit having failed to save mankind by Moses, and afterwards by Christ, had enlightened and sanctified them to accomplish this great work. It seems to me they had very high pretensions. The strictness of their precepts, and the apparent sanctity of their lives, deceived many till at length the two former demonstrated to the world by hanging themselves

what kind of a spirit they were filled with. Doubtless, Luther had them in his mind's eye, when, in 1546, appalled by the enormity of the evil he had perpetrated, he consigned himself to death by the same miserable and revolting process. This is fact, and not fancy. A well authenticated and important historical document recently discovered proves it to be so. But to return to our subject. Several other heretics became dupes of the same principle, in the primitive and middle ages; but it was reserved for the time of religious licentiousness improperly called the "Reformation" to display the full extent of its absurdity and impiety. In less than five years after Luther had sounded the trumpet of evangelical liberty, the sect of Anabaptists arose in Germany and the Low Countries. They professed to hold immediate communication with God, and to be ordered by Him to despoil and kill the wicked and to establish the kingdom of the just, who, to become such, were all to be rebaptized. Carlostadt, Luther's first disciple of note, embraced this Ultra-Reformation, but its acknowledged head during his reign was John Bockhold, a tailor of Leyden, who by virtue of his own authority, proclaimed himself king of Sion, and who, during a certain time was really sovereign of Munster, in Lower Germany, where he committed the greatest imaginable excesses. He married eleven wives at a time, in which circumstance he outdid Henry the Eight of England, and consigned them and several others of his subjects to death, at the suggestion of his supposed interior "spirit." (Brandt, t. 1, p. 46). He declared that God had made him a present of Amsterdam and other cities, and he sent parties of his followers to take possession of them. Those barbarians, worthy of their forefathers, in the days of Arminius, ran stark naked through the streets, crying out, "Woe to Babylon! woe to the wicked!" and when they were apprehended and on the point of being executed for their seditions and murders, they, like wild Indians, sang and danced on the scaffold, exulting in the imaginary light of their "spirit," and that they were soon to enter the portals of bliss. They were glorious propagators of primitive Protestantism. I fail to think that they resembled very much the Apostles, who were men of meekness, mildness and charity; men who attracted all to them by the sanctity of their lives and the sublimity of their doctrine. I have mentioned those few impious deeds not on account of their atrociousness and singularity, but to show how baneful is the principle of individual and uncontrollable inspiration derived from misunderstanding the Bible. Having no more time nor space to devote to the first propagators of Protestanism in Germany and Holland, I will now turn my attention to England that has always been the fertile mother of heresies, the most absurd, revolting and barbarous. About the end of the sixteenth century, Hackett, an Englishman of the Calvinistic persuasion, imagined that the spirit of the Messiah had descended upon him, and having made several proselytes, he sent two of them, Arthington and Coppinger, to proclaim through the streets of London, that Christ was come thither with his fan in his hand. He was arrested and condemned to death. When led out to the gibbet on which he was to suffer execution,

instead of realizing his condition, and manifesting some signs of fear and sorrow, filled with that frenzy under which he was laboring, he continued exclaiming until life was extinct: "Jehovah! Jehovah! don't you see the heavens open and Jesus coming to deliver me?" It was in the midst of the religious and civil commotions of England that the Quakers, the most extraordinary people of all those who had adopted the fallacious rule of private inspiration, started up at the call of George Fox, a shoemaker of Leicestershire. He himself tells us that at the beginning of his mission he was "moved to go to several courts and steeple-houses (churches) at Mansfield, and other places to warn them to leave off oppression and oaths and to turn from deceit to the Lord." (Fox's Journal, p. 17). On these occasions the language and behaviour of his spirit but ill accorded with the meekness and respect for the constituted authorities of the Gospel spirit, as appears from different passages in his Journal. He tells us of one of his disciples, William Simpson, who was "moved of the Lord to go, at several times, for three years, naked and barefoot before them, as a sign unto them, in markets, courts, towns, cities, to priests' houses, and to great men's houses, telling them, so should they be all stripped-naked." Another of "the Society of Friends," as they call themselves, one Robert Huntingdon, "was moved of the Lord to go into Carlisle steeple-house with a white sheet around him." Another of the same sect came to the door of the parliament house with a drawn sword, and wounded several, saying he was inspired by the Holy Ghost, to kill every man that sat in the house. I am prone to think that the Holy Ghost did not have much to do with him, or, in fact, with any of them. I pass over many sects of less note, such as the Muggletonians, the Labbadists, etc., who, by pursuing the meteor of a supposed inward light, were led into the most impious and immoral practices. Allied to these are the Moravian Brethren or Hernhuthers, so-called, from Hernhuth, in Moravia, where their apostle, Count Zenzendorf made an establishment for them. They are spread over England with ministers and bishops appointed by others, resident at Hernhuth. Their kind of a rule of faith, as laid down by Zenzendorf, is an imaginary inward light (I suppose it is imaginary enough), which prevents the true believers from falling into sin. A very convenient doctrine if it was only true! I am not surprised that many of the English accepted it readily. Its teachers deny that even the moral law-contained in Scriptures is a rule of life for believers. I suppose that was the principal reason why it took deep root in the land of Albion. Mahometanism is not as bad as that. Lack of space prevents me from expatiating on the Swedenborgians, Wesleyans and others. But I may, on some future occasion. I trust then that those few examples which I have drawn out of many of the same kind from the variegated history of the English heretics will amply show the absurdity, the criminality, and the impiety of constituting individual, or private inspiration as a rule of faith or guidance.

Now it is incumbent on us to dilate somewhat on the vague rule of faith followed by heretical England. Those English with High church pretentions

claim to follow an intermediate course between what they call Romanism with its infallible authority, and the endless multitude of "mongrel sects," as Cobbett designates them, whose fundamental principle of private interpretation of the Scriptures tends essentially to cause further subdivisions among their members. I may remark that if they continue running into subdivisions, as they have done in the past, very soon there won't be a dozen left to form a separate congregation. The rule of faith of those High Church heretics is supposed to be comprised in the Thirty-nine Articles drawn up in 1562. All that is good in those Thirty-nine Articles they purloined, as usual, from the Catholic Church without ever expressing their gratitude or indebtedness to her for it. The remainder they took from Lutheranism, Calvinism, Pelagianism and Wickliffism. The last two systems of heresies, they borrowed from, with zest and alacrity, because they were of "home manifacture." According to Article 6, "Holy Scripture is the only source of revelation." If by Holy Scripture they mean King James's Bible, I am afraid the "source" is impure enough. They rejected the Deuteronomical books of the Old Testament, and tradition. They had strong reasons for doing so, one of which was because they knew well that in the face of them, their new fangled Protestantism could not live long. We see by Article 8 that they accepted the Apostles' Creed as well as the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds. I suppose they accepted them because they feared that by their rejection they would obliterate from their Protestantism some of the most important vestiges of Christianity. They kept the hierarchy consisting of bishops, priests, and deacons. That again they purloined from our Church, with the same effrontery and audacity that their modern descendants are striving though unsuccessfully to rob of their birth-right the poor Boers of South Africa. The king of England they arbitrarily and unblushingly substituted for the Pope. (Arts. 23, 26, 32, 37.) They are welcome to such a Pope. Our first Pope, and through him all his successors, received from Christ Himself, the Keys of the Kingdom of heaven. I am very sure that no such favor or prerogative was ever conferred on Henry the Eight, or on any of his ten commandments violating successors. If we were to push the idea further the conclusion would force itself on us that if they received any keys at all they were those of a far different place. It is by the King's authority that the bishops, priests, and deacons are ordained and established in their offices. (Arts. 33, 36, 37.) A strange substitution for the enactments of Divine authority! It is no wonder that all fair-minded men assert that there is no Apostolic succession in the Church of England. It is by his order also that their universal councils are convened, which councils judging from the latest specimens of them we have seen, never decide on anything in particular. May God have pity on the poor blinded individuals, and bring them to the way of truth and light. It is true, according to Article 20 of their medley of absurd principles, the church's right is recognized to decide in discussions of faith, and to interpret the Holy Scripture; but we may add that her decisions must be drawn from the Scriptures themselves, outside of which her votaries accord her neither

right nor power, nor authority. If the members discover that the decisions of their church are not in accord with the sacred text, they are at full liberty to reject them. This, then, is the strange, and I would almost say, undefinable melange of doctrines drawn from far and near, and interspersed with some "original ones' of their own fabrication, that constitutes the rule of faith of the Church of England, "by law established." On the one side we see a fallible church entrusted with the power of putting an end to controversies by the examination of Scripture; on the other, its followers who are not obliged to submit to its decisions except inasmuch as they believe them to be in accordance with Holy Writ.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

A SCENE IN IRELAND. SUMMER, '98.

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

In the gathering dusk the King's soldiers charged down the hillside. All day long they had kept the heights against the galling attacks of the insurgents; now they well knew that the ammunition of their foes had run out, and so, fearless of mere multitudes, they came cheering down to victory.

But they were forced to pause in their descent, for their daring foes would have met the bayonet charge at the point of the pike. So again and again they halted, primed and loaded their muskets—knelt—fired. At every volley the insurgents were forced to turn and flee since they could give no answering fire, but then the retreat would be checked, and they would face the English again with hoarse cries of rage and hate, and firmly planted pikes, till again the redcoats paused, and again the white cloud of smoke rolled forth and shed its deadly rain. Down, down to the plain they were pressed. Then from the village to the east of the hill a company of hussars swept out upon them.

The insurgent captain saw that the day was lost. "Run men! save yourselves! To the woods," he shouted. And away they scampered, leaping lightly, from tussock to tussock over the surface of the quaking bog, where the cavalry could not follow. On the far side of it was a line of woodland; they disappeared into the shelter of the trees, thick with their summer foliage. The last ray of sunlight illumined the blades of their weapons as they turned back to shake them in mockery at their pursuers.

The English colonel saw the line of flashing steel swallowed in the gloom of the wood. He ordered the signal for a halt. The battle was over.

Then the victors sought their dead

and wounded all along the slope where the bloody fight had raged. With grim joy they counted the number of the rebels slain, and cursed to find their own loss was heavy. The victory had cost them dear. When they came upon a badly wounded rebel they put him out of pain with a bayonet thrust. In this they were merciful, for in truth had they spared him it would have been only for the rope. On neither side were they accustomed to burden themselves with prisoners of war.

At length the pickets bearing the last litter of wounded went down into the village. It was held now for the King; the fruit of that day's fighting. Soon every street of it was noisy with sounds of revelry. Light streamed from the windows, and those of the inhabitants who had not fled to the insurgent camp, served food and drink to the unwelcome guests.

On the hill-top, too, there were camp fires and sentinels at outposts along the heights, keeping watch and ward lest the rebels should muster and come up for a night attack.

Night fell without moonlight, without starlight, upon the hill. Only the flare of the watch-fires, and the lights in the village, broke the over-brooding peaceful darkness. A woman, who had hidden for hours among the hay in a farmyard outside the village, crept trembling from her lair and stole by lane and hedge-way to the base of that waste hill which had been the field of battle. She had one thought, one desire—to fly. Where to, she scarcely knew. She was a homeless fugitive, whose two sons had fallen in the rising. Her husband was long dead, so having none to keep a home for, she could fly—fly for dear life, away from the desecrated cottage. Loud-voiced English red-coats were supping there. She feared them, hated them, would not stay to serve them or take their money for food, as other of the villagers had done. No—no, men like those had killed her boys, Michael, the tall, brave son so like his dead father, and young Francie, with the curly hair, whom she thought a boy, a child merely, till he kissed her good-bye and told her that he was a sworn man, and must march with his brother. Oh no, she could never give the meat and drink to English men, not to save her dear life. She knew she would weep if she met them face to face, guessed she might defy them and announce herself the mother of croppy-boys, and innocently thought, as a matter of course, she would be killed for that. So she hid before the soldiers came to her house, and now in the darkness was stealing away. What path should she take? Not that across the bog—she would stumble there into some hole and drown miserably. She must cross the hill where the fighting had been. Sure no matter! It was all over now. The soldiers had taken away their wounded and brought their dead to one place for burial. She was not afraid of dead croppies. As she stole along, now running lightly over short grass in shelter of high furze bushes, now more slowly wading the long bracken, she passed many a poor corpse, and said a prayer for the soul that had gone out of it, prayed God to be merciful and make the time of atonement short, for in life they had suffered.

She had gone more than half-way across the slope of that waste hill, when of a sudden there rose, as from the ground at her feet, an agonized groan. She stood trembling and listened, then came a choking sob, and

a voice that cried faintly, "Mother!"

She sank on her knees and stretched her arms out through the fern, feeling for the sufferer.

"Alanna!" she said. "Son dear, where are ye?" And in saying that word son she found a sad pleasure, having never a one left to her in the world. "Where are ye at all? Where are ye, son, I'm lookin' ye?"

It was in a little hollow he was, quite buried among the tall bracken. She groped along, led by the repeated groans, and at last her eager, searching hand touched the big hand of a man. It clutched hers with a frenzied strength, held it hard—pained her, but she recked not. Had she not found some poor dying boy that was wanting his mother. She thought of Francie of the curly head, who had died maybe like this calling for her, and she nowhere near. Her hot tears were falling now, but she dashed them away, and then bent close, close over the wounded man trying to see his face. She could make out no more than a whiteness, then laid her hands upon it soothingly.

"Mother, are you there?" he murmured deliriously. And the tender word was like balm to her stricken heart. She laid gentle arms around him and raised his head cautiously till it rested upon her knee. He sighed contentedly, as if eased from a position of torture. Then there was silence a little while, he had fainted from weakness. He came to himself moaning, "water, water!"

"And how can I get ye water, dear, or where? Lie aisy! aisy. There now your hand's clutchin' me too hard."

"Water! water!" he cried. "Not a drop all day—not one, only the musket fire and the blazing sun. I'm burning; burning!"

She slipped his head from her knee and made a pillow of her shawl for it, then ran away towards the marsh. Unfastening her linen apron she drenched it in a pool. "It is cool any way," she thought, "if not tasty for drinkin'."

She returned, running breathlessly up the hill, and wrung it out upon the sufferer's lips; then cooled his brow and head with the damp linen when no more drops of the precious liquid could be squeezed out. Thrice she made the journey, though her poor limbs were weary, and the last time she thought for a while she had lost her way to him.

"Oh God help me!" she almost wept, and when she found him again, "God and all the Saints be praised," she said. The dying man, who was almost beyond knowing anything, was yet conscious of the soothing presence, the gentle arms around him. He had cried like a child, to find himself deserted, lying alone upon the hill, with the awful darkness of the heaven above, the more awful gloom of death about to envelop him. The touch of that human hand that had come feeling for his through the bracken rescued his soul from the solitude; he could be braver now and not cry out in his pain. He had not sense to wonder how she (his own mother he deemed her) could have come to him when he cried.

His mind was wandering and he took it all for granted. He had cried for her; she had come, and as quickly as of old when he was a frightened little child waking from bad dreams in the dark. He had passed through worse than nightmares that day, had seen death in horrible shapes, his comrades falling round him gashed and wounded. Then all at once, the

sudden stinging pain had smitten him; he had staggered, fallen into a hollow where he was hidden from view, buried deep in the fern. His awakening had been in that awful blackness. He was in burning pain and thought himself in hell. He had called aloud to God; then feeling the fern and grass around him knew himself yet in the world where such things grow, and weeping like a child, called upon his mother. She was here now and he wept no more, did not call out on God even, maybe thinking in some dim way that a mother's prayers were enough.

And all the time this stranger whose arms encircled him was praying tenderly, softly. "But oh, son dear," she said, "Sorry it is I am I can't bring the priest to ye. God be good to you and look in mercy on your soul!"

His brain was too faint to grasp what she said, yet was he conscious that she was speaking to him. He sighed softly in response.

So she sat through weary hours, till the east became faintly silvered.

"'Tis near daybreak," she murmured, "and how can I leave ye? The soldiers will find us, son dear! What will we do at all, at all! What will we do?"

She was terrified of the soldiers, feared too their violence to the poor dying man; but she would not leave him, of that she was certain. Maybe he would die before the dawn. That would be well, for then she could run away, and he would be safe from the gallows. She prayed to God to release them both, and as she did looked apprehensively towards the whitening eastern heaven. Then she feared to look at it for "Oh!" she thought, "the camp will be roused at day dawn. The bugles will sound, and the men rise up from sleep to begin another day's battle an' murdher!" She prayed with eyes closed against the hated eastern light. "God in mercy release his soul before the dawnin' of the day!" And after a few minutes, she ejaculated, "Blessed Mother be praised, his hand is gettin' cowld. He's goin', from me —goin' out av their cruel power!"

She opened her eyes, bowed down to gaze upon the face of the dying boy, the face of one she seemed to have grown to love like a son in that sad night of sorrow and of prayer; but as she prayed with closed eyes the clouds had rent apart over there in the east, the dawnlight glowed red behind them, and the whole landscape blossomed out of the grey shapes and black shadows into exquisite faint tints that glowed brighter with the widening day. The whole bog was seamed with lines of gold. But Oh God of heaven! what color was this that the light brought forth from the darkness. The prayer froze upon the woman's lips. With a cry of horror she threw up her hands that had caressed the dying brow. 'Twas an English soldier she had held to her heart, wept hot tears for; she knew it now by his scarlet coat seen first in the pale cold rays of dawn.

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Surely it was the good God to whom she had been praying who sent her the gentle thought. She did not push aside the poor throbbing head that rested on her knee. Oh no; but she was near doing it, only God's name had been that minute on her lips. That stopped her. She sat there rigid with horror, her heart full of hate, looking down on that white face, with the closed eyes, the parted lips, through which the breath came in gasps. She thought of her dead boys, big Michæl

and Francie of the curly head. She had been far, far away from them in their agony, and here was she, sheltering in her arms a heretic Englishman, maybe the very one who had stabbed the cold bayonet into her youngest one, her darling. She lifted a wild face to Heaven. God was mocking her, mocking a poor, tired Irish mother, to keep her there in the wet and the dark and in danger of her life to tend an enemy of her country.

"Och, och!" she cried shrilly, "'tis the fool woman I am out an' out."

Her voice reached him at the verge of the dark border and wearily he opened his vague eyes, for one last look of grateful affection to the face of her he thought to be his dearest. The mists of death hid her from him; he could not see her plainly, could only keep the big blue eyes fixed on the white gleam that he thought was her face. His lips moved, but he could find no breath to frame the words he wanted. His eyes spoke for him, in dumb fashion, and speaking to a mother's heart were understood.

Oh well she knew what he was asking! well she knew, who had nursed Francie through the hot fever when he was a dawney child, and her husband (who was Francie too), through the sickness that took him from the world. She knew the way it was with her child in pain and that big men in the hour of weakness are like children too. She bent low above the pleading face; kissed it upon the brow that was damp with chilly dews, kissed him upon the eyes, as they closed wearily for ever.

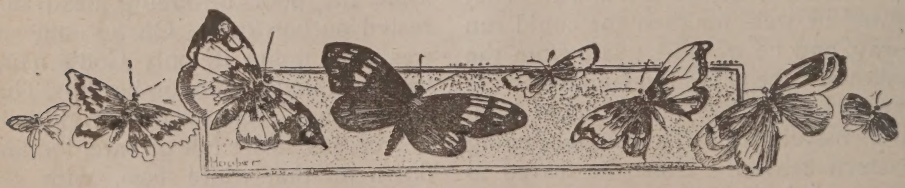
With a little sigh he turned his face to her breast, and quietly as a babe that goes to sleep, he died with her arms about him.

. . . . . .

They found him in the morning, and lamented that he had been left all night upon the hill to die in pain untended. "But look!" said a comrade. "How straight he lies, just as if some one had stretched him. And his hands folded on his chest, and see! what is this? A Romish crucifix, upon my soul."

He snatched from the cold hand a little cross, fashioned roughly of the twigs of a thorn tree, and would have destroyed it.

"Stop!" said the sergeant, and taking it he saw how it was a shred of woman's hair, grey hair, that bound the twigs together. His voice was suspiciously husky as he gave the order. "Put it where you found it." They placed it in the dead man's hand, above his heart, and buried it with him.



PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, in accepting the report of the Catholic Social Union, has given his approval to the work of organizing boys' brigades. There is a great difficulty, he says, in holding lads together after they have left school, and this has been the cause of perplexity and despair to parish priests. Drill, uniform, band and brigade hold out an attraction, he points out, which has proved successful in different parts of England among Protestants and in the United States of America among Catholics. The Cardinal declares that there is no wish to turn the boys into soldiers and to send them into the army; the objection of parents to such an aim would be, he thinks, quite sufficient to terminate the movement. But, he urges, experience shows that the manly discipline, the regular habits and the respectful and self-respecting conduct brought about by life in volunteer brigades improves the character and the prospects of young men in quite an exceptional way. He expresses the hope that in a year or two they may succeed in enlisting from 5,000 to 6,000 boys.

The fine article on "Catholicity in Japan," written for the October DONAHOE'S, by Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, has won warm commendation of the gifted young chaplain's powers of observation and his skill in relating his experiences. Through the courtesy of Rev. Edward F. Dempsey, St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, we are enabled to gratify the wish of many readers by publishing in this number a picture of Father Gleason, and also one of Monsignor Osouf, Archbishop of Tokio.

Monsignor Osouf, now seventy-two years of age, is one of the most respected men in Japan. Such work as he has done for the Church is what creates the sentiment heard on all sides, that the Catholic priests are the true missionaries of the Orient. In five districts of the city of Tokio alone there are five parishes, with neat little churches and most devout congregations.

After making a record in Manila for his devoted service in behalf of the soldiers, Father Gleason spent some months in Japan, and was on his way home when, at Nagasaki, he met General Chaffee's expedition to China. As is characteristic of him, his plans were changed at the sight of the dangers of the China campaign, and the knowledge that a priest was wanted by the men going on this hazardous journey. He accepted the invitation of General Chaffee, and from a note written at time of departure Father Gleason intended to go right to the front and join the forces entering Pekin.

An item of great interest Father Gleason received from the Archbishop of Tokio, who told him that Bishop Favier, 63 years of age, the venerable prelate of Pekin whose service as an apostolic missionary in China extends over a period of thirty-five years, was present at a diplomatic dinner in Pekin and at its conclusion remarked to the assembled guests: "Gentlemen, as for me, I am an old man and my place is here, but for you—go! and go immediately! I know the condition of affairs and I know, too, that this movement (Boxers) is not without the sanction of the Imperial army." His remarks were smiled at and even laughed at as the pusillanimous reflections of an old man, whose wisdom might be farseeing enough in missionary matters, but in nothing else. Two weeks later the assembled guests who could not interpret the signs of the times as clearly as the old Bishop, wanted to get away from Pekin, but could not.

An important educational movement that must appeal to the faithful in all countries has been undertaken by Father Claude Ferrand, who is building a boarding school for Japanese students to impart a solid Christian education while fitting them for professional and commercial careers. At present, with one exception, there is no real boarding school in Japan. The students are all-day scholars, lodging in town. In these lodging houses, their hearts soon wither, and with surprising rapidity they abandon the path of virtue. The freedom they enjoy, coupled with the bad example of wicked companions, drags them down.

To raise the funds necessary for this important work, appeal is made to the faithful "to adopt" one or more of Father Ferrand's pupils. Each bene-

factor will receive every six months a report of the progress made by his adopted son, who, moreover, will receive in baptism the name desired by his benefactor. The board and clothing of a young man come to $5 a month, or $60 a year, making a total cost of $300 for five years' complete training. The plan, as Father Ferrand calls it, is certainly ingenious, and the object one that must commend itself to all Catholics who are in a position to render assistance. The recent conversion of Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the leading European authority on all matters connected with Japan, and his native colleague, Professor Nagai, both of the Imperial University of Tokio, makes this time specially favorable for the inauguration of the new educational movement.

The truly Catholic work of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, is having splendid results, and the number of bands and members is constantly increasing in a proportion that must be most gratifying to the reverend director of the Association. The appointment of Rev. J. Freri, D. C. L., as Assistant Director General, has been announced. Father Freri was formerly missionary in Arizona, and lately professor of Canon law in the Seminary, Boston, Mass. The reverend gentleman will reside at the headquarters of the Association, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where he may be addressed by all interested in matters pertaining to the work of the Association.

The official report of the losses of the Catholic church in China during the last persecution has just been received by Rev. J. Freri.

From it it appears that 48 Catholic missionaries lost their lives from June to September 25th, at which date the persecution was still raging in some remote districts. The following is a summary of that long martyrology:

In North Manchuria—Revs. Leroy, Georjeon and Souvignet.

In Southern Manchuria—Bishop Guillon, Fathers Emonet and John Li (Chinese Catholic priest) were burned alive by the Boxers, together with Sister Albertina and a Sister of the Holy Cross, and about three hundred Christians. The fury of the fanatics went so far as to unearth and burn the remains of Father Moulin and Sister Helen, dead for several months. In the same province Father Alex Hia, another native priest, was beheaded with Fathers Bourgeois and Le Gueval, two Chinese nuns and sixty-four Christians, while Fathers Viaud, Bayart, Agnius and M. Li (a Chinese priest) were shot, with four Christians.

In Southeast Chi Li—Fathers Andlauer, S. J., and Isore, S. J., were speared and Fathers Denn, S. J., and Mangin, S. J., shot by the Boxers.

In Hou Nan—Bishop Fantosati and Brother Gambaro had their eyes plucked out and were then beaten to death.

In Pekin—Revs. D'Addosio, C. M.; Garrigues, C. M.; Dare, C. M., and Chavanne, C. M., two Chinese priests, Revs. B. Ly and P. Nie, together with two Marist Brothers and Sister Jaurias, also lost their lives.

In Mongolia—Bishop Hamer and Fathers Heirman, Malilet, Segers and Won were massacred, with about one hundred Christians.

Finally, on the 23d of September, news was received from Chan Si of the massacre of Bishops Grassi and Fogolla, Fathers Elias and Balat, and seven nuns.

From the foregoing it is shown that, up to the end of September, five bishops, twenty-eight priests (European and native), three brothers and twelve nuns, with a large number of Christians which is is almost impossible to determine, had sacrificed their lives for the faith of Christ.

The details of those horrible massacres will be given in the November number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, published at St. Mary's Seminary.

A special correspondent of The New Century, Washington, contributed to the last issue an interesting letter on the great coal strike. After drawing some strong pen pictures of the wrongs inflicted on the miners, and the sufferings endured by them this winter, he thus presents existing conditions:

"On the one side are a hundred and thirty thousand men struggling for a decent living, for something more than rags for their wives and daughters, and for the right of their little sons to get the schooling that will make of them intelligent and worthy citizens of a free republic. On the other side are a few corporations resisting these demands, and insisting that no other considerations can be paramount to that of the stockholder drawing his fat dividends.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

This is the gist of the situation. Looked at in its true light, these strikers are fighting the battle of American manhood. If they win, the cause of freedom, of civilization, of humanity has been advanced a step. If they lose, it means retrogression for us all, for it means that we are having fastened upon us a mock civilization in which money rates above manhood."

The Literary Digest, October 13, makes "Developments in the Coal Strike" its leader, and quotes extensively from papers all over the country, Republican, Democratic and Independent. The concensus of opinion indicates that popular sentiment is with the strikers. Thus the Chicago Post (Rep.) says:

"The practical unanimity of the miners in their struggle demonstrates, first, the reality of the grievances complained of; second, the conservatism and sagacity of the leaders, who have discouraged all attempts at lawlessness and enlisted

public sympathy on the side of the strikers; and, third, the utter futility of fighting concerted action on the part of labor in these days of consolidation and combination."

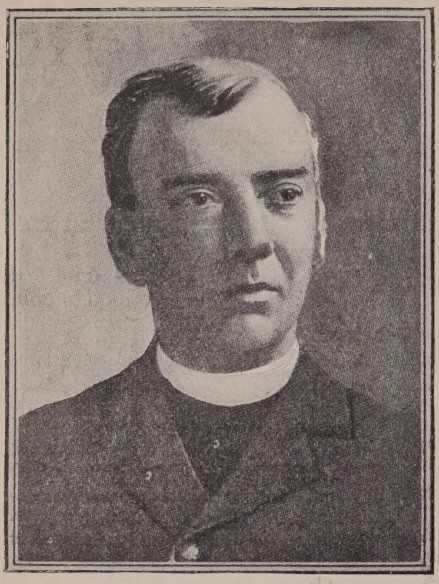
The Digest also publishes portraits of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Father Phillips, of whom it speaks as "a man of great power among the miners." Father Phillips' splendid work has elicited the admiration of the public, and his influence over the men is a power for good that daily makes itself felt. His sound common sense is demonstrated in his views on the strike situation. He says: "Operators and miners are in deadly struggle, one demanding submission, the other recognition of the union

MOST REV. PETER M. OSOUF, ARCHBISHOP OF TOKIO.

and concessions. Advantage so far, in the lockout of collieries, is on the side of the miners, and endurance will decide the victory. It is a question, therefore, of resources.

"Continuation of conflict, if there be opportunity for peace, is an unnecessary sacrifice of labor and capital. Remembering that operators and miners are not the whole public, this aggression on the rights of others, if not remediable, is criminal. The remedy has been offered by G. B. Markle & Co. of Jeddo to the employes. This is arbitration. Other operators have this remedy and should apply it. Miners recognizing it as the cardinal principle of adjustment should accept it when offered. The communities demand it, the State and nation demand it."

REV. JOSEPH M. GLEASON.



REV. E. S. PHILLIPS.

A notable instance of splendid success without sacrifice of race sentiment and pride is afforded by the career of Mr. James O'Neill, who sturdily refusing to alter or abandon his Irish patronymic, has made it memorable in the annals of the stage. Other great actors in no small measure expedited their progress by assuming names more acceptable to a certain powerful class, but Mr. O'Neill never for one moment swerved from his loyal adherence to his country, or permitted himself to employ any means other than his great talent in winning for himself the high place he fills today. As James O'Neill he worked his way upward, and as James O'Neill he is recognized as one of the strongest figures on the modern stage.

Born in Ireland, Mr. O'Neill came to this country when a boy. It was his father's earnest wish to have the boy educated for the priesthood, and his love of books, and thoughtful studious nature seemed to indicate his fitness for such a calling. The fact that he was the third son was another reason for giving him to the church. But the death of his father, when James was only fourteen, caused such a change in his career, and so altered the plans formulated for his future, that at eighteen years of age he made his first appearance on the stage. He has supported all the great stars during the last twenty-five years, and at the head of a company of his own has achieved a brilliant success. As Monte Cristo Mr. O'Neill is without a peer. From the time he appears as the merry, light-hearted sailor, "on intimate terms with justice," most winning as the lover of Mercedes, until the curtain drops upon the cultured, elegant, dignified, sometime Abbe Busoni, then Count of Monte Cristo, old and young are spell-bound by this play, which a very clever man has called "the acme of romanticism."

This little story illustrates his popularity with a class of critics whose goodwill is a compliment to the man who earns it."

In one of the Chicago theatres the stage door is close by the gallery steps, and as the "star" passed to his dressing-room one night he heard a boyish voice say excitedly:

"That's him—that's O'Neill!"

"'Tain't," said another boy, as the two gamins crowded over the stairs, nearly tumbling over in their frantic efforts to see.

"'Tis, I tells yer. I seed him afore!" said number one. "Yer see if 'taint; Hello, Monte!"

"Hello, boys!" said the kindly voice, whose rich notes with the suspicion of brogue in their liquid depths have charmed others than street urchins for many years."

"There! Didn't I tol' yer?" said the boy in triumph. "You must be from the country, sure. Why, everybody knows Monte Christer!"

Mr. O'Neill is affable and kindly, with a ready sense of humor, and is always kind and helpful to beginners.

There is a good story told of O'Neill which will bear repeating.

He was playing in a small town in Montana, and his ear was harrowed by the eccentricities of the flute player in the orchestra at a rehearsal.

"Can't you cut out that flute?" he asked the local manager. "It upsets me so that I don't believe I can get through the performance tonight."

The flutist heard the speech and turned irately upon O'Neill. "I'd have you to know," he said, "that I am going to play that flute if you're going to play 'Cristo.' I'm the mayor of this town, and I mean to see this show. If I can't play the flute I'll revoke the theatre's license, and you can get out of town tonight!"

JAMES O'NEILL.

It is unnecessary to state that both the flute and "Monte Cristo" were played that night, and Mr. O'Neill tells the story with a keen relish.

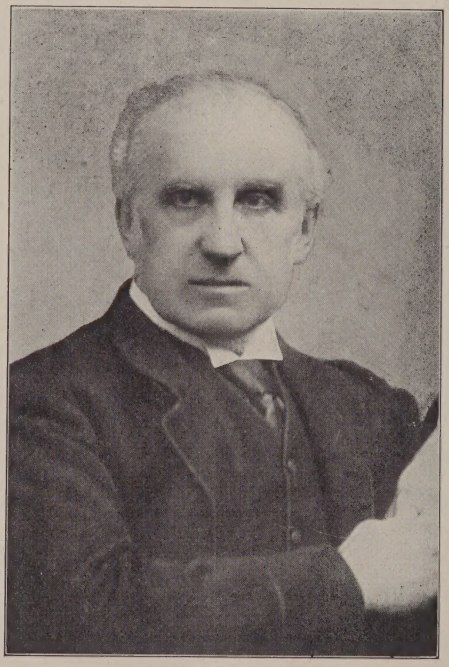
As "Hamlet," he is, to say the least, orignal and striking. The play is, without doubt, the most difficult of any of Shakespeare's dramas, and those who have seen Mr. O'Neill's impersonation of the part say that he is capable of even finer things than he has accomplished as Monte Cristo and Virginius.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMAN—SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

BY GERALD F. STEPHENS.

Of the many Anglo-Norman families, whose descendants have become renowned on the continent of Europe, in the United Kingdom, and in America, I know of none which boasts a prouder lineage than that of Russell.

When Rollo the Northman invaded Normandy there was a certain squire in his train named Turstain, a descendant of Olak, the sharp-eyed king of Rerik, who claimed as the price of his allegiance the barony of Briquebeck and its castle of Rozel, near Clare. Hugh de Rozel accompanied William the Conqueror into England, and from him the Russells of the House of Bedford, as well as the scattered families of that name in Ireland and Massachusetts, claim descent. In Ireland the Russells were one of the Norman families which became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Charles Arthur Russell was born in the county Down, Ireland, in the year 1833. His early education was acquired in Newry, where he was fitted to enter Castlenock College, which is well known to all American visitors to Dublin, from its picturesque position on the skirts of the Phœnix Park, and its close proximity to the famous "Strawberry beds."



THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

After a short time Sir Charles Russell matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, and did not obtain a degree, presumably because so few facilities were then accorded to Catholic students by the universities of the United Kingdom, where they were tolerated, but not recognized. It is of melancholy interest in the light of later events to notice that the first Catholic scholar, as well as the first Catholic Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was Professor Thomas Maguire, whose life terminated so tragically on the eve of the famous Pigott exposures. Like Thurlow, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Charles Russell first became a solicitor, practising at Dundalk, where some wonderful stories are told of his early encounters with the celebrated John Ross.

But a just appreciation of his own talents urged him to the higher profession of barrister, which he attained in 1859, being then called to the English bar, from Lincoln's inn. His early struggles at the English bar are not surprising to any one who has ever spent a year in the inns of court.

Recalling those early days, and the men he met, Lord Russell told the following story:

"I myself recollect, when I was a struggling junior of four years' standing on the Northern Circuit, dining in frugal fashion as the guest of two able young men, members of my circuit, in one of our assize towns. They were almost in the depths of despair, and one of them was seriously considering the question of migrating to the Straits Settlements; the other was thinking of going to the Indian bar. Where are they now? One of them, as I write, Lord Herschell, has held twice the highest judicial office in the land; the other, Mr. Gully, became the leader of his circuit, and is now Speaker of the House of Commons."

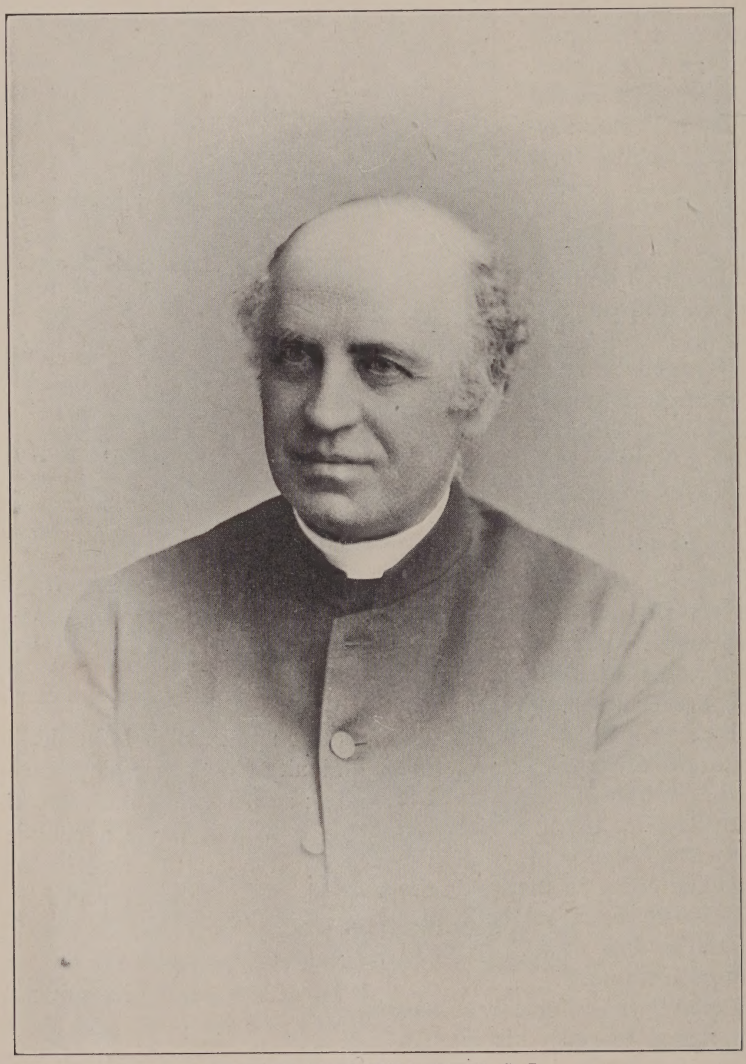
When asked by an interviewer how he had managed to push his way in those years of struggle he replied:

"By deviling for men in good practice. By the way, the fee for my first consultation I never got paid. It was a knotty point connected with a will made before the Statute of Wills—a matter upon which I should find some difficulty in expressing an opinion now; and, I fancy, the man who came to me with it made a chance hit. I had just come out first in the certificate list of the year, and he took me just because I stood first, and he didn't mean to pay for it. However, it led to a valuable introduction—Mr. Yates of Liverpool, and the late Mr. Aspinwall, recorder of Liverpool—a very able man, for whom I did a great deal. My first year I made 240 guineas, and in each of the two succeeding years I doubled my income; that is to say, the second year I made 480

THE LATE MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

guineas, and the third year just about 1,000."

His fine presence, strong common sense, good nature and jollity, soon made him hosts of friends on the northern circuit, which he followed.



THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Thirteen years after his admission to the bar, Sir Charles Russell was made Queen's counsel. This is merely an honorary distinction conferred by the Lord Chancellor on barristers of a certain standing. Queen's counsel are distinguished from members of the junior bar by the silk gowns, which the rank entitles them to wear. This is what is known as "taking silk."

Few men, however, who have had

the privilege of wearing silk, and sitting in the inner bar, have had such timely recognition of their superior talents as lawyer and advocate. As a lawyer, perhaps, Lord St. Leonards alone, and as advocate, Erskine received so early as Sir Charles Russell substantial acknowledgment of superiority in their profession. There is scarcely any case of importance tried before the English courts in the last quarter of a century in which the name of Russell is not found, as counsel for either of the litigant parties.

It is worth notice that he successively filled the judicial positions then occupied by the two leading counsel in the Tichborne case, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and Lord Bowen, although the Claimant had not Sir Charles Russell opposed to him, nor did he avail himself of his well-known powers as an advocate. I have never heard that Sir Charles Russell was offered a retainer in this case, although several other leading lawyers of the time when offered briefs refused. Americans will doubtless remember O'Donnell's case, in which Sir Charles Russell was assisted by an eminent lawyer from this country, who though not qualified to plead as an advocate, was not debarred from offering suggestions on marking out the line of defence. O'Donnell was the man who shot Carey, the infamous informer on the Phœnix Park trials, and the concocter of the murders. Notwithstanding the most brilliant advocacy, and the greatest astuteness in the conduct of this case, Sir Charles' client was sentenced to death and hanged.

In 1880 Sir Charles Russell was elected to the Imperial Parliament as member for Dundalk. It was about this time he was commissioned by the London Daily Telegraph to write up the causes of the distress in Ireland. The plain facts which he revealed, and the evident fairness of his opinions, together with the publicity afforded them by the Telegraph, helped in no small degree to prepare English public opinion for the Land Act of '82, and subsequent ameliorative legislation. I know no other accounts of the sufferings of Irish peasantry, so feeling, so argumentative, and so true, as Sir Charles Russell's "New Views on Ireland." Few Irishmen will not endorse the quotation, which he makes the text of his articles: "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, in a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns."

In '85 Mr. Russell became Attorney General, and was knighted. His income is said to have suffered to the amount of $50,000, his new promotion giving him the rank of leader of the bar, but cutting off other business to which the duties of his new office rendered him unable to attend.

The climax of Sir Charles Russell's legal career was reached in the famous Parnell Commission case. Everybody remembers his cross-examination of the spy, Le Caron, and the skilful manner in which he extorted the truth from the unfortunate Pigott. I shall not now enter into any further detail of that drama which began when Sir Charles addressed Pigott in his blandest tones, and asked him to write the word "hesitancy" which the forger spelled "hesitency."

Rev. M. J. Dorney, the priest who carried the letters from America which proved Pigott a forger and won the famous Parnell case, in an interesting letter to the New York "Jour-

nal," giving an account of his mission, writes as follows of his interview with Sir Charles:

"The ship did arrive. Thank God we were all well and the precious package was safe. Bishop Dunne truthfully accuses me of hustling him and Father O'Gara off to the House of Parliament from the railway station without waiting to wash our hands, get our clothes brushed, or even get a glass of water. Once at the House, Mr. Labouchere soon appeared in answer to my card. He then sent for Sir Charles, and our party retired to a room in the British House of Parliament to inspect and rejoice over the demonstration of innocence of the then Irish chief."

Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles examined carefully photographs and documents. Sir Charles saw all the difficulties and was not oversanguine of result. Mr. Labouchere's keen mind seemed to penetrate further, and he declared at once that the Pigott case was ended with the documents.

Months went by and Sir Charles appeared in court. He had meanwhile digested the entire matter. Pigott heard the opening, realizing his position, fled the country, and imitating his great prototype, committed suicide. Sir Charles' conduct of the case makes it a memorable one. Even today the London "Times" feels the burden of its debt, and is chagrined at its failure to convict the man whom it so unscrupulously hounded. The Irish went, as the "Times" once said, but some of them came back to seriously torment their vilifier.

The case is a laurel wreath on the brow of Sir Charles, which neither time nor aught else can wither. He will always be to his race the defender of their "uncrowned king," Parnell, in his hour of sorest need.

When the death of Lord Bowen rendered vacant the seat of Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, Sir Charles Russell received the appointment, with a life peerage, which had this curious result: that of the four judges of Appeal in the last resort, not one was English, three were Irish, Lord McNaghten of Antrim, Lord Morris of Galway, Lord Russell of Down; two were Catholics, Lord Morris and Russell; Lord Watson was a Scotchman.

It was the unanimous opinion of the English press, of the bench and bar, that no more fitting selection could be made for the Chief Justiceship of England than Sir Charles Russell, an appointment he received on the death of Lord Coleridge in June, 1894. The salary attached to this position is $50,000 a year.

As a lawyer Sir Charles Russell had no rival to share his honors as a cross examiner or advocate. Sir Henry Hawkins came nearest to him in the former branch of forensic skill, Erskine perhaps alone was his compeer in the latter.

In a character sketch in The Review of Reviews, W. T. Stead pays this just tribute to Lord Russell's career as a judge:

"Of his career as a judge, it is unnecessary to speak. His praises are in every mouth. He was a splendid example of that unflinching integrity which he claimed as the most important element in the character of a judge. He was impatient of the law's delays, and rode roughshod over many time-honored traditions which impeded the dispatch of business. He was an honest man, and his last crusade was an attempt to extirpate the

practice of giving secret commissions which is eating like dry-rot into our commercial integrity. He made a famous protest on behalf of integrity in business, even in the business of the financier and company promoter, when he welcomed the present lord mayor to the law courts. Everywhere, on the bench and off the bench, he was punctual in the discharge of duty and prompt to respond to all appeals for justice."

His appreciation of verbal eloquence should be cut out, and pasted in the note book of every public man prone to too much talking. These are significant sentences:

"For his own part, the person who made the least impression upon him was the person who talked the most glibly. He infinitely preferred, so far as it had an effect upon his mind, to listen to a man who first stammered and hesitated for the choice of a particular word to express the particular shade of meaning which he desired to express, but who showed that thought was accompanying his attempted utterance. He would rather hear such a man than one who, never pausing for a word, gave the idea that he was washed away before the flood of his own eloquence. What was wanted was not words, words, words, but thoughts, thoughts, thoughts. A well-thought-out speech packed with information and packed with thought well digested was worth a dozen speeches in which there was a cloud of words, but in which thought bore about the same proportion to the volume of words as in the celebrated classic case the bread bore to the quantity of sack. Thought was the first essential; and when they had achieved that position, then he thought facility of speech was a matter of comparative easy acquirement."

And again:

"I always had a high opinion of the force of brevity in advocacy. Since I became a judge, I have had to listen. My faith in brevity is greater than it ever was before."

Nevertheless, when Lord Russell pleaded before the Parnell Commission, he spoke six days on end, and the report of his speech occupies 600 printed pages.

And here is an opinion that upsets some deeply rooted convictions about lawyers' ability to make witnesses say what they will:

"Cross-examination," says Lord Russell, "rarely hurts a really honest witness. People think that anything can be done by cross-examination; but, as a matter of fact, if a witness is honest, it can do very little. Speaking for myself, I can say that I never rise to cross-examine a witness with any heart or interest unless, from something I know of him from my brief or from his demeanor in the box, I have reason to believe that he is not telling the truth."

The lesson he read to the London Irish Football Club will not soon be forgotten. In October, 1898, when that club was matched to play Hammersmith Club, Lord Russell was invited, and consented to kick off the ball. On arriving punctually at the hour appointed, he found that some of the members of the London Irish team were not on the ground. He waited patiently for some ten or fifteen minutes, until all the players were assembled, and then called up Mr. Dyas, the captain of the London Irish, and delivered the following homily: "Captain Dyas and members

of the London Irish Football Club: I desire to point out to you that one of your cardinal rules in life should be punctuality. Unless you study that rule, whether in business or play, you will never be successful men; and I hope that you will take to heart the lesson I am now reading you." The Lord Chief Justice, with the utmost gravity, then proceeded to kick off the ball.

Mr. Stead, writing of Lord Russell's closing years, says that they were darkened by "the shadow of national crime which has fallen athwart our unhappy land. He was not merely Lord Chief Justice in name; there was in him, from his boyhood, an ineradicable love of justice—especially of national justice. And it was to him a matter of deep grief and ill-repressed indignation that the country in which he was the foremost representative of justice should have become, in the eyes of all men, the most conspicuous representative of injustice. His high office sealed his lips. He could not publicly denounce the infamy of the pretexts by which a sophistical press had glozed over the essential villainy of the war now being waged in South Africa. But to those to whom he he could speak without the reserve imposed by his high station, he expressed himself with a passion of noble wrath against a shameless crime in terms which bore eloquent testimony at once to his generous enthusiasm and his unerring judgment.

Lord Russell died with the praises of all men surrounding his memory. Bramwell Booth, the representative of the straitest sect of the Puritan religion, wrote me in heartfelt sorrow expressing his conviction that the Lord Chief Justice, who had always been a good friend of the Salvation Army, despite all that conflicted with their notions, was a deeply religious man, who sincerely endeavored to do the right. And on the day after his death, Cardinal Vaughan sent round to his clergy the following letter:

The prayers of the clergy and of the faithful are earnestly requested for the repose of the soul of Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, a faithful son of the Church, who, after a life of distinguished public service, died yesterday, fortified by the Holy Sacraments."

Requiescat in pace.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the courtesy of The Sacred Heart Messenger for the loan of the accompanying cuts of the late Lord Russell; his sister, the late Mother Mary Baptist Russell; and his brother, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

PRESS APPRECIATIONS OF THE LATE LORD RUSSELL.

Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, died after a brief illness on the 10th of August, 1900. On the following morning all the newspapers of London, Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester, and other great towns, probably without exception, devoted considerable space to the obituary of the Chief Justice. On the 18th of the month the weekly journals took up the tale, and before them the newspapers of the United States and Canada spoke with full appreciation of the man whom they had twice welcomed as a guest. Nor were these tributes confined to these islands or to English-speaking countries. In this universal dirge there was not a single jarring note. The Times seemed to have almost wholly forgotten the historic scene when its standing counsel became its accuser. "We are the accusers!" In the paragraph which a newspaper-reader of fifty years ago, who has a right to be thought of in this context, used to call "under our own head," The Times gives this summary of Lord Russell's career:—

"He joined the English Bar in 1859, rapidly attained a foremost place in it, and for many years before his elevation to the Bench was recognized as the greatest advocate of the day. He was Attorney-General in the Liberal Government of 1885-86, and again in that of 1892. In 1894 he succeeded the late Lord Bowen as Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, and a few months later he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England on the death of Lord Coleridge."

And then an eloquent leader is devoted to the "impressive and virile personality" that has disappeared from the English Bench.

"Lord Russell of Killowen has, for a full generation, occupied a very high place—of late, perhaps, the very highest—among the representatives of the legal profession in this country. At the Bar he was, beyond dispute, the most powerful and the most successful advocate of his day. On the Bench he was, in point of dignity and force, a not unworthy successor of the greatest of the great men who have filled the office of the Chief Justice of England. It will not be easy to find any one to succeed him who will act the part so perfectly. His imposing appearance, his clear-cut features and penetrating eye, his sonorous and thrilling voice, his command of all the resources of a grave and measured eloquence, made up a noble presence, and one that will be missed by all who frequent the Law Courts."

Another writer in the same great journal devotes three columns to a masterly estimate of his personal and professional characteristics. He says of him as a working lawyer: "His courage, his thoroughness, his strenuous devotion to his client, his relentless cross-examination, his mastery of details, his sound sense were too conspicuous to be ignored; one rival after another was caught up and then passed; and for nearly twenty years the history of the common law Bar was his history. In almost every case of magnitude he was engaged; and in libel actions he was indispensable. In the Parnell Commission he crowned

his reputation as an advocate, placing himself on the same level as Erskine or Berryer." This evidently competent and impartial critic pronounces this judgment upon him as Lord Chief Justice. "A great judge he was in this sense—his power of getting at truth was most rare. None of his contemporaries, few, if any, perhaps, of his predecessors, equalled him in the thoroughness with which he examined the most complicated facts, the amplitude of his grasp, and the vigor of his unfailing good sense. Lawyers of after times to whom his fame will come down will search the reports in vain for any worthy record of his powers."

A few phrases may be added from other tributes paid on the morrow of his death to the Irishman who rose to what Sir Edward Clarke called upon this occasion, "the greatest purely judicial office" in the British Empire. This is the verdict of The Morning Post on the surest verdict-getter of the Bar:—

"The chair that had once been Coke's and was still haunted with memories of Coleridge was occupied by a figure as remarkable as either—yet how different from both! He was only Lord Chief Justice for about six years, and at the start men wondered how the great advocate was to comport himself as judge. Not even envy has denied his magnificent success. Perhaps he rather drove than led his juries, perhaps he was too short-tempered with prosey advocates, but he wasted no time, he grasped at once the truth of the matter and he made the truth prevail. Nothing was slurred over, yet he was very speedy. Lists of arrears vanished while they were honestly worked through, and so when the end came he left his legal house in perfect order. Great advocate, still greater judge,* he had the respect and affection of his own profession in no common degree. Those nearest to him, even while they must grieve his loss, will look back with solemn pride on his strenuous and honorable career."

"Great advocate, still greater judge." The adjectives change places in this phrase in the estimate of another writer, who calls himself "A Friend of the Family" in Black and White of August 18; but this pronouncement at least shows how utterly dispelled were the fears which some pretended to feel when Lord Coleridge was succeeded by him who at an early period of his career was singled out by Sir John D. Coleridge as "the best all-round man at the Bar"—so the Jesuit brother of one who took a pleasure at the time in announcing to the Jesuit brother of the other. Very early, too, in that career he told that brother that he would never accept a puisne judgeship, his lowest aspiration from the first being the Mastership of the Rolls.

The names that we have just mentioned were coupled together in many a newspaper paragraph during the last ten or twenty years. Naturally the late Chief Justice was often contrasted with the eloquent and accomplished man whom he succeeded, the bearer of an illustrious name, the rep-

*Mr. Justice Laurence, who on the morning of Lord Russell's death said, "The country at large will recognize that a great man has fallen," has since spoken of him as "a man whose abilities had never shone to their fullest extent until he occupied the position of Lord Chief Justice. Pre-eminent at the Bar and in the House of Commons, he had never seemed to find sufficient work for his mighty intellect till he became the head of the common law of his country. He will indeed rank high in the long list of illustrious judges."

resentative of a family of brilliant traditions. On this last eleventh of August, whose daily papers we are turning over, this comparison was instituted by several writers; and on August 18th The Saturday Review returned to it thus: "While each in his own way was incomparably above his puisnes, in the view of the litigant and of the general public Lord Russell undoubtedly surpassed his predecessor. To his contemporaries and even perhaps to posterity his chief claim to respectful recollection must lie in the force and virility of his character."

One of the most interesting of the appreciations of Lord Russell was that contributed to The Graphic of August 18, by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P.:

"Whenever it became known that Lord Russell of Killowen was presiding over an Assize, not a rustic in the district, not a farmer in the neighborhood, not a tradesman in the town, but left, or dearly wished to leave, his work so that he might push his way into the Court and see with his own eyes the greatest advocate of the time, who had become, to the surprise of many, a great judge. Even juries were reconciled to their fate when they learnt from the newspaper that their deliberations were to be directed by the man they had all heard of as Charles Russell. And who had not heard of him? Throughout the North of England his name was as well known as ever had been those of Brougham and Scarlett; whilst the newspapers, by their lengthened report of famous or notorious trials, had carried not only the name but some account of the characteristics of the late Lord Chief Justice into every hamlet in the Three Kingdoms. Go where you might, you always met people who were well pleased to talk to you about Charles Russell.

"To see him was not to be disappointed. He had a great countenance, a piercing glance and a most convincing manner. Eminent persons who have none of these things may affect to make light of them, but the English people, and in this respect they resemble their great Queen, love to look upon a man, and are all the better pleased when they see the duties of a great office discharged in the grand style. Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning and Lord Russell of Killowen, each in his own very different way, did much to make the places they filled splendid in the public eye."

In a later part of this article the brilliant author of Obiter Dicta says: "By common consent he belonged to the rare order of great judges. . . . He had, as Lord Chief Justice, during the century, some distinguished predecessors. Certainly none of them, not even Ellenborough, was greater than he."

Among the interminable series of obituaries from which we are culling a phrase here and there, one of the most personal and interesting is that contributed to The Tablet by "An Old Pupil," who begins by calling him "the greatest Catholic who has taken a part in the public life of England since the days of the Blessed Thomas More"; and ends by exclaiming: "How much have we Catholics lost by his death! How much have we all, from the highest to the lowest, gained by the fact that a Catholic has once more held the great place of Lord Chief Justice of England, and so filled it as by universal acknowledgment to do honor even to that high office! He was a kind, generous, and faithful friend." The first leading article in

the same journal contrasts, like so many others of these obituaries, the two stages of Charles Russell's career. "That he was the greatest advocate of his time no man doubted, but six years ago there were some, even among those who knew him well, who wondered whether the very qualities which had won for him his transcendant success at the Bar would not disqualify him for the highest service on the Bench. . . . He had not been six months on the Bench before the public, as well as the members of his own profession, knew him for the strong judge he was; and today it is universally recognized that no greater man has worn the English ermine since the days of Mansfield. . . . 'Only six years!' is the common cry of the Bar today, as wherever barristers are gathered together they speculate upon what might have been had the great Chief Justice been spared to live even a little while longer."

But this anthology cannot be extended much farther. We shall go back from the weeklies to the dailies to quote the Daily Telegraph and Daily News. "We have lost," says the former, "one of the most commanding figures that have ever dominated the Bench—the strong, just and memorable Judge, the moving and overmastering Advocate, whose whole individuality was among the most powerful, definite, and salutary in public life . . . the supreme and matchless advocate who combined weight and eloquence, impetus and concentration, passion and reason, with a completeness of fusion absolutely unique."

"His sudden death in his sixty-eighth year," says the Daily News, "has robbed the judicial bench, the legal profession, and the British public of a power which cannot be restored. He has been taken away in the inscrutable designs of Providence at the full maturity of his singular gifts when he was directing the Judicature of England with a sagacity and a magnanimity peculiarly his own. There is no Elisha upon whom the mantle of Elijah can fall. Whosoever it may be that takes up the task must be content to perform it on a lower scale. . . . The tragedy is that he should be taken away so soon from the noblest work of his life, and that the highest of all the purely judicial offices in England should be deprived of its greatest occupant since Lord Mansfield. Somebody must follow Lord Russell. Nobody can succeed him."

In the journal last quoted appeared the following solemn quatrain, the briefest and perhaps the best of the poetical tributes to the memory of the late Chief Justice:

Throned in his heart sate Justice unafraid,
Spake through his lips and lightened in his eyes;
He passes now, the just man perfect made,
To meet his Master at the last Assize.

Punch (August 15) ought to have used for the future Life a more Christian expression than "the Courts of Sleep."

Swift thought and eloquence that smote like flame,
By those his country's kingliest prize he won,
And from the judgment-seat still kept her fame
Clear as the cloudless sun.

Now in the Courts of Sleep he rests apart,
Mourned by a people's love, his dearest pride;
So close was wisdom in that noble heart
With gentleness allied.

In his lifetime the Muse of Punch had addressed the Chief Justice, poetically, more than once, as when she illustrated a "fancy-portrait" of Linley Sambourne by a development of this text from the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act v., Scene 2.

You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase!
For which I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword [Coleridge] was used to bear;
With this remembrance—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have shown before.

We have not room for the stanzas that follow, and at any rate we should much prefer to quote the prose letter addressed by Mr. Punch's Vagrant, November 22, 1899, to the Lord Chief Justice in the series of "Letters to the Celebrated." We forbear also to quote from the long poem in Truth (August 18) which begins with the emphatic statement, "He was a Man!" But we must not omit the solemn and sculpturesque elegy which appeared in The Daily Express.

"Lord Chief," farewell! A nation knows
The impress of thy life in death;
Thou wert of those
Who grace the sacred gift of breath.

When Justice strove to right the wrong,
Thy eloquence in suasive flow
Was pure and strong,
Thy fearless soul with truth aglow.

The poor man loved thee wholly since
He owned the spell of thy renown;
Nor less the Prince
Anticipate of England's crown.

Pass thou in peace—while men relate
The deeds that did beget their love,
Great advocate!
From Courts below to Courts Above.

As no reader can have penetrated so far into this paper except one who feels a sort of personal interest in the subject of it, we shall presume on that reader's kindness and confess that not for the first time in death was he whom we mourn the theme of song. He was of course foremost among

—the friends whose love I proudly treasure,
Who ne'er have shamed my cheek with blush or tear,
Save tear of gratitude and blush of pleasure
When names are praised that to my soul are dear.*

And it was he who was apostrophised in the very earliest of the "Idyls of Killowen" which describes the scattering of the happy household wherein his childhood and youth had sped.

Two of them (souls so earnest)
The clayey cords have riven
That bound them to earthly homestead—
No home for them but Heaven!
And one brave soul hath entered
On the rude battle-field,
Where the true heart still conquers
That can a stout arm wield.
In the fight may the good God guard him
And bear him safely through!
Go forth, 'tis the hour of battle—
Stern work hast thou to do."†

Not a bad attempt at prophecy when written of Charles Russell forty-five years ago. He fought the battle of life bravely; and some have applied to him with very special emphasis the humble boast of St. Paul (II. Tim. IV., 7): "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As for the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me."

* "Vespers and Compline, a Soggarth's Sacred Verses," page 4.

† "Idyls of Killowen, a Soggarth's Secular Verses," page 89.

We should wish to put on record here some of the tributes paid by the colleagues of the Chief Justice an hour or so after they had been startled by the news of his death. More than one of them spoke of it as a national loss. Mr. Justice Wright said: "He started in his profession with no advantages but his own strength and ability, and he attained a wholly unique position as head of the Bar of England, the greatest advocate of our time, the equal of the greatest of any time."

Mr. Justice Bigham said: "During the past night a great man has been taken away from us. Our Chief is dead, and we have to mourn his irreparable loss. In him the public saw and recognized a striking personality, a man of extraordinary power, and of commanding ability. Those who were nearer to him knew him as a kind friend and as a good man."

Mr. Justice Kennedy said: "We have lost a great Chief Justice, one whose marvellous grasp of facts, whose equally marvellous power of stating them, and whose unsurpassed genius for striking at the real heart of every question, will make his work complete and memorable, whether it is looked at in the time of his labors as an advocate or in the period of his efforts as a judge. There will be but one feeling—there can be but one feeling—everywhere, namely, that we have lost one of the greatest of a great roll of Chief Justices, who, alike as a man and as a judge, deserves higher praise than any words of mine can give."

Much more, however, than these public eulogies we wish that it were lawful to quote the private letters of sympathy sent by persons whose names would add greatly to the worth of their beautiful and touching words. This cannot be done; yet I will dare to put into print the following from one who is sufficiently described as the most learned and eminent of Irish Judges.

"Will you allow me to express my feelings of deep regret at the death of your distinguished brother the Chief Justice, the announcement of which I saw in last evening's papers? It is not only a national, but an Imperial loss. It will affect not only legal matters with which he was more immediately connected, but all public affairs, in which his high tone and undaunted courage were always conspicuous.

"Since I had the pleasure of first becoming acquainted with him, now twenty-seven years ago, I have not ceased to admire his unrivalled powers as an advocate. Later on, at the commencement of his judicial career, I watched with interest, and indeed astonishment, how his marvellous powers of self-control were able to soften the enthusiasm of the advocate into the calmness of the judge; and I saw his knowledge of human nature and of affairs ripen into calm and accurate judgment which had not been excelled by any of the occupants of his judicial position. I regret that we have lost in him all those noble qualities, and more than all I regret the loss of one in whom for many years it was my privilege and pride to know that I had a real friend. I assure you that I sympathize with you deeply."

The only other letter I will permit myself to use out of hundreds is this from a priest whose name has been very prominently and very favorably before the reading public, especially the ecclesiastical world, for a year or two.

"I have delayed offering you my most sincere sympathy in your great

trial, coming so soon after your sister's death. And yet I think the public loss to Catholic interests is even greater than the personal bereavement of devoted friends. I intend at once to say three Masses for the greatest Catholic layman of our age.

"A few days ago one of our priests was travelling in North Wales and came across the footsteps of the Lord Chief Justice. In one case, the old priest at Carnarvon told him with enthusiasm how Lord Russell a few days before had clambered up to his eyrie, had asked for confession, and had left £2 for the mission. He was at Mass and Holy Communion next morning. Again at Beaumaris the Lord Chief Justice of England was seen, coming up from the congregation and proffering his services as acolyte to a newly ordained priest. He was recognized in the little chapel and it occasioned quite a sensation.

"These little traits affect me more deeply than all his great forensic and intellectual triumphs. Requiescat!"

Copious as our quotations have been from the judgments passed upon the dead Judge, we have failed to introduce Mr. Justice Wills' reference to "his masterly sense of right and wrong," and the striking statement of The Daily Chronicle that "his religion was the fundamental fact of his life." Even now, somewhat out of its place, we shall admit a rather long passage from The Morning Leader:—"A great man, as Mr. Justice Bigham said yesterday, has been taken away from us. By the death of Lord Russell of Killowen the United Kingdom and the world lose one of their noblest and purest spirits—one of the last of the heroic figures who have lent a touch of majesty to a puny generation. The suddenness of his death adds to the shock and poignancy of grief, but experience alone will bring home to us the measure of our unexpected and enduring loss. We shall have, to be sure, another Lord Chief Justice, but who can take Lord Russell's place? It may be doubted whether any other lawyer has had so magical an influence at once over the esteem and the affection of the public. But this most excellent judge was far more than a lawyer. While he won from his colleagues at the Bar and on the Bench the highest admiration for his professional attainments, there was in him that which made a universal appeal to the reason and the emotions of men. What Gladstone was among statesmen, that was Russell among lawyers. His gifts and achievements in the profession which he adopted and adorned were indeed consummate. But no merely technical qualities, however great, explain the influence which Lord Russell wielded and the place he filled in the world's eye. Advocate, sportsman, and statesman, he was also a man of genius and an Irishman."

In another column of the same journal, "S. L. H." repeats a comparison which occurs in the foregoing extract. "In the Law Courts it is recognized that the greatest figure, the greatest ornament of the Bench has gone. He was there what Mr. Gladstone was in the House of Commons. He towered head and shoulders above all others. He was first, and the rest were nowhere."

We must come to an end without drawing upon any of the Irish or of the American journals. It would have been interesting also to consult the purely legal periodicals. One of these, the Law Journal, had the following

paragraph at the time that Lord Russell became Chief Justice:

"It is noted that Lord Russell is the ninth Lord Chief Justice in one hundred and thirty-eight years. The average tenure of the office has therefore been seventeen years. Of the eight who have passed away, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Tenderden, Cockburn, and Coleridge died in office, Mansfield and Denman resigned, and Campbell was promoted to the Woolsack. Lord Campbell held the office for nine years, and with this exception Lord Coleridge's tenure was the shortest."

When this newspaper scrap was laid aside, there seemed little fear that the new Chief would be the most short-lived of his race. Only six years, eleven years short of the average! It might be almost profane to apply to his brief judicial career the sacred text, "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time" (Wisdom iv., 13), but certainly those words from the seventh chapter of Ecclesiasticus are strikingly apposite when we think of the legal measures that Lord Russell was pressing forward with such earnestness. "Seek not to be made a judge, unless thou have strength enough to extirpate iniquities; lest thou fear the person of the powerful and lay a stumbling block for thy integrity."

The newspaper which we quoted last speaks of "the intensity of his Catholicism, about which he was as fervent as about his Irish birth"; and indeed most of the journalists notice the union of those two loves. Charles Russell might have said with Daniel O'Connell: "I am an Irishman, I am an ardent admirer of the fair and fruitful land of my birth, my fatherland"; and he might have said with St. Teresa, "Thank God I am, after all, a child of the Catholic Church." His childlike faith was shown in the last words that have reached us from his death-bed. When a priest of the Oratory had administered the final sacramental rites prescribed in the last chapter of St. James's Epistle, and was withdrawing from the death-chamber, he was recalled by the summons, "Father, lay your hand upon my head and bless me."

The last words, except the aspiration faltered out half consciously towards the very end by the feeble lips that had uttered so many a strong and noble word. "May God have mercy on me!" The last word he would wish to be said of himself is what he himself always said when any man's death was announced in his presence, "God be merciful to him!"

THE SUNNY SIDE OF SCHOOL.

BY REV. L. W. MULHANE.

In all manner and modes of thinking and writing, education is one of the most discussed questions of the day. There is a tendency on all sides to overdo education, to cram the child's mind with facts that fly out at the first opportunity, instead of assisting youth to think and use their minds, and no one can deny that a teacher's life is a wearying and laborious one, a tiresome tread-mill. Some time ago at a conference of the Ohio City Boards of Health, Dr. Wise, a physician of wide practice, read a paper on "The Evil Results of Our Educational Methods" which created much comment, but which so far, has not been assailed by any very formidable answer. The doctor among other things said: "There is a morbid desire on the part of parents to have their children go through an extensive curriculum of studies, many of which can never be made available for any purpose in life. It is a system which does not educate, but which leaves the mind befogged with a multiplicity of ideas, not one of which they clearly comprehend. The fact that the pupils are all obliged to conform to one uniform standard of cast-iron rigidity, and that studies are crowded upon them far in advance of their brain development, is an outrage and a crime against nature. A sound mind in a sound body is an oft quoted old adage, but it is equally true that the body cannot remain sound very long if the brain is kept in a constant state of exhaustion by severe mental strain and overwork." The learned physician in defence of his position furnished some pointed examples, two of which I quote. "A little girl nine years of age was brought to a doctor for treatment. She was pale, thin, and very nervous, and had constant headache. The muscles of her face twitched constantly, and she could scarcely keep her feet and hands still. She was in the incipient stage of chorea or St. Vitus' dance. In answer to the question as to the number of studies she was pursuing at school, the fact was elicited that her daily task consisted of eight studies: spelling, reading, history, arithmetic, geography, language, physiology and drawing. Deducting the time she ought to have slept, and the time required for her meals and toilet and going and coming from school, and the time occupied in her recitations, she had about six hours left to study eight branches of learning. Now, suppose, either of you, ladies and gentlemen, who have mature brains and trained and experienced minds, should try to study eight unfamiliar subjects of knowledge in six hours, and were compelled to do this five days in the week, and then, forsooth, be expected to turn out cheerful and bright with a well-prepared Sunday school lesson on Sunday, I think you would soon be in the most abject state of mental confusion. You simply could not perform the task."

The experienced doctor gave another

illustration, which will provoke a smile from every reader: "In addition to the multiplicity of studies, we cannot overlook the enormous, absurd and unreasonable character of the questions that the pupils are often required to answer in their respective branches of study. The following examples of questions are taken from some actually given to a class of children from eight to ten years of age:

(1) Spell and define 40 words taken from Webster's Dictionary.

(2) Write the names of all the bones in the human body, spelling them correctly.

(3) Bound the U. S., and give the names of all the States in the Union; bound Ohio and name all the eighty-eight counties; bound this county and name all the townships in the county: bound the township you live in and give the number of school districts in the township.

While investigating this subject, I asked a little girl how far her class was advanced in physiology. She replied they had studied the bones and would soon finish the joints. Rather a grewsome study for little girls, indeed! What good they will ever derive from a little smattering of anatomy goes beyond my comprehension. How much more useful and practical it would be to teach them the anatomy of fowls and have them learn how to carve them!"

This is a strong presentation of the case from a medical standpoint. Let a woman's view of the subject be also briefly presented. Mrs. Lew Wallace, wife of the author of "Ben Hur," last year contributed an article to the "Ladies' Home Journal," under the startling caption of "The Murder of Modern Innocents."

The editor prefaces the article in these words: "So earnest are the thoughts expressed by Mrs. Lew Wallace, and so thoroughly are they in touch with what has been voiced on this page on the modern tendency toward the over-education of children, that the editor has felt that he might well step outside this month and give his page to Mrs. Wallace. No words which he might have written could compare in importance with the sentiments so well expressed below by an able pen." Mrs. Wallace thus begins:

"Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah. We are told that probably not more than thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of the 19th century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful king, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day lilies and boys with flat chests and waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out; dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past—each pupil carrying books—three, four, five, to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes prematurely old by night work. Said a thoughtful father, 'My children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is there playtime if not now, and what has become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy and school let out, we were gay and free. We studied in school-time, and in play-time there was no thought of anything but play.' Mrs. Wallace says: 'I do not undervalue education, it is greatly to be desired, but over-education is slaying its thousands. The burden is books.' . . . Said a mother: 'Two and two are what?' The boy hesitated. 'Surely you know

that two and two make four.' 'Yes, mamma, but I am trying to remember the process.' Process indeed! A child of nine years is required to define and understand such words as these: aphocrasis, apocope, paragoge, paraleipsis, diocrasis, synocracis, tmesis. There are famous speakers and writers who never saw them. Lest the gentle reader be as ignorant as the writer, I mention that these, and more of the same sort, may be found in many modern English grammars. . . . One day Mary came home at noon too sick to eat dinner. What had happened to the darling? She had seen a cat dissected in class. Are your daughters being trained for surgeons? Other noons she was required to find who was the author of 'I sat by its cradle, I followed its hearse,' and what caused the feudal system, and bring back the answers for the afternoon session. She was too hurried to eat anything but a banana while making a dive at the reference books, and said, 'I only remember these answers a few days. There's so much more coming on all the time.'"

Mrs. Wallace makes a strong plea against the prevalent system, and observes that Boston has been shaken by a strong protest from the city physician against the ruinous manner in which children are over-worked; not the orphans in factories, nor the poor in the tenements, but in the handsome school houses where the well-to-do send their boys and girls.

These extracts will serve to show that not a few true lovers of education are not timid in criticising the foolish fads of modern education. There was a time not long ago, when it was a national sin for any American citizen to criticise our public school system, and it was political heresy for any party to omit placing in their national and state platforms fulsome resolutions, lauding the system as the bulwark of liberty and progress. A little leaven of common sense was dropped some years ago into the mass of flattery and praise by a few courageous writers, and it has been fermenting quite rapidly. Time was too when many of our parochial schools had but to imitate the "great and glorious public school system" and then lay the flattering unction to their breasts that they were at the height of success. Will it be out of place while calling attention to these facts as recorded by non-Catholics against the public school system to suggest that there is a possibility of similar evils creeping into our system? It may provoke discussion to assert it, but I am of the opinion that there is wide room for so stating. In the exuberance of our zeal to bring parochial schools to an equality with the public schools, in the mental advancement and equipment of pupils, have we not overlooked the fact that we too may "crowd and cram" our scholars? Why should it be alleged as a reason for introducing this and that study into our schools that the public schools have them and therefore we must? Every publishing house in America has an educational fad or two of some kind or the other, and they flood our school authorities, pastors and teachers, with circulars, giving glowing testimonials of this authority and that, and the next step is we buy and introduce it, reason,—because the public schools have adopted it. And that is the "because," and no other word can express it and tell the truth. Would it not be well to remind our teachers as well as the parents of our pupils that our parochial schools are built and intended primarily to give our children a common and at the same time a common-sense education. We of course don't want to go back to the days when, as a recent writer puts it, "the logs of the fireplace, given by the scholars, were a part of the school expense, and in

many a school when a parent was tardy in the delivery of his winter's load of wood the child suffered by banishment to the farthest and coldest corner of the school-room;" nor do we want any free lunch for the children as some fools are agitating in Chicago; but we ought to have a system of education fit for the demands of the day, no more, no less. Nor do we want the teachers poorly paid as the writer quoted above says they were in the days of early American history, "when the teacher's pay was beaver skins, Indian corn, wheat, peas, beans or any country product known as 'truck.'" Whale oil and fish were paid to teachers on Cape Cod, and it is told of a Salem, Massachusetts, school that one pupil was always placed by the window to hail passers-by and endeavor to sell to them the accumulation of vegetables, etc., which had been paid to the teacher.

Our schools ought to profit by the mistakes of the public school system and no friend of Catholic education should fear a cautious word of warning. The parochial school should also be free of tuition; it should be a parish establishment, supported by the parish, and not alone by those who may have children to send to its rooms. I am aware of the great financial burden that is thus placed upon the pastor's shoulders, but let me repeat a remark made by a pastor a few days ago —"Yes—a free parochial school is a financial task that you are never through with. You build a church and finally you pay for it; you build a school and finally pay for it, but the expenses of maintaining the school go on from year to year, salaries, light and heat, and you are never done with the problem, but still I repeat, free parochial schools are the best in every way." When our moneyed Catholics get through endowing our universities, etc., perhaps some wise pastor may induce some wealthy man to endow a parochial school, to leave it a fund, which invested, may yearly pay all the running expenses, then others may follow, and lo, the millennium will have come!

I make a plea too for more laughter in our schools. Boys and girls are creatures endowed with the power to smile and laugh. Have you ever noticed a crowd of boys as they silently march out of the school house? How quickly they will give vent to a war-whoop that would do credit to a Piute Indian just as soon as they reach the play-ground or the street. Their steam has been kept under heavy pressure, and once the pressure is relieved they must give it free vent. Why not let boys and girls, once in a while, laugh to their hearts' content, even if for a moment or two the seeming proprieties are ever so little disturbed? Men and women like to laugh occasionally, and what are we but grown boys and girls? The Danish poet, Baggesen, says:

"They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now I have but their memory, fondly cherished;
God—may I never lose that too!"

I commenced this rambling essay by saying a teacher's life was a laborious one, and has its serious side; still

THERE IS A SUNNY SIDE.

How mirth provoking, how ingenious often, are the answers of the little ones; how interesting to watch the trend and develop-

ment of the gifts God has endowed them with; to note the budding talent and the blossoming of industry, day by day! And looking upon them one cannot but invoke the blessing of God upon them to endure what the storm of life may have in store for them.

Here are a few funny sayings of some little ones in their early school days. Some have been handed down by tradition for years in certain primary schools, others are of recent occurrence. A little lad, just commencing to read, slowly drawled out the sentence: "I see the sly fox." Asked by his teacher the meaning of the word sly, he paused for a moment, glanced from book to teacher and then to his companions, and finally blurted out—"Why—it means pretty smooth." The answer will be better appreciated, when it is stated that the lad's father was a well-known local politician. In a city school the teacher was speaking to the little ones about the earth and the North Pole. In the class was a mischievous boy, who during the day had been detected hiding various articles belonging to other pupils, and had been compelled to return them. While the teacher was explaining the subject to the attentive listeners this lad was looking about, his mind on some other subject. She suddenly said: "Willie, where is the North Pole?" The lad taken unawares, and knowing that he was not guilty on this occasion, stood up and boldly replied: "Please, I haven't got it, you can search me."

In a certain Kentucky town, where the colored population is quite large, the pupils of the schools were all obliged last winter to be vaccinated. A Sister inquiring of a little colored lass about eight years of age as to the cause of the absence of her brother from school received this answer: "Please, Sister, he's sick: he dun got procrastinated tother day and his arm is swelled big as a saw log." In an Ohio town, a pupil having been asked to illustrate the difference between the words sit and set, wrote this sentence, evidently under the influence of expansion: "The United States is a country on which the sun never sets nor any other country ever sits." Another lad asked to explain the difference in meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough" handed in this sentence: "Sufficient is when my ma thinks it's time I stop eating, and enough is when I think it is." Here are a few subtle answers in questions of geography. Question: "What are the principal possessions of Spain?" Boy's answer: "The twenty millions of dollars they got from us." "What is a lake?" asked another teacher. A bright little Irish lad, not long over, shrieked out, "Sure, Sister, it's a hole in me mother's tay kittle."

The classes of spelling must also show their humor. "James, can you tell me the definition of contagious?" "Contagious, whipping is contagious." "How is that?" asks the teacher. "Why, it's catching, and I often catch a whipping." "Now, boys, what is an epidemic?" Answer: "It is something that spreads." "Very good, now give me an example." One little lad pipes out, "Jam is an epidemic, cause it spreads." Another asked to name the three meals of the day started off in a rush by saying the first one in the day was oatmeal. Another class was asked what kind of an animal a zebra was. One boy said, "a zebra is a donkey with a foot-ball suit on." The same boy was asked by his teacher on an-

other occasion the following question in mental arithmetic: "If I had a mince pie and should give two-twelfths of it to Frank, two-twelfths to Edward, and two-twelfths to you, and then take half of it myself what would be left? Speak out loud now so that all the class can hear." "The plate would be left," yelled the boy, amid shouts of laughter. Here are two picked up in Kentucky. Geography class: "Tommy, please tell us what a strait is." Tommy replied, "It's just the plain stuff thout nothing in it, that's what pop calls it." "Well, Bobby, where is the home of the swallow?" "The home of the swallow is the stummick."

These answers were handed in at a Boston school examination, and are to the point if not strictly correct. "Why will a pin not balance on its point?" The reply was: "Firstly, because a point being that which has no magnitude cannot stand upon what does not exist. Secondly, it will, if you stick it in." "The people of Herculaneum and Pompeii died from an eruption" was the answer to a question concerning the deaths from the great eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and an eminently practical answer to a question as to where Magna Charta was signed was, "At the bottom."

A Boston newsboy in attendance for the first time at a mission Sunday school listened attentively while the teacher said that if we are good while here on earth, when we die we will go to a place of everlasting bliss—, "but," turning to the newsboy, she asked, "Suppose we are bad, then what becomes of us?" "Why, that's dead easy," said the lad, used to the language of the street gamin, "we goes to the place of everlasting blister."

Here is one at the expense of the teacher. Parent: "Who is the laziest boy in your class, Tommy?" Tommy: "I don't know." Parent: "I should think you would know when all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he that sits in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" Tommy answers, "Why, the teacher." Another teacher asked a little girl to name some of the most important things existing today which were unknown one hundred years ago, and the laconic answer was, "You and me." She asked a boy in the same school to tell her in which battle Lord Nelson was killed and he promptly and truthfully replied, "His last battle."

The excuses received from parents are often as amusing as the answers of the little ones. Here is an Ohio sample: "Dear Miss. Please excuse Jack for not being at school yesterday as he had to go with me to the funeral of his aunt, and I will see to it that it won't happen again." Here is one from a city of the old Bay State: "Miss B. Plese excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played trooant, but I gess you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught him an' licked him, an' the driver of a sled they hung onto licked him allso. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time. I guess he thinks he better keep in school hereafter."

Teachers out in Oklahoma are rated with cattle, according to Wm. E. Curtis of the Chicago Record, who says that the president of the Board of Regents is a cattleman, and has power as

such to appoint the teachers in the schools of the territory. Not long ago a young woman applied for a position and inclosed several good recommendations. The cattleman examined them with care and sent the papers to the secretary, with this unique endorsement: "I don't know this heifer personally, but her endorsements are good and you better turn her into the bunch."

Some writer once said the worst form of dotage was anecdotage; if this be true the reader may apply the truth and the writer will not say nay, but ask you to remember that another old philosopher once said:

"A little nonsense now and then
Is a very good thing for the best of men."

BOOK REVIEWS.

An interesting biography that owes its publication to rather unusual circumstances is that of Matthew Lyon, by J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D.. In his introduction Mr. McLaughlin tells of his efforts to collect facts relative to Matthew Lyon's career, and to weave them into a connected narrative. He consulted every available source of information, from local chronicles to old letters preserved by his descendants, and after years of patient research began to compile the material he had obtained. "At last the task was completed," says the author, "but who was going to publish it? One publisher after another proved languid. . . . From the commercial point of view they saw no money in such a book. Reluctantly enough the manuscript was laid aside, and might have reposed neglected in my library until vixit should have been written after my name, when probably it would be sent to the paper mill with other rubbish, or left to be devoured by rats in the attic." But fortunately a paper on the late Hon. John Randolph Tucker in the New York Times, written by Mr. McLaughlin, attracted the attention of Col. Edward Chittenden Machen of New York city, a great grandson of Matthew Lyon.

"Great was his surprise when he learned that I had written a Matthew Lyon biography. He called upon me, I handed him the manuscript for perusal, negotiations were opened for its publication, and in this strange, almost romantic manner the following pages have been brought to light."

These pages begin with a glance at Irish history in the Golden Belt of Wicklow, where Matthew Lyon was born in 1750, but the most interesting part of his story begins with his appearance on American soil. His biographer says that he crossed the seas "to hold the balance of power between the Puritans and the Cavaliers of America in the most momentous civic contest of the 19th century, the presidential election of 1801, the great formative era, and by his vote in the House of Representatives to decide it in favor of Thomas Jefferson."

But before this point was reached, the young emigrant had much to endure. American sea captains were always on the lookout for sturdy Irish boys, and one of them meeting young Lyon in Dublin, where he was apprenticed to a printer, he offered him a free passage in place of wages, the youth to serve as cabin boy during the trip across the Atlantic. At this point there is a touch of David Copperfield's early experience. The lad was cheated out of the one guinea which he possessed, and had given to the captain for safe keeping, who not only robbed him, but, on their arrival in New York indentured the boy to the highest bidder, representing him as a redemptioner. Matthew's new master, Jabez Bacon, the wealthiest merchant in Connecticut, could drive a keen bargain, and no doubt the youth acquired from him many lessons on business deals that came into play later on, when, having served part of his time and bought out the remainder, the youth started in for himself. Notwithstanding the poverty and struggles of his boyhood his career in Connecticut was an honorable one, and the former redemptioner soon be-

came a man of mark in his community. His career in Congress, his work as a founder, and other public movements in which he was an active factor, furnish material for chapters of fascinating interest, embodying also many lessons on how to attain success in business life that are worthy the study of modern young men. It would be impossible here to do more than touch on the subject matter of this most entertaining book, that has won for its author high praise from the secular press, and cannot fail to revive interest in the life of the public-spirited Irish-American, who was also "loved as a neighbor for that chivalrous spirit of generosity which is not a strange inmate of an Irish heart; and valued as a friend, for upon that warm temperament had been grafted the fertility of expedients belonging to the American pioneer."

Mr. McLaughlin has done clever work before, but in writing the biography of Matthew Lyon he has accomplished a work that will endure as one more record of the influence of the Irish race in building up America.

Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Company, New York.

Francesca Alexander, the author of "The Hidden Servants," rhymed versions of Italian stories and legends, was for years an intimate friend of Ruskin, and her home in Florence is a literary centre; her previous literary work has received high praise in both England and America. These rhymed legends are lovely, and have a deep, religious significance which will appeal to all spiritually minded people. Some of them were rived from old and curious Italian books read by the author years ago. Others have introductions showing that the writer took them from the lips of Italian peasants or Italian friends.

When a young girl Miss Alexander had access to some curious old books containing stories expressive of strong faith and simple modes of thought, and in her intercourse with the country people was told many more beautiful legends and traditions. She wished to preserve these in permanent form, but other work claimed so much of her time that she was unable for some years to carry out her purpose. "When I wanted to begin them," she says, "I found myself unable to write at all for more than a few minutes at once. Finally I thought of turning the stories into rhyme and learning them all by heart, so that I could write them down little by little. I thought the children would not be very particular, if I could just make the dear old stories vivid and comprehensible, which I tried to do. If, as you kindly hope, they may be good for older people as well, then it must be that when the Lord took from me one faculty He gave me another, which is in no way impossible. And I think of the beautiful Italian proverb: 'When God shuts a door He opens a window.'"

The lessons of simple faith and piety taught by "The Hidden Servants" are so beautiful and consoling that the reader can readily imagine why Cardinal Manning, when writing to Mr. Ruskin in 1883 to thank him for a copy of Francesca's "Story of Ida" thus characterized her work: "It is simply beautiful, like the Fioretti di San Francesco. Such flowers can grow in one soil alone. They can be found only in the Garden of Faith, over which the world of light hangs visibly, and is more intensely seen by the poor and the pure in heart than by the rich, or the learned, or the men of culture." A book dear to Catholic hearts.

Beautifully bound and printed. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail," by Arthur R. Thompson, relates the adventures of two New England boys in Alaska and the Northwest Territory.

The boys in this fresh, breezy book were accompanied by their father and uncle, and journeyed along the Dalton Trail toward the Klondike.

They hunted and fished, took long mountain tramps, and lived a healthful, vigorous out-of-door life which encouraged rugged sports and primitive pleasures. The book is largely a record of personal experiences. The members of the party shot ducks, rabbits, bears, and caribou, crossed wild mountain ranges, forded rivers, took long trips on snow shoes, and searched for gold. The book contains a good deal of useful information about the gold region, and the flora and fauna have been carefully noted.

Numerous excellent illustrations make the book even more interesting to the young readers fortunate enough to possess a copy.

Little, Brown & Co. Boston. $1.50.

Another pleasant book of out-door life, "In Nature's Realm," comes to us with memories of the summer and thoughts of autumn to carry into the long winter evenings when these nature studies will prove delightful companions. The author, Charles Conrad Abbott, from his point of view, which he claims is an individual possession, takes note of many of the marvelous changes wrought by the seasons and of the distinctive features of animal and vegetable life marking each period. That Mr. Abbott can accept a fog as "cheerful" is proof positive that he is an optimist, and that his readers will find in his essays a sure preventive against dismal forebodings and indulgence in the blues. Next to a long tramp in the open comes reading of such rambles as those "In Nature's Realm." The publisher, Albert Brandt, New Jersey, has done excellent work in bringing out the essays in an artistic setting, many quaint illustrations and dainty etchings decorating the pages. $2.50.

"A Poem in Prose, 'The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus,' " by Henry Sienkiewicz, is one of the daintiest books of the season. The poem has been translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin, who so successfully performed his part that the whole scene in all its beauty, as conceived by the poet, is brought before us—the calm, silvery night, the fragrance of the jasmine, the thicket of thorn bushes, the music of the nightingale, the Apostles and the assembly of gods on whom they pronounced judgment, the exquisite personations of Song and Joy—all become real at the translator's will, so great is his gift of language, never more gracefully employed than in this translation.

The press work, illustrations, and reproductions in color reflect much credit on the mechanical part of the work and form a worthy setting for this prose poem.

Little, Brown & Co. Boston.

The spirit of Christmas is in the air and every publisher's office is busy with matter bearing on the feast. Among the first of the Christmas tokens comes Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, with the Nativity on the cover, and a bright, readable table of contents, most of them treating of Christmas. Among the contributors are Clara Mulholland, Dr. Egan, Magdalen Rock, and other much admired writers.

This pretty, useful calendar will be welcome in every Catholic home, and is a very acceptable reminder of the season of good will.

Benziger Bros., New York. 25 cents.

In a pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D., Chancellor of the diocese of Providence, R. I., condenses a great deal of information relative to the devil, who he is and what he does. A chapter is devoted to each of the following points: The Kingdom of Satan, The Bible and the Devil, What the Church Knows About the Devil, Are There Witches? Fighting the Devil.

This pamphlet is deeply interesting reading and should be widely circulated as a means of informing the public on a subject too little thought of by the indifferent, and laughed at by the increasing numbers who deny the existence of this power of evil.

Father Stang thus outlines his purpose in preparing the little book:

"In the following pages, I shall endeavor to give, within the lines of sound theology, a brief description of the devil and his work for the purpose of rousing myself and you, kind reader, to a salutary fear of the infernal enemy and of keeping ourselves in prayerful vigilance against his fiery darts and cunning devices. I solemnly confess that I have no desire whatever to frighten anybody with terrible stories, to make the blood freeze in their veins and cause the hair to stand on end. I simply wish to acquaint Christian people with the nature and aim of a most powerful and personal foe, whose efforts are not to be ascribed to pure hallucination, morbid imagination or other purely natural causes, who is about us and never leaves us entirely until we are safe with God in the land of the blessed."

For sale exclusively by Joseph M. Tally, Providence, R. I. Price 10 cents.

"Devotional Hymns to Our Lady" is the title of an attractive book issued by F. Fischer & Bro., 7 Bible House, New York.

The twenty-eight hymns in this collection have been specially arranged by Victor Hammerel, and many of them were composed by him. This book should be useful to teachers in schools and for choir purposes. 40 cts. net.

"The Holy Rosary" is the subject of a booklet recently issued by Fr. Pustet

& Co. It treats of the origin and growth of the devotion, explains its character and merit, and gives short meditations on the mysteries it commemorates. Price 5 cents.

What to do with magazines and papers after one has read them is often a puzzle, as no reader wishes to destroy what would give pleasure to another, and yet they accumulate so rapidly that something must be done. That energetic worker, Rev. Wm. F. McGinnis, active president of the International Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., affords an opportunity of disposing of Catholic publications in a way satisfactory to all. Father McGinnis says: "Please remind your readers that if they wish to do some good with DONAHOE'S after they have finished reading it, to communicate with us and we will give them the address of some poor family in the South or West who will be glad to receive it, and who will be helped in their faith by such a magazine.

The fact of being able to do this extra good has in several instances been the motive power inducing persons to subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines.

Here is a chance to help a good cause at the expense of little personal effort. We hope our readers will promptly respond to Father McGinnis' request.

During the past year the International Truth Society has grown to such proportions, and has so extended the sphere of its operations that it has taken larger rooms, 107 and 108, in the Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

Fiction writes: Will you explain the obligation of the seal, as it is called, or the duty of guarding the secret of the confessional? Fiction sometimes deals with this subject, and the novelist seems at times to make the priest act as if he were not guarding the secret confided to him.

The obligation of guarding the knowledge received by sacramental confession is inviolable and absolute. The priest is bound by a natural duty arising from justice, religion and charity. He recognizes that Christ, Himself, in instituting confession, made the obligation of confession by the penitent include as a natural concomitant that of perfect secrecy by the priest. And he knows that the Catholic Church threatens with most severe penalties, any direct violation of her laws, by which she sanctions the natural and divine institution. The penitent is the one to be considered, and in confession the penitent is speaking to one who represents God, and who, in God's own power, pardons sin. And so to the priest the whole confession is as if he had not been there at all. He has no human place there, nor mere human knowledge. Therefore, he has no knowledge to impart. He cannot by word, or look, or change of conduct, indicate to the penitent even what this one has told him, much less can he impart or convey any such knowledge to others. In one case alone can he use the knowledge given him by the confessional, and this solitary case is when the penitent freely gives consent to the use of that knowledge. Now, even in a story, the priest to be true to his position, must be made to observe this solemn law, and to such a degree that nothing in his outward demeanor would give suspicion that he possesses knowledge, that he could say something if he only dared to. Any other position for a priest is simply absurd and impossible. And priests have a special grace from heaven to preserve them from even the wish to violate this high duty; and in such cases as a story supposes, God would fortify the priest to the bearing of the burden of his knowledge. The natural would be mastered, and easily mastered, not by hysterics, but by the supernatural. Priests are not in anxiety about guarding the secret confided to them in confession. This secrecy is safeguarded by God Himself. He appears to have thrown His own marvelous protection about it in such way, that not even apostate priests, when they have left the Church, and have written and spoken against the confessional, have ever been allowed to utter one sin, as told by any certain person to them when they had

been in the exercise of their ministry. And to the priest, then, there is no effort in keeping silence. He simply cannot do otherwise. It is his duty, and the power of God's grace.

Protestant writes: I was present a few weeks ago at a mission given by Catholic priests to Protestants. I heard some questions answered there which were asked by Protestants, and a Catholic friend of whom I asked the solution of difficulties that have been in my mind, referred me to you. Now, I would ask (1), Why are there so many bad Catholics if the Catholic Church is holy? (2) Why are Catholics forbidden to marry Protestants? (3) Why are Protestants, when they become Catholics, obliged to be baptised and to go to confession at the same time? A friend told me this was her case this summer. She told me also that she had to read a long profession of faith. Please explain something about this. (4) If I wished to learn about the Catholic Church, can I not do so without going to a priest? I would not like to take up a priest's time, and then perhaps disappoint him by not entering his Church.

In reply: (1) There are so many bad Catholics because they do not use the means for holiness which the Catholic Church possesses and puts at their disposal. They have free-will: there is no compulsion upon their acts: what they do they must do of their own choice. "Before man is life and death, good and evil, that which he shall choose shall be given him." Thus the Holy Scripture says. Now the Church teaches what is good, tells the duty of obedience to a God of infinite sanctity, calls her children to the sacraments and to prayer, the necessary helps to goodness, because they bring the grace of God to the soul, threatens with chastisement here and hereafter those who neglect these means of salvation, points to the example of many of her children, whom she styles saints, eminent for holiness, and inculcates the duty and the grandeur of forming our lives on the great example, the perfect life of the Lord Jesus Christ. But she does not constrain free-will: God Himself does not. So, if some are deaf to her teachings, heedless of her warnings, blind to the example she offers, she is not to blame: the blame is all their own. Bad citizens cannot accuse good laws or good government for their wickedness. Then, too, our Lord told that things were to be so. He referred to the net taking in all kinds of fishes, good and bad, useful and useless. But in the appointed hour, the fishermen separate and select: they keep the good and throw away the bad. So, God now permits the union of good and bad people in this life. On Judgment Day, the separation. He tells of the tares growing in the wheat field. The tares resemble the wheat until the time has come for the grain to appear, when the barren tares reveal their identity. But both must grow together until the harvest. Then, the separation. With other words and parables our Lord has taught this great truth that in His Church the good and the evil shall stand side by side. Perhaps the evil will be converted; certainly, they will afford to the good occasions for the practice of many virtues. In the great consummation of the last day, a final separation.

(2) Catholics are forbidden to marry Protestants principally because experience has proved that there is great danger to the Catholic party to grow weak and indifferent in matters of faith, and that in a vast number of instances, the children are scandalized at the aspect of parents who belong to different churches, or one perhaps to no church, and so the children lose esteem for all religion. Then, too, the Church has respect for the Sacraments. Matrimony is one of her seven Sacraments, and in the marriage of many Protestants (and this serves to include any not Catholics) to Catholics, the sublime meaning and the sanctity of a Sacrament are completely ignored.

(3) Not all who become converts to the Catholic Church are obliged to be baptised and go to confession. Baptism is the first Sacrament to be received. And it is only after this Sacrament has been conferred, that any others can be given. Baptism is the door of entrance to the Church. Once within a person is entitled to the other Sacraments. Now, when an adult is about to become a Catholic, that person has been already baptised or not. If not baptised, then baptism is given, but there is no necessity for confession, as all sins on the soul are taken away by baptism. But if the applicant has been already baptised, the priest inquires further, to learn if the baptism was rightfully administered or not. If he has evidence which convinces him that the baptism was valid,

he does not baptise, but simply hears the confession of the convert, and gives absolution. But if after investigation, he has reason to fear that the former baptism was not valid, then he will now baptise on the condition that "if you are not baptised, I baptise you." And then, too, he will have the convert go to confession immediately after the baptism. The reason of this procedure comes from the fact that baptism can be received but once. The priest is in doubt of the former baptism. So he performs the ceremony now, but only conditionally as we have stated. Thus he is sure that one or the other baptism was valid. Then, if the former baptism was correct, sins are not taken away by the present ceremony, since no Sacrament is administered to the person incapable of receiving it. Consequently, the person by confession and absolution, receives pardon for any sins committed since baptism.

The profession of faith is as the words indicate the declaration of belief in the Catholic Church and its teachings, which converts make when they are about to be received into the Catholic Church. It contains a preamble, acknowledging the necessity of the Catholic faith for salvation, and setting forth the convert's submission to this "only and true Church established on earth by Jesus Christ." Then in a special way, it enumerates the chief truths of Catholic teaching, to which the convert, having before his eyes and touching with his hand the holy Gospels, gives a full and unfeigned submission.

(4) By reading books written expressly for those outside the Catholic Church, and prepared by priests who have learned by experience the difficulties of Protestant inquirers ,a seeker after truth can acquire a vast amount of information regarding Catholic truth. By conversation with instructed Catholics, he can learn much of the Church, but he will find it of real advantage, if not necessity, to make the acquaintance of a priest, who will unravel to him the difficulties which he must of necessity meet with. Nor will the priest feel that his time has been spent in vain, if he does not bring the inquirer into the Church. He will have done what he knows to be his duty in imparting truth, and he will have the hope that some day the grace of God will enlighten the mind of the inquirer, and enable him to see and to do the will of God in receiving Catholic faith.

On September 23d, The Poor Clares throughout the world celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Finding of the Body of their Holy Mother St. Clare.

This year is moreover the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coming of the Poor Clares to the United States.

To commemorate this double jubilee, the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind., are publishing an illustrated Life of St. Clare of Assisi, together with the Memoir of their canonical establishment in this country.

The work is compiled by Very Rev. Father Mariannus Fiege, O. H. Cap. of St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Ind.

For copies of the work apply directly to Mother Abbess, Monastery of St. Clare, Kentucky Ave., Evansville, Ind.

As has been previously announced, the opening of the classes at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., will take place on November 6th; but owing to unforeseen circumstances, the dedicatory ceremonies have been postponed until the 22d.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 835 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Muller

"Receive the Word, O Virgin Mary,
Which the Archangel bears to thee;
Thou of God shalt be the Mother,
Shall of Man the Mother be."

Feuerstein

"Gloria in Excelsis!"
Let the heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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"Many saints have loved Him, many martyrs have died for Him."

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

There is no such close connection between Christmastide and Christmas tidings as the similarity of sound would suggest; yet our Christmastide thoughts naturally cluster round that joyful text: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour" (Luke II, 10). These are the good tidings which are brought to us each year anew at this season; and, if our faith and love were what they ought to be, these good tidings would indeed fill us with great joy, with joy as great as the shepherds of Bethlehem felt when suddenly out of the dimness of the midnight sky flashed the radiant glory of the angels, and the silence of midnight was broken by their song.

For it is coming once more, that

Feast of predilection, which is so welcome when it comes that with affectionate emphasis we say of it what might be said of every feast, that it comes but once a year. Christmas has come round again, to fill Christian homes with innocent mirth, Christian hands with the gifts of friendship and the alms of charity, and Christian hearts with forgiveness and peace and love.

That our hearts may yield themselves up more fully to the holy and gentle sway of the Christmas spirit, let us now dwell a little on some of the blessed memories that are linked with the name of Christmas.

Christmas reminds us of what it is strange we should ever be able to forget. It reminds us of God's love and how God has proved His love. It is God Himself who has put it into the heart of the Church to take this means and every other means of keeping the divine claims in vivid remembrance; and this solicitude on the part of God is in itself a touching proof of His love.

For God does not wish to be forgotten. And surely, surely, amongst all the countless mysteries involved in the relations between the Infinite Creator and His poor human creature the profoundest mystery of all is man's forgetfulness of God; or, if there be a still deeper mystery, it is that God should deign to grieve at this forgetfulness, that God should be so loath to be forgotten.

Yet so it is. God's heart is set on being remembered lovingly by us. That yearning cry of loving hearts that are parted—"Remember me!" is but an echo, faint and feeble, of the love that fills the Heart of Jesus in Heaven. Nay, before the Heart of Jesus had begun to beat in Heaven, before that Heart had thrilled with its first throb of love on earth, before the Second Divine Person had assumed human nature and a human heart, while Christmas was not yet a memory but only a hope—even then—under the sterner dispensation of the Old Law, before the New Law of love and mercy was proclaimed,—even then the Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth, dwelling in light inaccessible, addressed to man that appeal so astounding in its tender vehemence, "Child, give Me thy heart" (Prov. xxiii, 26).

The appeal was just. He had a right to the heart of man. Even then God had the most supreme and sovereign claim to all our hearts. If things had remained as they were then, or might have been then,—if Christ had never come, if no Christmas had ever cheered the bleak winter of our lives—if the world had never been lost, or, being lost, had been saved in some other manner,—we should still have been bound to love with our whole hearts and with our whole souls and with our whole minds and with our whole strength the great God who made us, though then He might seem so far away. To what are we bound now?—now that God has not kept far away, now that He has come so near, now that He has drawn us so close to Himself, now that the Son of God has become the Son of Mary, now that Mary the Mother of God is our mother also, now that the Almighty has exercised all His attributes in bridging over the chasm between the Divine Immensity and our nothingness by a union which Infinite

Ellenrieder

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour.

"Angels in Heaven, and souls on earth,
Thousands of years their songs may raise,
Nor equal thee, for thine was worth
All their united praise."

Wisdom only could conceive, and which Infinite Power has accomplished at the bidding of Infinite Love."

Shall that Infinite Love be foiled of its object, after all? Ah! we have been "bought at a great price" (I Cor. vi. 20). The price has been paid. Shall our hearts be still fraudulently withheld from Him who purchased them with the last drop of His own Heart's blood? For we need not strive to concentrate our thoughts on the Christmas mysteries by themselves, abstracting utterly from all that is to follow. We cannot forget that Christmas, for us a joyful festival, was for our Lord the painful prelude of a life which in poverty and shame and suffering was consistent from the first to the last. We know far more than the poor shepherds knew who hurried across the moonlit fields and found the Child with His Mother, since for us Bethlehem stands out in relief against the lurid darkness of Calvary. He who was born for us has died for us, and that weeping Infant has revealed Himself much more manifestly as our Lord and our God. The world has bowed down before His Cross, and so many saints have loved Him, and so many martyrs have died for Him in return.

All this must be in some measure before our minds while we make our Christmas pilgrimage to Bethlehem. Above all we must be on our guard against looking at the scene of the Incarnation, the transcendent central dogma of our Faith, as if it were a bygone event in history in which we had no living personal concern. We have each of us a living personal concern in it. "Jesus hath loved me and delivered Himself for me" (Galat. ii, 20), for me personally and individually, not only at the last from the arms of the Cross, but at the first offering of Himself from the arms of His blessed Mother.

No, that first birthday of Our Lord's mortal life, of which every Christmas is a commemoration and anniversary, is not a mere bygone date in history. "Being risen from the dead, Christ dieth now no more" (Rom. vi, 9), and He is born no more; but the love that at the first drew Him down from Heaven and made Him lay down His life for us at the last—that same love for each of us fills now His Heart in Heaven.

And we believe all this, and yet we are what we are. Oh, if we had hearts pure enough and generous enough, if we had minds strong and noble enough, we should sicken with horror to see what the world is—a world made for such high designs, redeemed in such marvelous ways, awaiting such sublime destinies. And in the little world over which we have control, for which we are responsible—in the little world of our own hearts—there at least we must be stirred by a holy shame and indignation that we should be able, in spite of all, still to resist God's claim to our entire love, still to reject that entreaty which we have already heard Him addressing to us, which He put into words some thousands of years before, which He put into deeds most of all on Calvary and today at Bethlehem, and with which He again turns to each of us this moment, saying, "Child, give Me thy heart."

Can we help giving Him our hearts? Can we help being moved with love and compassion towards Him as He shivers in the manger or (less to be pitied) nestles in His

Bouguereau

"Hail, Queen of saints and seraphs bright,
Pure Mother of Eternal Light,
Fair Daughter of a Royal line.
Who made thee fair is Son of thine."

Pfannschmidt

"Oh, glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings:
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star!"

Bouguereau

"Jesus! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
For Thy dear Infancy,

"Give me, O Lord! like modest care,
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away."

Mother's arms? And on the other hand can the Eternal Father turn away unmoved when the Infant Jesus cries to Him in our behalf?

Once the ships of Catholic Spain were seized by a tempest off the African coast, and all hope was gone, when Don John Albuquerque, the Admiral, seeing a child that chanced to be on board, caught it in His arms and raised it up to Heaven, and cried, "O God! we are sinners, this child is innocent—Spare us for the sake of this innocent child." The prayer was heard, the storm calmed down, they were safe! At all times, but in these Christmas times especially, a cry like that rings up from Earth to Heaven. "God of Heaven, we are sinners, but spare us for the sake of this little Child, this Babe of Bethlehem."

Respice in faciem Christi tui (Ps. lxxxiii, 10). "Look on the face of thy Christ." That appeal of the Royal Psalmist could not be hearkened to and obeyed literally till that central moment of the world's history to which our thoughts are now going back, when "a child was born to us and a son was given to us" (Isaias ix, 6). In that moment, amidst the humiliations of Bethlehem, as afterwards amidst the glories of Thabor, the Eternal Father said to us of that child, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased—hear ye Him!" Hear ye Him! And what do we hear? The helpless wail of a newborn Infant weeping in the chill of the December night. Each of these tears would have saved a thousand worlds. But not by tears alone would Jesus wash away the sins of the world. Sine sanguinis effusione non fit remissio. (Hebrews, ix, 22) "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." May those divine tears, may that Precious Blood, be applied to our souls and cleanse them from every stain. Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Bethlehem, have mercy on us. Teach us to know and love Thee under every disguise. Teach us to join to the Magnus est Dominus et laudabilis nimis of King David (Ps. xlvii, 2) the Parvulus est Dominus et amabilis nimis of St. Bernard. "Great is the Lord and exceedingly to be praised; little is the Lord and exceedingly to be loved." Make us love Thee, O Lord. Increase our love and faith and hope. Give us purity and charity such as the angels must expect to see in souls redeemed and sanctified by that life of expiation which began on the first Christmas morning.

II.

These Christmastide thoughts may have seemed too serious for these pages at this festive season. Yet serious and sacred thoughts ought not to be considered sad; and our consciences ought habitually to be such that we would never think of complaining, like Tony Lumpkin, of being "snubbed while we are in spirits," if amid the innocent gaieties of the time we are reminded of the solemnity of eternity. Least of all can the Christmas spirit interfere with true joyfulness of heart. The place that Christmas has won in the hearts of men is in itself a proof of the triumph of Christianity. Nay, the name it bears in this practical English language—Christmas, Christ's Mass—is a testimony to the ancient faith of England and of all the Christian world. It is said that a member of the English Parliament once proposed that this relic of "Popery" should be abolished

Vernazza

"Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden;
Rose of the Paradise: Mystical Rose:
From thickets of the thornless Eden,
Load with rich odor each wind that blows:
Rose, O Rose of Gethsemani Garden;
Rose of the Paradise: Mystical Rose."

Muller

"Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son."

and that for the affix "mas" in this and similar words the good old Saxon word "tide" should be substituted. This gentleman happened to be called Sir Thomas Massey Massey; and O'Connell moved that the proposed change should be carried out in the name of the gouty but honorable member himself, who would thus become Sir Toe-tied Tidy Tidy.

What a spell Christmas has exercised over our poets! Even in prose one of the most genial things in all literature is Dickens's "Christmas Carol." By the way, our Holy Father, Leo XIII, has falsified Sir Walter Scott's well-known lines:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung.
That only night in all the year
Saw the stolled priest the chalice rear."*

The first day of the Holy Year which is now ending was also honored by being ushered in with Midnight Mass; and the first day of the Twentieth Century is to be similarly honored. The title of Longfellow's poem, "The Midnight Mass of the Dying Year," is thus for the first time verified literally.

Even after infinite and almighty Love had decreed that the Son of God should redeem men by becoming man, our Divine Redeemer might have become incarnate in any stage and state of human life that He chose. Why He chose to come amongst us as the Babe of Bethlehem has been well explained in some verses which appeared in "The Month" more than thirty years ago. I remember writing at the time to the editor, Father Henry Coleridge, S. J., to find out the author of this "Child's Song," as it was called. He answered that he disliked being "pumped" on such matters—which confirmed me in the suspicion that this gifted relative of "The Ancient Mariner" had written the little poem himself:

It was not from a foreign land,
Across the tossing sea,
O'er icy peaks or burning sand,
That came my Love to me;
But could I find in all the skies
The faintest, farthest star,
He came to make me only His
A thousand times as far.

He wore no robe of glory bright
To make me all His own;
He hid His majesty and might
And showed His love alone.
A child upon a mother's knee—
Was e'er a gentler art?
He made Himself in all like me
That He might win my heart.

He did not woo with stores of gold,
Or gems of purest ray,
But gently did the robe unfold
That o'er his bosom lay.
And lo! a thorn-crowned Heart was there,
Bathed in a soft, bright flame,
And writ in red upon It were
The letters of my name.

Then life for Life, and blood for Blood,
And heart for Heart be His!
My hope, my joy, my only good,
The promise of my bliss—
Far, far beyond the stars where He
Has gone to raise a throne,
A throne of golden light for me,
And close beside His own!

The third of these simple stanzas, as I noticed at the time, develops not unworthily a phrase in a letter of Saint Francis de Sales. "Mais voyez combien amoureusement il a écrit votre nom dans le fond de son divin coeur, qui palpite là sur la paille."

But let us try in vain to turn it into English, beginning a little further back in the letter:—

"In the holy crib the Saviour of our souls teaches us ever so many lessons

*Sir Walter need not have used the past tense. His beloved Abbotsford is now Catholic, and probably there is Midnight Mass there at Christmas.

by His silence; for what is there that He does not say while saying nothing? His little Heart, throbbing with love for us, ought indeed, indeed, to set our hearts on fire. And see how lovingly He has written your name in the depths of His Heart, which is beating there on the rough straw with His passionate affection for your happiness, and which sends not one sigh to the Father wherein you have not your part. The loadstone attracts iron, and amber attracts straws; and we, whether we are iron in our hardness or mere straws in our lightness and worthlessness, oh! we must"—but here the Saint's delicious French grows more untranslateable—"nous nous devons joindre à ce souverain petit Poupon qui est un vrai tire-cœur."

O Heart of the Infant Jesus, be for us un vrai tire-cœur. Draw our hearts to Thyself. Be the magnet of all hearts.

Not one who lived so far away as the time of Saint Francis, but one who is living still—an English lady, a convert, May Probyn—is the writer of this Christmas Carol which we wish to send its message to many hearts in this holy Christmas time. Surely the ancient theme is freshened here with a good deal of quaint simplicity and of deep poetic feeling and piety.

Lacking samite and sable,
  Lacking silver and gold,
The Prince Jesus in the poor stable
  Slept, and was three hours old.

As doves by the fair water,
  Mary, not touched of sin,
Sat by Him—the King's daughter,
  All glorious within.

A lily without one stain, a
  Star where no spot hath room—
Ave, gratia plena,
  Virgo virginam.

Clad not in pearl-sewn vesture,
  Clad not in cramoisie,
She hath hushed, she hath cradled to rest, her
  God the first time on her knee.

Where is one to adore Him?
  The ox hath dumbly confessed,
With the ass, meek kneeling before Him,
  Et homo factus est.

Not throned on ivory or cedar,
  Not crowned with a queen's crown,
At her breast it is Mary shall feed her
  Maker, from heaven come down.

The trees in Paradise blossom
  Sudden, and its bells chime—
She giveth Him, held to her bosom,
  Her immaculate milk the first time.

The night with wings of angels
  Was alight, and its snow-packed ways
Sweet made (say the Evangels)
  With the noise of their virlays.

Quem vidistis, pastores?
  Why go ye, feet unshod?
Wot ye within yon door is
  Mary, the Mother of God?

No smoke of spice is ascending,
  There no roses are piled;
But, choicer than all balms blending,
  There Mary hath kissed her Child.

Dilectus meus mihi
  Et ego Illi. Cold
Small cheek against her cheek, He
  Sleepeth three hours old.

I am by no means sanguine that the editor's space or the reader's patience will tolerate all this Christmas carolling; but, if both of these are not completely exhausted, I should even dare to offer another carol of the Crib, giving the preference over many competitors to my own very literal version of a "Noel Angevin" that I heard sung in a church at Laval twice "twenty golden years ago." The first words of the French original are these:—

Berger, berger vois-tu la bas?
Oui, c'est bien la, pressons le pas.
Rien qu'en voyant la pauvre etable
  Je sens deja battre mon coeur!
Dans ce reduit si miserable
  Allons trouver notre Sauveur.

In the following version, though very literal, the dramatic form of the original is not quite scrupulously preserved so as to represent the interchange of naif remarks between the two shepherds; but, in singing, this is done with wonderful effect.

O Shepherd, shepherd! see you down below?
Yes, comrade; 'tis the spot. Let's quickly go.

While I but gaze on your poor stall,
Sudden my heart begins to beat.
In this abode so mean and small,
Let us our Saviour seek and greet;
And when we've found Him, let us fall
In love adoring at His feet.

How soft the Angels' Song, and clear!
How radiantly their faces glow!
How still those words so strange I hear—
"Glory on high and peace below!"

In tones the gentlest spake the Voice from Heaven:
"The mystery, lo! for which the earth is sighing
Is wrought at length, and unto you 'tis given
To see the Infant in the stable lying."

And know you what it all may bring,
The crib, the Infant cradled so?—
I cannot tell. In sooth a King
Would come with some more stately show.

Perhaps one day the Child, amidst our plains,
Will, like ourselves, become a Shepherd strong:
And yet methinks the Holy Angels' strains
Announced the Saviour prophesied so long.

The Saviour! How? Within a manger lain!
'Tis all a mystery to me.
Yet Heaven has said, and I am fain
In Him my God, my King, to see.

Is this the Child of Whom, long in the past,
The prophets all unto our fathers spoke?
Yes, the Messias—He is come at last:
'Tis the Redeemer Whom our sighs invoke.

And, see! here is the stable near;
Can Babe be born in such a shed?
'Tis far more wretched and more drear
Than e'en the Angel-voices said.

The snow is falling; frozen is the ground—
The hovel's open to each wintry blast.
Come in, for surely we the cave have found,
And, oh! the sweet, fair Child I see at last.

And, shepherd, see His Mother's near Him there.
Which of us first to speak to her shall dare?

"When I behold Thee near Thy Mother,
I feel the heart within me beat.
O Child Divine, my little Brother,
In Thee my Lord, my God I greet!
And thou, O holy, happy Mother!
This heart of mine lay at His feet."

Let us try to put some of this solemn meaning into that kindly salutation which we so often give and take during these festive days of Christmastide, and which I send to all who read this Christmas message, wishing to each and every one all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, that are included in the cheery old greeting, "A Merry Christmas to you and a Happy New Year!"

CHILDREN'S BOOKS IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"Ye have the letters Cadmus gave,
Think ye he meant them for a slave?"

Among Matthew Arnold's Essays in Criticism is one upon "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," a little acrid and carping as we Bostonians may be inclined to think, but containing a singular passage on religious literature that we are going to quote in full for the benefit of our readers. Of course, to a Catholic who firmly believes in our Divine Lord's promise that the gates of hell shall never prevail against His Church, and that He Himself will be with her all days even unto the end of the world, Mr. Arnold's statement that she is, he thinks, not the Church of the future, but "indisputably" the Church of the past, seems simply a contradiction in terms; and of course we know that the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas certainly has no special propensity to burn philosophers. Despite Mr. Arnold's praise of her, he does not thoroughly understand her; but this will not render his singular testimony the less emphatic. He is answering a writer in the Dublin Review who had complained of the position that Catholics then held in England; and he maintains that in some things their cause for complaint is slight. Then he uses these remarkable words:

"Let him go in London to that delightful spot, that Happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. Let him visit its sacred quarter where its theological books are placed. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbé Migne, lording it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Protestantism is duly represented indeed; Mr. Panizzi knows his business too well to suffer it to be otherwise; all the varieties of Protestantism are there; there is the library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, learned, decorous, exemplary, but a little uninteresting; there are the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, menacing; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the while; there are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where everyone has some culture and where superiorities are discountenanced,—the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity. But how are all these divided one against another; and how, though they were all united, are they dwarfed by the Catholic Leviathan, their neighbor! Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the Acta Sanctorum, its left plunging down into hell among the yellow octaves of the Law Digest. Every-

thing is there, in that immense Patrologiæ Cursus Completus, in that Encyclopédie Théologique, that Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique, that Troisième Encyclopédie Théologique; religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, science, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great Middle Age cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in Scripture, it drags everything to hand, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it be but matter for human concern. Wide-embracing as the power whose product it is,—a power, for history, at any rate, eminently the Church; not, I think, the Church of the future, but indisputably the Church of the past, the Church of the multitude.

"This is why the man of imagination—nay, and the philosopher, too, in spite of her propensity to burn him—will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following. Anglicanism suggests the English Episcopate; Calvin's name suggests Dr. Candlish; Chalmers', the Duke of Argyll; Channing's, Boston society; but Catholicism suggests—what shall I say?—all the pellmell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays. This abundance the Abbé Migne's collection faithfully reflects. People talk of this or that work which they would choose, if they were to pass their life with only one; for my part I would choose the Abbé Migne's collection. Quidquid agunt homines,—everything, as I have said, is there." (Essays: Pages 175-177.)

If we cannot find, in our Boston Public Library, which possibly Mr. Arnold would himself deign to place high above mediocrity, the singular juxtaposition of theological literature which he so vividly portrays as existing in the British Museum, at all events there is to be found here a fine and praise-worthy collection of Catholic writings. This fact has already been mentioned with warm commendation in these pages. The general principles upon which Mr. Ticknor acted will bear repetition here:

"That the institution should be administered for the good of the whole community, earnestly inviting the less favored, yet remembering that the researches in learning and science made by the less numerous may spread widest and do more good in the end;—that its officers and employees might always be selected for their efficiency and fidelity;—and that its Trustees might always be men who know what such a library should be and do, uninfluenced by politics or sectarian views,—these were his earnest wishes in all his later years. He felt that if the affairs of the Library were ever administered in any other spirit, or for any other purpose, than the best culture of the whole mass of our people, it would decay and fail, ceasing to accomplish its true object." (Life of George Ticknor, Vol. II, pps. 319, 320.)

The literary organ of the United States Historical Society speaks in very strong terms, in its recent issue, of the meagre supply of Catholic in-

formation in the public libraries of New York.*

Such fault can not be found with the Boston Library, which is a treasure-house of Catholic information; and, where anything is lacking, it is largely the fault or misunderstanding of Catholics themselves. In accordance with Mr. Ticknor's express wishes, it lies in the power of the citizens to make known their wants to the Trustees in regard to the supply of books, magazines or papers; and it is not likely that reasonable requests properly supported will be disregarded to any great extent,—if we take the pains to show that we care. Something deeper than this, however, very plainly lay beneath the action of the Trustees at the inception of the Library; it was that high ideal of culture and knowledge which is closely allied to the love of truth for truth's sake. They did not leave that great Church, which perhaps they too felt to be the Church at least of the past and of the multitude, unrepresented. How indeed can any true historian tell the world's history truthfully, unless he is willing to sit like her children at her feet?

Accustomed to this ideal so remarkably carried out in the Library (although, it is to be confessed, very inadequately represented in the cataloguing, as though persons not sufficiently familiar with the subjects in hand were performing the work), the writer of this article had been for many years accustomed to make use of the great privileges there afforded for quiet study, and had, in fact, come to look upon this institution of her native city with feelings of peculiar trust and admiration. It has now, however, become the custom, not in our Library and its branches alone, but in other public libraries throughout the States, to set apart a room or a certain part of a room for children's use, and to assign certain shelves for books which the young people who fill our schools are at liberty to take down and read at will. It occurred to the writer, one day, to visit the room thus utilized at Copley Square, and she wandered from shelf to shelf looking for certain books which she wished to see. To her great surprise, she did not find a solitary one. She then took the trouble to procure what is known as the Y catalogue, containing titles of books for younger readers, and to go through it somewhat carefully. This catalogue claims to be by no means a complete list of all the books upon the shelves in the Children's Room; but this much must be clearly understood of it, that an identical collection of the books named in it is placed in each branch throughout the city; and these books may be handled directly by the readers, and also drawn for home use when properly charged. We are explicitly told that it does not profess to be a model of its kind, so we presume that a few words of friendly criticism will not be taken amiss. We are told, too, that it is not to be regarded as representative literature for young people, but we acknowledge that this statement seems to us a little puzzling,

*Even such foundations as the Astor Library make no serious pretence of representing with impartiality the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic sides of any question. It was only this year that we had an inquiry from the Astor Library as to the existence of such a periodical as the London Tablet, which, strange to say, had not been on their files, and did not seem to be known by the authorities in charge of the reading-room.—"*Historical Record and Studies*," October, 1900, page 207.

as it openly claims to form the nucleus for the library-work for children. It is not, indeed, a complete list of what the Library contains;—but, as anyone who knows human nature can see, it does contain what is most patent, accessible, inviting, and absolutely evident to the childish eye and hand and brain. With much interest, then, I proceeded to scan its pages, to find out what books were thus being so widely circulated for the children of our Boston schools and Boston taxpayers to read.

The old, large, free spirit so characteristic of Bates Hall was gone. Shall we tell you frankly and at once some names that we looked for, in this list, in vain? Very well. Of Massachusetts men and women, who are known among the writers of our time, and not only here but beyond the sea, there was neither Mary Elizabeth Blake, nor Katherine E. Conway, nor Louise Imogen Guiney, nor John Boyle O'Reilly, nor James Jeffrey Roche, nor Henrietta Dana Skinner. Moreover, Maurice Francis Egan was not there, nor Father Finn, nor Father Ryan, nor Charles Warren Stoddard, nor Richard Malcolm Johnson, nor Henry Austin Adams, nor John Talbot Smith, nor the Dorseys, nor Mary G. Bonesteel, Marion J. Brunowe, Mary Catherine Crowley, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Louise Imogen Guiney, Mary E. Mannix, Mary Nixon-Roulet, S. M. O'Malley, Anna T. Sadlier, M. A. Tincker, Sara Trainor Smith, Christian Reid, Marion Taggart, Mary T. Waggaman, Isabel Whiteley, to mention no others. We looked in vain for our dear friends of other lands, Eugénie de Guérin, Mme. Swetchine, Mrs. Craven, Lady Herbert, Lady Fullerton, Kathleen O'Meara, Lady Amabel Kerr, Lady Gertrude Douglas, Augusta Theodosia Drane, Father Faber, the Mulhollands, Mary B. Allies and Katherine Tynan Hinkson, though it would seem to many of us that they were as delightful, as edifying, as loyal to truth and righteousness, as for instance, Amelia Barr, William Black, Bulwer Lytton with his "Last Days of Pompeii," Charles Kingsley with "Westward Ho," or Sir Walter Scott with "The Abbot," whose names appear upon this selected list for young readers in our public library and all its branches.

Why have we "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," "The Chaplet of Pearls," "Pilgrim's Progress," "How they kept the Faith" (carefully explained as "Huguenots in Languedoc"), and "A Tale of Two Cities," and not "Fabiola," and "Dion and the Sibyls," and "A Will and a Way," and "Tyborne," and "Callista," called by the late Robert Holt Hutton one of the finest novels ever written? Why the Tom Brown books and St. Winifred's, and not Father Finn's books and Dr. Egan's and that fascinating "Midshipman Bob?"

Under the heading of "Customs, Manners and Morals," is a tiny list of eight volumes devoted to these important subjects. For curiosity's sake, if for nought else, we print it as it stands, premising that we use the 3rd Edition, revised to July, 1898, of this selected list. We follow the capitalization of the Y catalogue.

Customs, Manners and Morals.

Everett, Charles E. Ethics for young people.

Grinnell, George B. The story of the Indian.

Hale, Edward Everett. How to do it.

Kirkland, Elizabeth S. Speech and manners.

Munger, Theodore T. On the threshold.
Paine, Harriet E. (E. Chester). Chats with girls on self-culture.
—Girls and women
Smiles, Samuel. Self-Help.

What a delightful addition to this list would be "Golden Sands" so admirably translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon of New York, sister of the well-known General McMahon of that city!

To "Fairy Tales, Legends and Mythology" belong seventy numbers, including Aesop and the Arabian Nights and stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey; and "The Age of Chivalry" is classed with these. Later on in the catalogue, collections of poems compiled by Coventry Patmore and Agnes Repplier are given, but why is not Adelaide Proctor's pure and lovely poetry in full upon the shelves, or John B. Tabb with his Child Verse and all his other verse, much of which will never be forgotten because of the brilliant quality of a truly poetical multum in parvo which they supereminently possess? And where is he who ranks with the princes of English verse, Aubrey de Vere?

As to history, there are in the Y catalogue sixty-six numbers; eight books being by Charles C. Coffin, whose "Story of Liberty" is not among them, for it has, after much protest, been at last excluded from the public, to a large portion of whom it gave intolerable offence, although very probably without the author in the least realizing, for reasons yet to be stated, why they should be so offended. But Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England" and Kingsley's "Westward Ho" remain. Moreover, in "History" (we speak under correction, but shall be well pleased if any one cares to search the Y catalogue to correct us) Parkman and Fiske alone, in one volume each, really and clearly teach our boys and girls that American history means something more and wider and deeper and higher than 1608 and the founding of Jamestown, New York, and Plymouth. Not one book of that painstaking, voluminous, learned American historian of our country and of this continent, John Gilmary Shea, appears in this section. Of the men who pierced the wilds, and founded cities, and civilized the Indians, and laid down their lives in more than heroic valor, before Boston was known, or Captain John Smith and Governor John Winthrop were born, not a history tells the children; nor of that true romance of the naming of our rivers and capes and towns and hills by men who were an honor to the human race. In the list of "Stories, including those based upon history, travel and adventure,"—brave old Cooper has indeed his word to say; and Helen Hunt Jackson speaks with no uncertain tongue; and a few others have chosen to delve in these splendid mines, and tell something to the children, in the shape of fiction,—we are not yet prepared to say with what results, however. As to "Biographies, Collections," and "Individual Lives," there are fifty numbers given: Lucy Larcom, Marco Polo, Louisa M. Alcott, Alfred the Great, Kit Carson, Prince Henry the Navigator, General Grant, Magellan, Pizarro, Abbott's Napoleon, Irving's Columbus, Mrs. Burnett's The one I knew the best of all, etc. In "Travel and Adventure," Hezekiah Butterworth takes us to the Occident and the Orient; we may go with Thomas Knox's boy travelers to

Japan and China, and accompany the Vassar girls and Witch Winnie and the Bodley Family and the unforgetable "Rollo" to Europe and Asia and South America. But that most charming description of Italy, and, above all, of Rome, "Pilgrims and Shrines," by Eliza Allen Star, the descendant of a New England Revolutionary hero, is not mentioned for our "Younger readers"; while the inimitable Abbé Huc, whose work on China, Thibet and Tartary takes rank with the classics, is among the missing here.

We must not fail to say that a "Branch Finding List" of the books added to the Branches from June 1. 1897, to August 1, 1900, has been printed, and of course demands notice in this article. But we have a word to say on the Y catalogue still. These standards of Mr. Ticknor's original plan, "his desire to put culture within the reach of those who are least apt to seek it, and least able to acquire it,"—"his trust that the disinterested and broad views for the administration of the Library, which had been established and continued during the fourteen years of his connection with it, would prevail in future, so that public confidence might be in every way secured"; — that "this institution should be administered for the good of the whole community";—"that its officers and employees might always be selected for their efficiency and fidelity;—"that its Trustees might always be men who know what such a library should be and do, uninfluenced by politics or sectarian views,"—how does the Y catalogue for the Central Library and the ten branches compare with all this? Evidently some light on this matter followed its publication, for the Branch Finding List is a slight improvement, a step in the right direction. In it we note that the Branches receive two books by Justin McCarthy, his history of the Four Georges, and his story of Gladstone's life; also, "O'Neil, J. L. Jerome Savonarola. A sketch"; "Newman, John Henry. Essays critical and historical"; "Gasquet, Francis Aidan. Henry VIII. and the English monasteries"; "Barry, William. Arden Massiter"; "Bugg, Lelia Hardin. The people of our parish"; "Egan, Maurice Francis. The life around us." "Hinkson, Katharine Tynan" has two stories, and Marion Crawford three; Father Sheehan is represented by "My new curate" and "The triumph of failure"; Henrietta Dana Skinner's "Espiritu Santo" is here, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "One poor scruple," and three books from Miss Guiney's pen, and Father Finn's books. There are a few manuals of Catholic philosophy. Of all these books, however, only Father Finn's and two others—by Miss Guiney and Miss Seawell—are catalogued with "Books for Younger Readers." On the other hand, of less than fifty gifts to the Branches, all receive "Science and health" from Mary Baker Glover Eddy; all, except Brighton and East Boston, her "Miscellaneous writings"; the South Boston Branch gets her "Pulpit and press," her "Unity of good and unreality of evil," and her "Retrospection and introspection," together with Mary Josephine Curtis's "Christion science voices." This last named volume the Dorchester Branch also receives. The Children's Room at Copley Square, by the way, contains a volume of "Sunday Chats," with a large picture of a priest burning the Holy Scriptures.

If we could ask Matthew Arnold's

opinion as to the reason for these seeming inconsistencies in so many different lines, is it impossible that he would suavely reply: "Because in Boston all superiorities are discountenanced, and the flower of intelligent and moral mediocrity is preferred?" And while we might wince under his cutting words, it may be that in Heaven they would partially agree with him, for the highest wisdom and sanctity are very closely allied to the highest culture and learning.

But, at all events, the reason plainly lies in one of two things, if not in both combined. Either there was a marked lack of desire on the part of those making up the Y catalogue to find out any books for a certain class of readers, though provision was made for another class in the works of Miss Yonge, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Charles, F. W. Farrar and others; or else it lay in a singular ignorance on their part of that great Church which is certainly "of the past and of the multitude," and which is singularly alive and in evidence today. Placed by circumstances in close connection with many schools of religious belief, and watching with deep interest the trend of modern thought and action in the busy world of our times, it seems to us that much of what appears bigotry, coldness, unkindness, pride, on the part of many cultivated and kind-hearted people arises from an "invincible ignorance," more or less culpable on their part, but certainly less rather than more. They do not take pains to find out what Catholics really believe, instead of what others think they believe; and—a strange thing to say, unless what Mr. Arnold maintains of Bostonians is partially true—they do not seem to regard it as an essential of real culture, of solid education, and of true wisdom, so to love truth for truth's sake, as to go to genuine and native sources to find out about that Church which is aristocratic enough to trace her line to the days of the Caesars, and in one sense beyond them to creation; and democratic enough to take the multitude, the wide world over, to her generous heart. There was a time when Bishop Cheverus and Dr. Channing were warm friends in Boston, and it is stated that on the day that the great Catholic prelate sorrowfully left for France, Boston gentlemen not of his faith followed him sorrowfully in their carriages for some distance beyond the old Puritan town. There is no valid reason why this state of affairs should not always prevail, if people in Boston would honorably consider what the Catholic Church truly believes.

Christmas is approaching, and in its light of peace and joy we will look upon one aspect of this Y catalogue and of the Branches which will bring into clear prominence a certain truth in regard to children and their reading, that will form an excuse and a very valid one for the seriousness of this criticism.

Beyond the genius of her great sons,—of her poets like Dante, her artists like Raphael, her architects like Michael Angelo, her preachers like Bossuet, her historians like Baronio, her statesmen like Sir Thomas More,—not to mention those of an earlier or of a later day,—the Catholic Church reverences the little children. For them exist her teaching of the sanctity of the marriage bond, her abhorrence of divorce, her protection of family life. The stress

now laid in the pedagogics of our time on child-study, kindergarten work, physical culture, is but a faint type, a modern reflex, of her constant training, from birth to death, from baptism to burial, of the little ones. Above all culture or refinement or worldly education or social advancement, she holds up to them one splendid aim, one glorious ideal,—the worship, with all the love and chivalric devotion of their young hearts, of the true God. Many of her children are ignorant, bad, outcast; yes, the great Church is indeed the net that Matthew Arnold writes of, and good and bad of every kind are there. But the teaching of the Church is as is here written; and it has been illustrated by Vincent de Paul, and Francis de Sales, and priests and nuns and nursing-sisters and holy men and women innumerable; many of whom the world knows, and all of whom the angels know, and whom we all shall know at the final day. What the Church teaches her children first is never A. B. C. or what is going to make them wise in worldly wisdom; but who God is, or, rather, that God is, and to love Him, to pray to Him, and faithfully to serve Him. We cannot help it if you answer that some men think this foolish or a remnant of old-time superstition. We are telling you what the old Church really believes; and all who believe and practise this belong, despite themselves and whether they know it or not, to the soul, at least, of that great old Mother-Church, who is more motherly, more loving, more absolutely Catholic and big-hearted and Christ-like, than any but those inside her visible fold either know or dream.

Now what can men think we feel—what shock do they imagine that we experience—when there are placed in our Public Library's Branches, for instance, Heine and Byron and Goethe and Corelli and Rives and Zola and Dumas and Balzac and Eugene Sue, even though but one volume of each be there,—these in the Branches, mind you,—while we must go or send to Bates Hall for almost everything that bears with exactness on the history of the Catholic Church, however intimately connected with the history of the world it be? Even the Little Flowers of St. Francis blossom not in these desolate spots! And the Y catalogue provides nothing for our children of our lives of the saints,—our sweet story of our boy-saints,—our histories of our hero-saints and hero-martyrs that thrill one's blood, and make one "strive ever for the highest"*; while, on the open shelves in the Branches, where the youngest reader, if so inclined, can handle them, are the Koran, Confucius, Montaigne, Darwin, "Adam Bede," Gibbon, Hume. The Confessions of St. Augustine and the Imitation are in the same set,—Sir John Lubbock's 100 Best Books,—the Imitation being a non-Catholic translation, if we may dignify it by that name.

As to school reference, how much justice is shown our children here? The overwhelming balance is against them; our own writers for the most part are put out of ordinary use. Lingard's England is in one Branch; it may be in others; but it is not in the

*There is one volume purporting to be about the saints—a few of them—in the Children's Room at Copley Square, and in the Branches. It is sweetly written, but the introduction speaks of "these out-grown beliefs of an earlier day," "listened to for centuries with a dreamy faith which we could not imitate today if we would, and would not if we could."

Y catalogue, nor is John Gilmary Shea, who probably abides in Bates Hall with Thomas Allies and Reuben Parsons and Butler's Lives and Anderdon's Evenings, and Brownson's works, and Cardinal Gibbons', Bishop Spalding's and those of Brother Azarias and of Father O'Conor, S. J., and many another helpful thing.

It may sound old-fashioned, or very "pious," or what you please, but if the Child Jesus really should walk among us in visible form on next Christmas Day, we are sure it is not the culture, whether physical or mental, nor the literary gifts, nor the historical and scientific attainments, of our children, that He would be most attracted by; but by the innocence of their young hearts, the spiritual knowledge of their young minds, their love for what is true and good, their love for Him Who is Truth, and Who is Himself the Highest Good, and Himself is God. The Public Library is not a Sunday School? Granted. But it is a place where truth ought to be known and loved and not feared. The signs of the times are, however, for better things. Writers and scholars are beginning to perceive the treasures hid in the Church's archives. For instance, on the writer's desk there lie today two beautiful books from two of the best publishing houses in Boston; Francesca Alexander's exquisite "His Hidden Servants," and "The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts" by Abbie Farwell Brown. Each is redolent with the incense of Catholic faith and practice, and prophetic of peace to men of good-will,—prophetic of a coming understanding and unity and love. Much, much of the trouble lies with ourselves. If we will but learn to ask gently and firmly and patiently at the Library, which certainly is ours as well as other Bostonians, we shall gain a hearing. Those who have tried it many years know this. It is a grand institution, and greater days are before it, when, after the example of Leo XIII with the Vatican Library, it fears not to display all its treasures to the wise man and the scholar; while to the young people and the general reader it gives, like the Church of Leo, not the erratic and erotic writings of authors whose gift of wonderful genius has been turned by them, for us and for them, into a curse and not a blessing, but the writings of those who truly care for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame." And the man who wrote these memorable words was not only one of the world's greatest writers, but was inspired by that afflatus that is indeed divine.

AN IRISH COUNTRY WEDDING.

BY C. DORGAN.

Signs and tokens of an extraordinary occasion invariably manifest themselves in the place. Folk of all sorts and conditions to be found in an agricultural community arrive at the homestead; the strong farmer with his daughters in a la mode fashion in his high gig; the struggling farmer, frieze-coated and knee-breeched, with his homely wife in her cloth hood-cloak and white linen cap, and comely daughter, graceful in her simple attire and bashfulness, in his springless cart cushioned with sweet-scented hay; the youthful and middle-aged in vigorous manhood, on horseback, a dash of gallantry in their mien; the laborer and others of his kind on foot. Every class is represented there, and all come in holiday spirits and raiment. And the event justifies appearances. As a rule no false economy is permitted to identify itself with the nuptials of an Irish farmer's daughter. An open house, a free and lavish board, and a caed mille failte await and greet all comers, be they invited or not.

The homestead, of course, has been done up for the occasion. Evidence of the handiman's craft is visible everywhere; nothing renewable or otherwise has escaped his prying eyes and consummate skill. Everything looks spick and span, homely and cheerful.

Now that the bridal party's return from the parish chapel is momentarily expected excitement runs high on the part of those immediately responsible for the general arrangements. The bride's mother, — and, oh, how mourned in secret will be her absence, missed her dear presence if dead, the only possible cause, — generally a smart, housewifely person, is as indefatigable as she is anxious, attending jointly with the aged servant, one of those dear old women followers beloved of families throughout the world, and general serving maid, to the roasting of goose, the boiling of turkey, corned beef, ham, potatoes and other esculent roots and vegetables; the arranging of plates, knives and forks, glasses, decanters, and jugs on the tables, laid out in the parlor and kitchen alike and, as a precautionary measure in case of emergency, the barn adjoining. This spacious out-office is as cheerful and bright as fresh paint and lime wash and sweet oaten straw strewn on the floor, and free ventilation and floods of light streaming through windows and doorway, can make it. And if nothing untoward has befallen them, the bride's mother, her aged servant, and dairy-maid, will of a surety be found in the ecstasies of emotional jubilation as directly the wedding party drives into the yard with grateful rumble and jocund roister, their arrival timeing nicely with the successful efforts at the capacious fireplace, the parlor, the kitchen, and the barn. Nor do anticipations often fall wide of the mark. For after the priest, who, by his presence and wit, lends lustre and refinement to the entertainment, has said grace, and all have sat down, there is seldom a place vacant at table whether in the parlor, the kitchen, or the barn.

There is never a doubt that the guests come unprepared in the mat-

ter of appetite, the keen edges of which get little cause to be blunted on the part of the good people themselves before dinner has been served, and affected by devices which, were they to be enumerated, might tax too unduly the credulity of the reader and question the veracity of the writer, seeing that the more innocent or less drastic means to the desired end are self-imposed abstinences, and such like observances. And they grow merry and wise, jovial and earnest, over one thing and another,—nothing particular for choice,—over the probable, the possible, the obscure, the true and the real, under the influence of rare good cheer, ministering to still unflagging appetites and exercising pliant tongues till justice has been done to roast and boiled, and the last round of punch drunk, when the sound of bagpipes from outside on the green sward greets the merry-makers' ears, lifting a lively air at the manipulation of a disciple of the storied Carolan. Then gathering around (the priest meanwhile has cantered away on his useful palfrey) the glad, gay throng is rapturously delighted when the bride's father, as it frequently happens, leads off the dance, having for partner his daughter's bridesmaid, whom he, however, shortly resigns to the groom's best man to trip the toe fantastic in the polka, quadrille, or the like, which has just been struck up in order that all the younger people may at once participate in the enjoyable recreation; which they do with a verve and, on the whole, a grace there is no gainsaying.

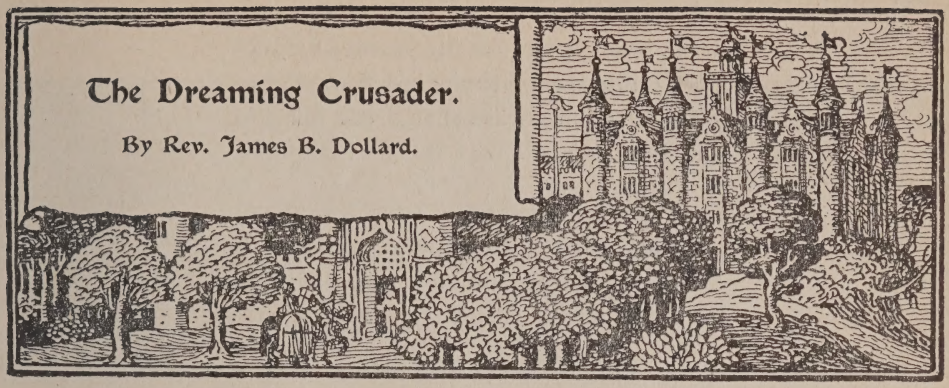
An interval in the dancing succeeding,—just a breathing space,—the piper gives a display of his skill, the piece usually selected being that forever bright, sparkling, melodious, airy, but exceedingly difficult one, "The Foxhunt."

The sprightly old Irish air having been played, and a number of dances gone through, the musician as a finale strikes up a most electrifying hornpipe. It is now that excitement is greatest. The time contains a challenge, and who is going to accept it and try conclusions there and then is a matter of supreme concern and perplexing conjecture on the younger people's part, and of much quiet amusement on that of the elder, the hoary-locked and silver-haired of the company. No doubt some of those veterans must have acquitted themselves in the dance in the long ago as capably as the two young men, who at length step forward and essay their parts, treading it alternately on the board lying flat on the grass, to the last or deciding bout, a contest which generally results in the judge pleasantly giving it as his opinion that where so much excellence has been shown it would be folly to declare in favor of either, a verdict which receives the applause it deserves as the hugely delighted, laughing people return to the house, and resume their places at the table. The blithe notes of music and song and the flavors of the mellowest of cordials henceforth charm the ear and soothe the palates of an indeed instinctively critical people.

And when, at length, the hour of parting has arrived, and a cavalcade of young farmers swing into the yard astride their mettlesome horses, to escort the newly wedded to their future home, it is extremely doubtful if there can be found a more pleased people than those who have attended the celebration of that which is a synonym for all that is unique in rural hospitality, an Irish country wedding.

The Dreaming Crusader.

By Rev. James B. Dollard.



AWAKE, Sir Knight, for the dawning glows.
Danger is nigh—'tis thine Angel calls,
Awake! nor dream of thy father's halls.
To horse! the charger impatient grows!"

"What! dreaming still?—he parts once more
From an aged sire that moans in pain,
Mother and sister he sees again,
Sobbing with grief at the castle door."

"Out from the loved ones I watched him go.
Brave his soul, for no sin lurked there:—
Knight of the Holy Sepulcher—
Eager to close with the Moslem foe!"

"Side by side we have journeyed far,
League upon league thro' the deserts brown,
River and mountain and high-walled town
Passed as we followed the Eastern star."

"Gloomy the forests, whose mighty trees
Swung giant boughs in the furious blast,
Threatening the shadows around us cast—
Deep tones we heard, like the hollow seas."

"Drearily stretch the marsh lands dim,
Where the weird night all silent fell—
He heard in the stillness a funeral-bell,
And crossed his brow—was it tolled for him?"

"Brave heart, arise! for the journey's done—
Sir Knight, arise to thy last fierce fight,
The Moslem hordes shall break in flight,
But thou shalt die with the setting sun."

The Knight arose at the Angel's word,
'Wildered he cast his glance around.
His shimmering sword lay on the ground.
He heard but the rustle of leaves wind-stirred.

Whinnied the steed to his lord's command.
The Christian camp he gained that day.
Ready and grim the battle-array!
The dreaded Moslem was close at hand.

Long hours the thunder of conflict swelled,
The mail-clad squadrons surged and reeled.
Where fight was fiercest on that red field
The Knight the vanguard of battle held.

"Allah is great," the heathen cry,
"Allah Akbar;" but vain the prayer!
The Christian flag still flaunts the air,
The Christian war-shouts shake the sky.

The Moslem wavers—the end is near—
Wounded and spent the brave Knight falls,
Dying he triumphs,—his faint voice calls:—
"Christ and the Holy Sepulcher!"

Dead!—but his spirit lives in bliss
Borne by the Angel wings on high.
When the conflict's ended, and we too, die,
May our souls be brave and as pure as his.

"THE DREAMING CRUSADER."

CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SANT' ONOFRIO, SHOWING ROOM OF TASSO.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OF THE "BAMBINO GESU."

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH, ROME, ITALY.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." Those words of Our Divine Lord fell compassionately on the ears of a sin-hardened world, from the stillness of the midnight cave at Bethlehem where the outstretched arms conveyed the greeting the infant lips could not express, and from the shores of the Lake Genesareth, when the little ones flocked around the Master, recognizing, with the intuition of innocence, the divinity hidden from sinful eyes. Even yet the words come echoing down the centuries, bringing the Christlike blessing to all who fulfill their bidding. Like so many of the divine precepts these words were addressed in behalf of the poor and afflicted, and thus humanity has interpreted them, so that the care of children has come to be one of the world's holiest charities, for the sake of that Child who changed the face of the earth nineteen hundred years ago, causing motherhood and childhood to be held as the most sacred things on earth. In the great cities all over the world at the present day there are many institutions where the poor and suffering little ones of the great human family are cared for as Our Saviour's tender human heart desired—in His Name and with His blessing, by those who have left all to follow Him.

Of such as these is the subject of my sketch today, so singularly appropriate to the Christmas season, the Hospital of the "Bambino Gesu" in eternal Rome, erected in the very

shadow of great St. Peter's, the windows looking out close on the mighty dome which rises like the embodiment of eternal promise on the spot where the Apostle died. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than the surroundings of this Roman children's hospice. It stands on the crest of the Janiculum, one of the highest and most important of the Seven Hills of Rome, commanding a panorama of the whole city, ancient and new, the Campagna, the Tiber, and the Alban and Sabine hills, from whose snow-capped heights the air blows fresh and sweet—altogether a wakening dream of nature, history, and art. If the site of the hospital is interesting even more so are the associations of the roof-tree,—the convent, and the adjoining church of Sant' Onofrio, where the ashes of the great Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, rest in the ineffable peace of the hillside sanctuary. Pinturicchio's glorious frescoes, richly displayed on a background of glaring gold, gladden the sombre solitude of the spot. Without (framed like a picture in the Gothic doorway), lies all Rome—and its memories. In the near foreground, under that great oak-tree (familiarly known as "Tasso's Oak") was evolved in sorrow and sadness one of the world's great epic masterpieces "Jerusalem Delivered," and the same roof which shelters the poor afflicted children of Rome sheltered the last days of Tasso and received his dying breath. Scarcely a visitor from any land but comes to visit the room where the poet died, a room full of his personal souvenirs and relics; but few go on through the frescoed Gothic cloister and ring the bell at the modest iron gateway, over which is written "Ospedale del Bambino Gesu." The cloister and entrance to the Hospital to which the old monk is pointing is well shown in the accompanying photograph. In the picture giving a general view of the church and convent the large black window to the left, opening on a balcony, is that of the room of Tasso.

Though not apparent to the passing traveler, who would fain live in the religious, classic, and romantic associa-

READY TO GO HOME.

tions of the ancient city, even Rome must have its practical aspect, an aspect how practical alas, and how unromantic, only those know who have to deal with the poor and afflicted whose struggle for life in a city altogether devoid of commercial enterprise is hard and bitter. But if a visitor more enquiring and more practical-minded than the rest should find his way, even by chance, from the

medieval atmosphere of Tasso and Pinturicchio, into the hospital precinct, he will surely be impressed, interested, and edified by what he sees, and carry away with him a truer, more perfect idea of the charities of Rome than he could have imagined possible. A sweet-faced Sister of Charity in her white cornette (a familiar sight which makes one feel at home the world over) opens the door, and ushers the visitor through a great shady hall, shining and polished as is the manner of convents, into the Mother Superior's tiny sanctum with its business-like desk and office fittings. Around the walls are portraits of the noble founders of the hospital, its benefactors and patrons, and lists of the various charitable institutions, private individuals, etc., who send inmates to the beds. Always practical, the Sisters of Charity keep no one waiting, and before we have had time to realize the charm of the quiet cloister garden on which the room opens, where roses are blooming in the sunshine and the snowy pigeons come fluttering down tamely from the eaves, the Mother Superior enters with kindly and cordial greeting, willing to give any desired information or show us through the hospital. There is much to hear of before seeing the finished work, for the account of the foundation of the Hospital of the Bambino Gesu is one of the most interesting imaginable, and one that cannot fail to appeal to any woman's heart.

DISPENSARY PATIENTS.

Many years ago in Rome there was no special hospital for children, not even a children's ward, and the poor babies, who through sickness, accidents, or deformity needed the care of a hospital were placed indiscriminately in the casual and surgical wards of the large hospitals, a state of things so wholly inappropriate as to amount to a crying evil. Here the poor children, lying helpless in the midst of much misery and suffering, and brought face to face with

"THE MOBILE ITALIAN BABY FACES PEEP OUT."

poor human nature at its weakest and often at its worst, were forced to see sights and listen to language which could not fail, if not to pollute their childish innocence, at least to rob it of its bloom and instil into their minds a premature knowledge of the seamy side of life which even in poor and humble homes could be spared them by a mother's care. A noble lady, the Duchess Salviati* (nee Fitzjames), French by birth but Roman by marriage and long residence, when visiting Rome's largest hospitals, on errands of angelic charity, was deeply struck by this terrible fact and resolved from the depths of her motherly and compassionate heart to remedy it by altogether removing the little ones from their incongruous surroundings. The Duchess had seen the children's hospitals in both London and Paris, and had always cherished the idea of founding a similar institution in the city of her adoption. The charitable project grew as kind friends and relatives gave their donations and aid. The winter of 1868 was passed in collecting offerings, and finally the noble lady, to whom is due all the initiative of the undertaking, was able to realize her beloved ideal

*Donna Maria Salviati, daughter of the Duchess Salviati, foundress of this hospital, kindly gave me much information relative to its foundation. I am also indebted to the kind courtesy of Dr. V. Guglielmetti, physician on duty at the Children's Hospital, who not only took the photographs accompanying this sketch, but also personally conducted me through the wards on a tour of inspection.

PANORAMA SHOWING GARDEN OF HOSPITAL AND DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

and establish in the year 1869 a small provisory hospital for the reception of children only. A room large enough to contain six beds was taken, and there six little sufferers were established under the motherly care of a Sister of Charity, as a beginning of the work which was one day to expand into one of the most active charities of Rome. But like all truly good works it spread with lightning rapidity. In a few short months the six little cots became twelve, then twenty-four, and ever-increasing demands for admission were made to the Hospital so that it was at once realized that the foundation must be organized on a regular basis, and more spacious accommodation secured, not only for the comfort of the children but also that the latest improvements in surgical science could be obtained. Providence favored the work and the new charity was permanently established in its present desirable quarters at Sant' Onofrio, where fully two hundred children can be received. Part of the hospital is in the former monastery, one of the wards being actually in the chamber once the library, but the greater part was added, every part of the interior

ITALIAN GIRLS.

being thoroughly modern. Since 1869 seven thousand five hundred children have been in the hospital, so from this item alone can be gathered some idea of the good work accomplished. The "Congregation of Charity" of Rome lent their co-operation to the Duchess Salviati, paying for a certain number of the beds for which it sends the children. Only to generous benefactors does this (the first children's hospital opened, not only in Rome but in Italy) owe its wonderful progress, for it is altogether supported by voluntary contributions, and private charity provides for the poor children who have no patrons or benefactors, as well as for the expenses of every kind incurred by such an institution. The hospital is divided into three departments, one medical, one surgical, and one for isolated cases of infectious diseases, established in a completely separate building. Children suffering from a great variety of maladies are received and at present there are one hundred and sixty beds occupied, but constantly the number of applications is greater than can be entertained with the funds, and many deserving cases must be turned unwillingly away. The greater majority of cases treated are surgical, wonderful cures having been effected as the result of operations for malformed and distorted legs, and feet. Many children who had been considered helpless cripples for life, and therefore terrible burdens in the poor families where all must be bread-winners, are transformed into sound and healthy boys and girls with the full use of their limbs. But all this requires care and time, and, above all, money to keep it up in the state of constant perfection. As the children of the poorest of the poor are the patients they must be kept in the hospital till they are cured. Also, the arrangements in the wards and the operating rooms, and the expensive surgical instruments, require to be thoroughly up to date, while a considerable staff of resident and visiting physicians and surgeons must be constantly in attendance. True the hospital has constant support from its generous foundress and many kind benefactors, but co-operation is always needed to carry on a private work of charity, as the Mother Superior very truly remarks.

LITTLE CONVALESCENTS.

CLOISTER OF CONVENT, AND ENTRANCE OF HOSPITAL.

The charities of Rome are widening and spreading every day as the need of them grows more apparent, and old institutions are apt to be pushed into the background and somewhat neglected for the new. There is so much misery in Rome, too, one cannot imagine it all with the smiling exterior, and but for the strangers who come to bring it life and movement, the modern capital of United Italy would be as a dead city as far as practical employment for the poor is concerned.

But "allons," for our tour of inspection of the hospital! On a first visit there, some time ago, an English Sister (a convert of the late Cardinal Manning, who not only embraced the Catholic Faith, but the blue habit of the Daughters of St. Vincent) was our guide through the wards, but the other day on enquiring for "Suora Elena" the Superior told us she is now in China, one of the brave band of the Church's soldiers who have shared the fortunes of war all through the troubles in Shanghai, and one of whom died a martyr's death at the post of duty. But a sweet-faced young Sister, who speaks the prettiest broken English, took her place, showing us everything with the kindest care and attention. One of the first and most striking features of the Hospital is the "Spezeria" or Dispensary, a room an artist would love to paint, and a very treasure house of herbs and simples, where all the medicines are arranged in rows on oaken shelves, in quaint china blue vases of odd shapes and sizes. It is a temptation to linger there in the sunny old world pharmacy whose pottery and faience specimens would be dear to a china collector, but the Sister leads us up the broad stone staircase, where statues of the Infant Jesus, Our Lady, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, fill the niches on the landings, and floods of light pour through the high windows. The five wards upstairs, entered immedi-

ately from the corridor, are entirely devoted to surgical cases. They are the very picture of a model hospital, brightness, lightness and airiness itself, with the cheerful red-tiled floors shining like polished mirrors, the groups of palms and plants arranged at the end of the room, and the altar shrines on the walls gay with lights and flowers. Snowy as the bed linen are the two long rows of tiny cots down either side, each with a small occupant, the mobile little Italian baby faces peeping out waxlike against the background of white bed and pillow. They begin from the very tiniest babies, for children are taken at the "Bambino Gesu," from one year old to the age of twelve or fourteen. Each little cot, besides its number and the name of the benefactor or society who owns it, has a framed slate hung over it on which is written a diagnosis of the case.

Supper-time at the hospital is just finishing, as we make our round. A small patient is sitting up seriously tackling his plate and apparently relishing it, while another, a greater sufferer, languidly swallows the sweet fresh milk she is coaxed to take by her kind attendants, looking at us the while with a pair of great black eyes that seem all too large for the pinched baby face. Few of the children have any sign of illness or distortion on their faces, except the waxen pallor of weakness. The shrunkenness of tiny faces and arms, caused by disease, makes babies of two years of age look like infants of a few months. Many of the little patients are sufferers from various forms of tuberculosis caused by poverty of blood, and affecting the bones, joints, and every part of the body, others from partial paralysis of the limbs and spine disease,—these latter the saddest of all, for though there is a course of treatment which causes improvement there is little hope of ultimate cure. The Sister particularly pointed out as one of the worst cases a sweet-faced little girl, with a mass of golden Titianesque hair, a patient, far-away expression on the pale waxen features as she lies there, opposite the wide-open window, looking so wistfully out on the glory of the sunset over St. Peter's. She has already been an inmate of the hospital for three years. Another, the tiniest, whitest, black-eyed mite imaginable, is a sufferer from an aggravated case of tuberculosis of the joints, and the tiny hand like that of a new-born baby is spread out on a plaster casing. Though the wee face is bright and animated the Sister says the child constantly suffers intense pain. Every now and then a pitifully bandaged arm or splintered leg and foot betrays the suffering endured so patiently by these young recruits in the school of sorrow. And yet they are all so good and patient and uncomplaining, the Sister says. Though some of the bright-eyed "Bambini" are laughing merrily or playing with the toys spread out on their little shelves, while others look on the visitors curiously, but seldom shyly, many of the baby faces wear the patient enduring expression that goes with pain, so pathetically sad to see on children. Poor little mites! they need all the care and loving tenderness their kind nurses give them to make up for the deprivation of health and strength. Children's suffering is one of earth's unanswered questions, which can only be left to

the all-seeing care of the Christ-Child, Whose semblance looks down upon His little ones from the white-washed walls. For He who called them to Him through pain and suffering must have a wise design, else never had the Master made the promise—which has comforted many a bleeding heart throughout the ages—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One must of necessity take a glimpse of the model operating room, for doctors, Sisters and staff of the hospital are justly proud of their excellent and thoroughly modern arrangements, every detail of instruments and appliances being all that could be required or imagined in modern surgery. These equipments can compare favorably with those of any children's hospital in the world, every kind of surgical operation being performed here. The medical and surgical attendance of the hospital is intrusted to a fine corps of physicians and surgeons who also practise in the large Roman hospital. The staff consists of a head surgeon, a head physician, and seven assistant doctors and surgeons. Perfect as it is in every detail, and most interesting to those engaged in surgical or hospital work, the operating room always seems the one grim feature of this "temple of peace," and though one thoroughly appreciates the inestimable benefits conferred on humanity by surgical science, it tears one's heart to think of the necessary pain. Hanging on the walls of the adjoining room are various photographs of children taken before and after operations, and often with limbs so distorted, twisted and deformed that it seems little short of miraculous that they could be converted into the straight, clean-limbed specimens afterwards depicted. Near the operating rooms are two special wards to which children are removed immediately after operations for quiet and retirement, being returned to the general wards only after a period of comparative convalescence. Here we saw a tiny child apparently only two years old, who had been operated upon a few days before, and who appeared wonderfully convalescent, his little white face brightening as the Sister talked to him, and he made futile efforts to clench his tiny fist into a horn and put it to his mouth as they told him to show us "how the band played at Piazza Colonna." The western windows of the principal wards are flung wide open, and out on a balcony a lively little group of convalescents, seated on low benches, are discussing their supper. Some are promoted to limp about and begin to make use of their limbs again, others to wheel chairs. These children form a cheerful feature of hospital life, and their chorus of "A rivederla, Signora," as one passes through is pretty to listen to. Our kind guide showed us the fine spacious dormitory where the convalescents sleep. At one end is erected a folding altar surmounted by a statue of Our Lady, at which Mass is frequently said for the children. And here often touching little ceremonies of First Communion of some of the poor little patients take place, also in the pretty little convent chapel. His Grace, Most Rev. Monsignor Stonor, Archbishop of Trelizonde, who for years has taken the liveliest interest in this charity, ever showing it the most paternal care, has been its ecclesiastical assistant from the begin-

ning, and it is by no means an infrequent sight to see the venerable prelate making the round of the wards and pausing to speak a few words of greeting to the poor little sufferers. There are altogether fourteen Sisters in the house, and thirty-one assistant infirmarians, about three Sisters in each ward, aided by young girls and women. On the lower floor are the three medical wards, also pictures of cheery brightness as one stands at the threshold and looks down the long vista of sunny rooms opening on each other, a tall stand of palms in the centre, the rows of long windows, and the French window at the end opening on a balcony with a trellis of vines and a magnificent view. On these sunny balconies the convalescent children sit, to breathe the pure air which blows across here more freshly than even in the garden below. Nor could there be a better, more airy place to bring the roses back to pale little cheeks. As we enter the ward a row of bright little folks sit up all attention, and a voice from a cot in the corner calls out to the doctor who accompanies us. Covering his hand with kisses as he approaches, the wee maiden proffers a request for "cioccolati" (chocolates) in the most insinuating of manners, full of baby coquetry and grace. Another small individual with a portentously serious face holds up a wonderful yellow-haired doll stiff and erect in her arms, smoothing every fold of the dress with infinite care. Of course we duly admire the dolly, and upon the Sister's asking if she loves it, the small embryo mother looks up to nod a grave assent, then instantly reassumes the arrangement of its garments. The secret of this alertness and eagerness to show to the best advantage is explained by the doctor. Some days ago on taking the photograph of the ward, interiors always being difficult subjects when restless children are concerned, he had been obliged to bribe the small people with the reward of a few chocolates to keep the lively heads and bright eyes quiet for a while, and now they have fully entered into the idea and pose willingly.

But it is growing late, and an atmosphere of evening calm is stealing over the quiet places. The little ones wake with the birds, and at sunset eyes are growing heavy, and weary little heads begin to nod, for sick children droop with the change of day, so it is time for us to go. But first we must hear about the endowment of the beds whose various placards have excited our curiosity. Several generous benefactors contribute among them an offering of 12,000 francs to endow the hospital with a bed in perpetuity; others again by contributing 600 francs a year possess the right of placing in the cot for a year an occupant of their own choosing, their names being written over the cot. Many private individuals as well as religious communities and institutions avail themselves of this opportunity of benefitting the children of any poor families in which they are interested. But everyone cannot do this much, naturally, and the least offering towards the charity is thankfully received by the Sisters at the hospital or by the foundress, Duchess Salviati, for they are only too glad when kind strangers take an interest in the good work and pay a visit to the poor suffering little ones.

The more one sees of the workings of this Roman hospital, the more one realizes its splendid practicality and thoroughly modern utility, combined with the true spirit of charity worthy of the children of the Roman Catacombs, the faithful echo of the first "peace on earth."

Nothing seems to have been neglected, which can in any way alleviate the sufferings of the children of the poor. Attached to the hospital is a gratuitous outside medical and surgical dispensary where consultations are given and operations of minor surgery performed, also bandaging and subsequent treatment. The isolated cases, as I said before, are in a separate building, cases of diphtheria being kept separate from the rest.

Our inspection of the "Bambino Gesu" hospital is finished, and we take leave of the little patients, the tinier of whom wave their hands at parting with true Italian grace. Our last recollection of the beautiful little model hospital will be the daintily cared-for children in their cheerful surroundings, in the evening light of the Roman sunshine which pervades the place with golden splendor, while outside stretches that most essentially Roman of all outlooks in the eternal city, the Dome of St. Peter's. On our way downwards we peep for an instant into the chapel where several of the Sisters are snatching a brief interval after the busy cares of the day, to spend it in the dimly lighted sanctuary. True heroines of charity are these whose lives, embodying the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, are lived so unobtrusively in the midst of a world of luxury, sin and pleasure. The passport to the Heaven which they are winning so worthily is written on every feature of the sweet, calm faces under the white cornettes, from the young sister with the pale, high-bred face to the wrinkled, elderly Religious who is like a true mother to the tiny charges who cling around her. Heart and soul these workers give to their work, their only cause of regret being that they are obliged to turn cases away. "Oh it is so sad, so hard to see them disappointed," says the gentle young Sister. "Only last week a poor mother came here with her poor sick baby with which she had walked all the way from the country, carrying it in her arms, and yet we could not take it in. And there are many like cases."

How we wished that some of the charitable and well-meaning people of our country, who yet come to Italy full of prejudice against the Church of Rome and its institutions, and confidently primed with the Protestant story that Catholics in Rome do little for their poor, could see this model children's hospital. Then surely their ideas would undergo a change. Americans are nothing if not fair-minded and certainly more American charity would come into the hands of Catholic institutions in Rome, and less into that of the Methodist charities which, fair-seeming and thoroughly charitable as they appear, have also for their aim the perverting of the faith of Catholic children by supplying their bodily wants. At this time, when the peace of the "World's great Birthday" is softening the hearts of world-wearied men and women to all that is tender, weak, and young, how many a prayer goes up from this Christmas hospice

on the Seven Hills of Rome, that the children's festival may inspire thoughts of charity in those well off in this world's goods. Few hearts are hardened enough to resist the children's cry. Haunting in ears perhaps deaf to the misery of adult humanity is the Christ Child's whisper, "Ye did it to the least of my little ones, Ye did it unto Me."

IN AFFLICTION.

REV. JOHN J. DONLON.

Closed up in life as in a sunless prison,
Only with brain to think and heart to feel,
Through the dim twilight many prayers have risen
To Him whose Hand alone has power to heal.
"What wouldst thou, poor one?" "Lord! that I may see
O Jesus, Son of David! pity me."

Through the broad streets the pleasant sun is shining,
I hear the children's voices as they play,
While I sit here in light and shadow, pining
For all the brightness passing from my way.
"What wouldst thou, poor one?" "Lord! that I may see
The beauty of the land, thy gift to me."

But more than all, I miss the lighted altar,
The Royal Court where those who love Him meet,
Where now with stranger-help, and steps that falter,
I go when duty calls me to His feet.
"What wouldst thou, poor one?" "Lord! that I may see
The day when naught shall bar my way to Thee."

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER VIII — Con'd.

That same desire had once been strong in Teresa's breast. She had no dreams that had not Loretto for their background. She would be a nun, of course, but a remarkable one, a second St. Teresa, who would repeat the life of the Spanish Carmelite in the mother-house of the American Lorettines. Through all the land would spread the fame of her great beauty, learning and sanctity; and hither all the world would flock to hearken to her counsel on spiritual matters, seek her advice on affairs of State. She saw, in her vivid imagination, cardinals and bishops in their rich robes (they always appeared as dressed for solemn function when they rose before the vision of the future Lorettine), priests in black, the brown Franciscan, and white Dominican, coming in long procession to Loretto's gate to confer with its learned Superioress. She saw herself traveling to Rome, and her fame preceding her, would bring out the inhabitants of all countries to catch a glimpse of her as she passed. She would be very humble, of course, and shrink from all this celebrity, but there would be never any escape from it; and she would earnestly pray God to give her that knowledge, which, as St. Teresa said, makes us understand that we have no good in ourselves. She would spend hours in imagining her reception and profession. The Bishop would be there, of course; or perhaps Archbishop Carroll would come to Kentucky for the occasion, with his assistants. Sister Mechtilde would be present, so pale and happy, and all the Dominican Fathers from St. Rose would be in attendance, while the body of the church would be filled with people. Some of the women would sob aloud as she walked down the aisle, dressed in white silk, with the long veil and crown of flowers on her soft, black curls. The Bishop, or Archbishop, would address to her very solemn words; tell her that the world she was leaving was fair and that life in the convent was hard, and that only heroic souls could accept it. Of course the good prelate did not know how holy and heroic was her soul; and afterwards, when she was a great saint, he would recall with a feeling of awe the words he had spoken to her on that day. Then she would leave the chapel, and the Sisters, between smiles and tears, would clothe her in the habit and white veil and afterwards would escort her to the altar. And how good she would be! How faithful to the rule and how devoted to her duty. And how dearly she would love Our Lord and how earnestly she would strive to please Him and win souls to His service!

But Father Nernickx dispelled these illusions. He sat with the children on the long piazza, one showery April afternoon. His words were solemn. He was soon to leave Loretto, perhaps for ever. The children knew nothing of this, but their intuition made them perceive the sadness pervading the priest's voice. Gradually the rain ceased, and the

children left the piazza, save Teresa, whose eyes had been caught by a gold-rimmed cloud in the west, which was instantly transformed into a bark for her mind to sail away in over the sea of fancy.

"Sister," said the priest to Sister Mechtilde, who was sitting on a bench nearby, "that little Paula, is she not a good child?" and his eyes singled out one of the romping children.

"Yes, Father," replied the Sister.

"Watch over her, Sister, in an especial manner," counselled he. "I think God has chosen her to help continue His work here, when you and your early companions shall be called to the enjoyment of His blessedness and rest."

There was another long silence.

"And Eleanore," began the priest again, "though she seems, on the surface, frivolous and worldly, beneath that exterior there is hidden one of those souls, which though the human tries to smother them, reach their God-appointed place. It is a great struggle for such persons to leave all for God, but once they make the decision, they never falter, never turn back. And Mary," he finished, "I have seen a shadow on her brow, whether of the veil, or the wing of death's angel, I cannot say. But I leave these especially to your guidance and care, Sister Mechtilde."

"And what of our Teresa, Father?" asked the Sister, a tremor in her voice, as she reached out a hand and drew the girl closer to her side.

For a full minute his eyes traveled gently, affectionately over Teresa's face, ivory pale, framed by soft, black curls and glorified by great dark eyes. Then he spoke.

"What of our Teresa? she who has grown up with us, a flower of the cloister. She will leave us, Sister, and go out into the world. Perhaps she will be a great lady, but she will always be a noble woman; she will never forget amidst the dangers and tribulations that may beset her, that she is a daughter of Loretto, though she wear no black veil of sacrifice, no black habit of renunciation."

"O Father! Am I not to be a Sister, too, with Paula and Eleanore and Mary?" The words were wrung from the pale lips, and the tears were in the dark eyes.

"No, my child," answered the priest. "God's work awaits you in the world, not in the cloister."

She made no reply, but withdrew her eyes. Those eyes were an unobstructed way into her soul and intuitively when that soul was wounded, she strove to shut out from its agony even the gaze of friends. After a few minutes she stole away to the chapel. Leave Loretto and Sister Mechtilde, her home and more than friends! Go out into the world, to strangers, encounter all the trials of life alone! Work alone, live alone. Alone! She flung herself on the altar steps and sobbed out her heart's fear of that word, which men dread more than the sentence of death; and as she wept, with the pitilessness of memory, over her mind surged the dreams she had indulged in of kneeling at this shrine to offer up her young life to God.

The next year passed and when again June brought the close of school, Teresa and Eleanore graduated with all the honors of Loretto. Eleanore's future was secure. Grace had triumphed and she left the schoolroom for the cloister; but Teresa's was veiled in uncertainty. She had developed into beautiful womanhood. Her education and accomplishments

left no doubt but that she would succeed in winning her way in the world; yet no one at Loretto intimated that she should leave her convent home. But the day previous to the commencement, Teresa seeing the Superioress walking alone in the flower garden, approached the religious, and asked,

"May I walk with you, dear Mother?"

"Certainly, dear," replied she, slipping her rosary into her pocket.

"Dear Mother," began Teresa, in calm, even tones, "after tomorrow I can no longer claim my place here."

"Don't say that, Teresa," returned the Superioress quickly. "This is your home and your place is always here."

"O thank you, Mother," cried the girl. "I felt that you would say that, I felt that you would never tell me to leave you."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the woman. "This is the only home you remember and it is yours, my darling child, forever."

"Still, Mother," began the girl bravely, "I know that it is my duty to go out into the world and begin to work. You and the dear Sisters have been working for me for many years and have received nothing for your labors."

"Who has been talking to you about such matters, Teresa?" asked the Mother sharply, and there was a shade of displeasure on her peaceful brow. The girl hesitated.

"Was it one of the Sisters?"

"O no, Mother."

"One of the girls?"

"No, Mother."

"Ah, I see," said the Superioress. "Some meddler from the outside has taken it upon herself to put ideas into your head that otherwise would never have occurred to you, for you regarded Loretto as other children look upon their home. But there are some particulars your informant did not know or did not tell you. When your father brought you to us, he left enough money to pay for the board and tuition of a pupil for seven years. We had the use of that money during the time that you were playing with your corncob dolls. That money was of incalculable assistance to us in those days of debt and poverty; so, if we were to reckon up the interest and take the value of it then into consideration, we should find that our accounts are very nearly balanced. But if you were deeply in debt to Loretto are you going to worry about it? Is it going to make you rush off into the world on your graduation day to get work to pay it off? I believe you think me a regular Shylock, Teresa!"

Teresa laughed and the Mother smiled as she playfully pinched one of the girl's shell-like ears.

"I am glad to know that I didn't come like a beggar child," then she said, "though I do leave Loretto with no wealth except what I carry in my heart and head."

"You are not penniless, my dear," corrected the Superioress. "Your father told Sister Mechtilde that he possessed valuable property, which, if he were killed in war, you should be placed in possession of when you had arrived at your sixteenth year. That was two years ago, and though we have no communication regarding it, I know your father has property somewhere, which rightfully belongs to you, if we could only locate it. Can you remember nothing, Teresa, of your early home?"

"Not a thing, Mother," replied the girl, sorrowfully. "Sometimes, like a

flash, comes the memory of a tall tree in an open space, but that is all, and it, you know, may have no connection with my father's home. But Mother, I must not build my hopes on a thing so uncertain as that fortune, which should have come to me two years ago. I feel that it is my duty to make some use of the talents I have received from God and which have been fitted for use by you and the Sisters. That is why I have come to you, to tell you of this determination and to ask your assistance in carrying it out."

They walked on for sometime in silence. The hour was full of bitterness for both, for if Teresa pictured with sorrow her life apart from this hallowed spot, the Mother's eyes moistened under their downcast lids at thought of separation from the girl who had grown from tender infancy to beauteous maidenhood under her fostering love and care. Afterwards she said,

"What should you like to do, dear?"

"I should like to teach music, Mother. Do you think I am competent?"

"Yes, dear, I think you are."

There was another painful silence, then the Sister said:

"I will write to the colleges in Louisville and Lexington. They may need a music instructor. And," she added, as if the appointment had already been offered and accepted, "Have no fear, my darling child! God is your protector."

She drew down the tall girl and kissed the white brow, and Teresa, catching a sight of the Mother's dim eyes, turned hurriedly away, as the tears began to flow over her own pale cheeks.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. HALPIN'S STORY.

The Mother's application brought a reply from a newly established female college in Lexington, and as the position was in every way desirable, it was accepted for Teresa. It was a morning in late August when the community was assembled in the school hall to bid their pupil farewell. The day previous a Mrs. Halpin had come from Lexington to place her daughter in Loretto's academy, and it was decided that Teresa ought to avail herself of the opportunity of Mrs. Halpin's chaperonage, and return with her to Lexington, although it wanted several weeks of the opening of the college. Mrs. Halpin conducted a very exclusive boarding house, and with her the young girl was to make her home. The faithful Sisters felt much of their anxiety removed by this arrangement, for Mrs. Halpin was a good, motherly soul and well versed in the ways of the world, the very guardian, they thought, their innocent and lonely Teresa needed. Her boarders, she informed the Sisters, were few in number and irreproachable in character, being mainly Transylvania students and professional men.

"It is plainly the providence of our Heavenly Father," the good Superioress said to Sister Mechtilde, whose heart had been torn by fear, as she thought of her young pupil's venturing out into the great unknown world.

"Yes, Mother," replied Sister Mechtilde, bravely steadying her voice and keeping back her tears, for she did not want Teresa to take the memory

of her pain into that new life. "She will have enough to bear without the remembrance of our grief," she thought, and went, with calm face, to the children's dormitory, where Teresa was making ready for her journey. She was standing by the window, her eyes fixed, for the last time, on the landscape, familiar since babyhood. She looked very tall and beautiful in her new dress and hat, but, as she turned her face full on the approaching Sister, a quiver of wild sorrow ran over it, disturbing its fairness. Sister Mechtilde hurried to the sobbing girl and took her in her arms. She held her close to her breast until that first outbreak of sorrow had subsided; then, she moved backward and gently forced Teresa into the low chair.

"Teresa," began Sister Mechtilde —Ah! how sweet, how calm, how trustful was that clear voice!—"Mrs. Halpin is ready, the carriage is waiting at the door. Mother has sent me for you. You are leaving us, dear, for the first time since your father gave you, a baby, into my arms. That we love you, you know; that we shall miss you every hour, you know; that your place is kept for you, and always shall be, you know. While one of this present community lives the recollection of our little Teresa will be among the sweetest of her memories. Of the world you are going to I know nothing, for I left it in early life, and all the years that were passed outside of the convent were under a watchful mother's eye. They say that there dangers and temptations surround the young and the untried; that poison lurks under every sweet; that vice wears virtue's garb to wile the unwary from the paths of innocence; that the allurements are so many and enticing a saint might be forgiven for his fall; that the struggle of the soul to preserve its integrity, its honor, its truth, is so great as to be almost over-powering; that men cannot be honest, women sincere. All this may be true; and yet, "crossing her white hands over her breast, and lifting her fair face, but without removing her eyes from the eyes before her," this I know: this soul, this breath of God, possesses the power to conquer and can never be defeated by evil unless it voluntarily wills that defeat. You are a woman and delicately reared, it is true, and the conflict that you may be called upon to enter may try your endurance until you begin to feel that it must be either flight or surrender. It must be neither. That Spartan mother voiced the sentiment of every woman who sends a loved one forth, whether to the conflict of arms or the conflict of living:—Come home with your shield, or on it! Loretto sends you forth today, and she tells you that though you are young and innocent of the world she believes that her years spent in equipping you for this fight have not been spent vainly; she believes that you will prove yourself a worthy child of such a mother; she believes in your battle there will be neither flight nor surrender, but that you will fight valiantly to the last moment, and die as the brave love to die, with their faces to the foe, their weapons in their hands. Now, come, my child, let us go down."

There were no tears on Teresa's cheeks now. Her great dark eyes were filled with a rare light, the illumination of a brave soul, roused by

brave words. No weak sentimentality was stirring Sister Mechtilde's heart. She recognized that they were both soldiers of the one Commander, only fighting in different fields. This is the way great souls part, the girl thought, and walked with firm step by Sister Mechtilde's side down the stair and into the school room. But at sight of the assembled community her courage seemed to suddenly forsake her, for the eyes of all were dim, and the Mother's lips were quivering. One by one the Sisters folded Teresa in their arms, kissed her pale cheeks, and blessed her with all their hearts; then she returned to the Superioress. For a moment her head drooped on that faithful bosom and two tears fell from the Mother's eyes and glittered like jewels on the raven curls; then the Superioress said softly, kissing the ivory pale cheek:

"Good bye, my child, my dearest child! May God protect and bless you always, always!"

Sister Mechtilde took Teresa's hand and led her away. At the door she paused, and taking the girl's other hand, pressed both against her breast; then she pushed back the hat and kissed her three times on the smooth white brow. Thus, without a word, Sister Mechtilde and Teresa parted.

At the brow of the hill Teresa turned and caught a last glimpse of "Little Loretto's" roof among the embowering trees.

The convent carriage conveyed them to Bardstown, where they took the stage for Lexington. Mrs. Halpin proved a very companionable person, and as she talked over the subjects that made up her every-day life, Teresa began to grow interested.

"You will be charmed with Lexington," declared Mrs. Halpin, "and I think you will find your position very agreeable. The President of the college is a fine gentleman, and all his teachers are ladies. The pupils are from the best families in the city. They are thinking, I have been told, of building an addition to the college, for it seems the President has repeated applications from outside towns, but he is unable to accommodate boarders. I suppose you will be kept very busy, but the Mother told me the salary is fair. I wish you were not so delicate-looking. Is your health good?"

"Yes," replied Teresa. "I have never been sick a day in my life."

"Still I should like to see some color in those pretty cheeks," commented the motherly woman. "I hope you will like your new home," she added anxiously, as she sighted the spires of Lexington. "I have no women boarders, but I do not think you will find any of the gentlemen disagreeable. Three of them are Translyvania students; then there is Professor Munroe, of Transylvania; Mr. Bennett, a lawyer; Major Manser, who since the war has been editing the Lexington Star, and Mr. St. John Worthington."

She waited for some exclamation of surprise, or interest, as with marked emphasis she spoke the last name; but as the girl remained silent, she added:

"Of course you have heard of Mr. Worthington?"

"No. Who is he?"

Mrs. Halpin gave her bonnet-strings a jerk. It was almost a personal offence that her companion had not heard of Mr. Worthington.

"I should think St. John Worthing-

ton's name would be known even in a convent," she remarked. "He is, my dear, one of the leading men of Kentucky, a great lawyer and statesman, and the first orator of the day."

"O dear! I shall be afraid of him," said Teresa. "Shall I have to meet him and talk to him?"

"Why of course, child. My boarders are like members of one family. Indeed the students are more like my own sons than strangers. You will wonder to hear them calling me mother, I suppose," and Mrs. Halpin laughed. "But you needn't be a bit afraid of Mr. Worthington," she went on. "He is one of the most gentle and simple-hearted and noblest of men. Ah! here we are home at last!" she finished as the stage stopped before a comfortable-looking frame house, with a wide veranda and a broad green yard. A negro lad bounded down the steps, opened the door with a bow and greeting for his mistress, then, taking possession of such luggage as was within reach, he sped back to the house, and deposited his bundles in the hall to hasten to the kitchen with the intelligence that "Mis' Halpin's come an' brung a new boardah, de pu'tyest gal I evah seed!"

But the cook met the announcement with the declaration that she "Wusn't gwian to stan' no moh, and wus gwian to sen' word to Mastah dat she's comin' right straight home, an' he kin sen' some uv de othas to cook foh Mis' Halpin, ef he wants to, but she's plum' tiahed!" A few hours later Mrs. Halpin entered the kitchen with a package in her hand, and the cook's grievances disappeared, and she greeted her mistress effusively. After all, she concluded, as she examined the presents Mrs. Halpin had brought her, it would be rather lonesome out on the plantation after the four years spent in Lexington with Mrs. Halpin, to whom she had been hired by her master.

The coach had been delayed, and supper was being served when Mrs. Halpin and her charge reached home. As she entered the dining-room with Teresa, the gentlemen arose and warmly welcomed her. Teresa's eyes traveled quickly over the little group of men until they met the face of one. It was a handsome face, clear-cut, somewhat careworn, and lighted by a pair of dark gray eyes. The hair was iron-gray, the figure tall and commanding, but with a certain yielding gentleness in its attitude. These particulars she noted. In the next moment she was acknowledging his courtly bow as Mrs. Halpin said,

"Miss Martinez, permit me to introduce Mr. Worthington."

The introduction of the other men followed, and then all took their places around the hospitable board and conversation became general.

"This is your first visit to Lexington, I believe, Miss Martinez?" remarked one of the students who sat beside her. She replied that it was, and as she spoke she looked at her interlocutor, and thought: "This is Mr. Mayhew. I hope I shan't get their names mixed. He has a nice voice and good eyes. I believe I shall get along very well with him."

"I hope you will like our city," Mr. Mayhew was saying. "I am not a native of Lexington myself, but as I have lived in it the greater part of the past three years, it seems quite like home. Anyhow, Kentuckians all

feel a certain pride in their 'Athens of the West.' You are not a Kentuckian, I believe?"

"But I am," she replied, with a certain proud lifting of her head.

"Oh! I beg pardon! But from your name—I—well, I came to the conclusion that you were from beyond the stream."

"Which interpreted, Miss Martinez," put in the editor, from across the table, "means that he thought you a native of the Spanish Province. An awful imputation!"

Teresa felt somewhat confused on finding the attention of all thus drawn to herself, but as she glanced around she met the kind eyes of Mr. Worthington. He smiled at her and said in a musical voice,

"We do not so consider it, do we, Miss Martinez? It matters not, so one is honest, whether one is a Kentuckian or a Spaniard."

"Treason! Treason!" cried the editor. "You hear him, Mrs. Halpin? Are you going to permit even St. John Worthington to utter such disloyal sentiments in your house unrebuked?"

"Oh!" put in the lawyer, "if it were tested by vote, you will find St. John is not alone in entertaining such treasonable sentiments."

"Upon what hypothesis do you base your conclusion, Mr. Bennet?" asked the student who sat on Mrs. Halpin's left hand.

"When a man espouses the cause of beautiful woman, he will have many supporters. Worthington has taken up the defense of Miss Martinez, therefore—"

Teresa decided she would not like the lawyer, but the next afternoon a carriage, drawn by a pair of noble black horses, stopped at the door, and a little note from Mr. Bennet presented his compliments to Mrs. Halpin and Miss Martinez, and begged to be permitted to offer the use of his carriage to them for a drive through the city and suburbs.

"He is always doing nice little things like this," said Mrs. Halpin, as she finished reading the note to Teresa. "He is very rich and owns a beautiful home about a mile from town."

"Why doesn't he live there?" queried the girl.

Mrs. Halpin sighed.

"He had a great sorrow once, my dear child," she replied. "He married a beautiful woman seven years ago. The day of their marriage, as he was taking her to his home, the horses became frightened and threw the carriage down an enbankment, killing his bride. He has never gone to his home since."

Teresa's cheeks grew paler at the recital. Tales of death and broken hearts, shattered hopes and ruined lives, were new to her. She wondered now how Mr. Bennet could talk and look pleasant as he had done last night and she bitterly reproached herself that she had felt any dislike toward him. She thought of his sad, lonely life as, at Mrs. Halpin's suggestion, she dressed for the drive. Her every-ready imagination carried her through his long years of loneliness and sorrow and made her endure a reflex of his pain.

The Sisters had remembered that the apparel is not an insignificant feature of a young woman's appearance in the world, whether she is merely to adorn its social side or become a part of its industrial scheme; and they had sent out their pupil with an elegant,

if not an elaborate, wardrobe. Those were the days of ample skirts, flowing sleeves, and tight-fitting bodices; the days of silks and laces, when our present fashionable cloths and pretty muslins were unknown. Teresa had traveled in a golden-brown silk dress; she now donned a pink silk gown for her drive. The roseate shade of the material, softened by an occasional tuft of lace, threw a warmth over the pale face, the severity of the bodice showed the beautiful lines of the figure, to which the long, graceful skirt imparted dignity, and, as she entered the room where Mrs. Halpin, in her widow's black silk and crape awaited her, the worthy lady all but broke into words of admiration. She remembered, however, that the mirror is a powerful aid in increasing feminine vanity, and with a smile and compliment for the short time consumed in the making of such a becoming toilet, she led the way to the carriage. But the surprise and admiration on the faces of the passers were keenly noted by Mrs. Halpin and mentally commented upon. There were wonderful sights to be shown to the young eyes accustomed to the convent in the heart of the farming country, and Teresa proved an ideal sightseer, taking interest in every thing. How devoutly she wished the Sisters had such a building as old Transylvania and as Mrs. Halpin babbled on about the people they passed, Teresa was composing pages of a letter to Sister Mechtilde, descriptive of the beauty of what her eyes were beholding. After a circuit of the city, the coachman turned again into the main street and, following it toward the east, they were soon in the suburbs. Here were stately houses, set in spacious, wooded lawns; beyond them, the great level Blue Grass Country. They made the return trip by a different route. The road stretched on before them, white and direct as a line of light. Off in the purple distance were the faint outlines of the church spires and cupola of the courthouse. As the steeples were growing discernible under the dying August sun, Teresa saw a stately white house standing on a sloping lawn. There was something more graceful and artistic in its architecture and setting than in any of the many places she had seen that afternoon and she expressed this opinion to Mrs. Halpin.

"That is the estate of Mr. Martins," explained Mrs. Halpin, "one of Lexington's great men. When he came here he was as poor as a church mouse. Now there is no end to his wealth. He is one of the Whig leaders and has been twice in the State Senate. They say he aims to be Governor and I have no doubt if he desires it he will secure the nomination and carry the party to victory. Others say that he doesn't care for the office of Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, but is after the United States Senatorship, because his wife is ambitious to shine in Washington society. She was a Preston. Her father was immensely rich and, as she was the only daughter, they wanted her to make a brilliant marriage, and I've no doubt she would have done so, if George Martins had not crossed her path. He was the son of well-to-do Irish parents, and they had given him a fine education. But like a number of Irish families, misfortune overtook them. And so with his cousin; the son came to America to seek his fortune. George, who was of a roving

disposition, parted frm his cousin and went to the frontier, as Kentucky was called in those days. Years later he came to Lexington, rich only in experiences. He was then about thirty-five and his handsome face and prepossessing appearance captured the mind and finally won the heart of Constance Preston. Her father and brothers objected to her choice, but she was determined to marry him. They are a proud people and, seeing that she was so determined, sooner than permit one of their family to endure the humility of poverty and loss of position, they gave their consent to the marriage and took the newly wedded pair to the old homestead. But George Martins was as proud as they, and while for the sake of his wife he accepted the hospitality of her people, he assured them they would one day approve of him as a husband for their daughter and sister. He made good his word; but circumstances went to his side to aid his natural abilities. Two or three years after his marriage, his cousin, Gerald Martins, came to Lexington with a young wife. She was the daughter of a Virginian planter, and had run off with young Martins. Friends in Lexington helped the husband to secure all this land for miles about from the Government. It was then a forest, but the young couple built a log cabin and were happy and prosperous. They had one child, a girl. One day in early spring, when the child was several years old, Mrs. Martins was found in the woods, murdered.

"Oh! how terrible!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands, while her eyes dilated with horror.

"Yes, dear, it was. The husband came to Lexington to organize a search party, for he supposed that his wife had wandered into the woods, and was lost. He brought his baby in with him. My husband was living then, and ran a tavern. It was to him Mr. Martins came first and gave me the child to keep until the mother could be found. The next morning they found her dead body in the hollow of a sycamore tree. That day was the first time I met Mr. Worthington. I had sent out breakfast to the men that made up the search party, and in less than an hour, Mr. Worthington, who had passed the night with the others looking for Mrs. Martins, staggered into the tavern with the awful news that she had been murdered by an Indian, they thought, almost within calling distance of her home. I began to cry, and this wakened the baby. All I could do would not quiet her. Then Mr. Worthington came back into my room and took the poor little creature into his arms, and I declare to you, the tears were streaming over his young face and he was sobbing like a child himself. From that hour I liked Mr. Worthington, for I saw that he was a man with a good heart. Well, dear, he sat there with that baby in his arms for hours. Outside, the town was in uproar. Scouting parties were being organized to search for the Indians, for we supposed they were coming on an invasion, because of the rumor of the war with England. They buried the poor murdered woman, and Gerald Martins lived in his cabin with his little girl and two Negroes that his father-in-law, who had forgiven his daughter's marriage, had sent him from Virginia. Then the war broke out. Gerald Martins wanted to go with the Lexington men,

but for a long time he hesitated, and some of us believed it was on account of his little girl. You see, no trace of Indians had been found in Kentucky, and as people could not otherwise account for the murder of Mrs. Martins, the suspicion grew that if she had been killed by an Indian, he was only doing the bidding of somebody else."

"O Mrs. Halpin! Could any one be so wicked as to cause the death of an innocent woman?" cried the girl.

"This is a wicked world, dear," remarked Mrs. Halpin, and continued her story: "Mr. Martins was very watchful over his child. The Negro woman told afterwards that he never ceased warning her to watch the baby, and that he would leave the field a dozen times during the day and hurry to the house to reassure himself that she was safe. The war fever was growing stronger, and men were enlisting by hundreds every day. One morning Martins' Negro man came running into town telling every person he met that the Indians had carried off his master and the child. The sudden disappearance of Mr. Martins and the baby of course caused great excitement, but after a few days he came back home,—alone. Where he had left the child no one knew. Then he enlisted and went with the regiment to the north, and perished with the Kentuckians in the Raisin Massacre. His cousin, George Martins, brought home the remains and buried them under the cedar tree, beside his wife. Then people began to ask for the child. No one knew what had become of her. George Martins went himself to Virginia, thinking the father might have taken her to her mother's relations; but she was not there, and when the grandfather heard of the missing child, he, too, joined in the search. It seems that his two sons had been killed in the war against the British and as they had left no children, his great property would go to strangers if the little Amy Martins were not found."

"Amy?" repeated Teresa, and down a long silent aisle of memory a mellow, tender voice seemed to be calling "Miss Amy? Miss Amy? Miss Amy?"

(To be continued.)

"Oh, sweet the springing lily-bud
In early summer day;
And sweet the gently perfumed airs
That round the roses play;
But sweeter still the Blossom white
That opens fair to-day."

ON THE ROAD.

A SOJOURN IN BELGIUM.

BY P. J. C., S. J.

In point of scenery, Belgium has little to boast of, except perhaps towards the extreme east. The western portion is as dull and monotonous as the rest of the Low Countries, and shows how aptly they have been named. A passing glance from a flying train between Ostende and Brussels makes the traveler rejoice at his high rate of speed. He sees nothing which he would care to linger upon, and he feels that the sooner he gets out of the place the better. Even the long lines of poplars, which are so numerous in this section of the country, all lean towards a better land,—being bent eastward by the frequent gales that blow from the ocean. The rapid motion of the train infuses, for the moment, life into an otherwise dead scene. The trees of the grove seem waltzing about each other; and cumbrous wains, laden with hay or grain, go flying in the opposite direction. All seems full of life and activity. But when the express halts for the first time at Bruges, or for the second at

A BELGIAN HORSE CART.

Ghent, the illusion is quickly dispelled. The stranger notices that everything appears stagnant, even the water, which is covered by a green substance popularly known as "duck-weed." His natural impulse is not to stop for a single day. Thrice blest and well repaid is he, if he is obliged by duty to remain for a whole year. From the thrift and honesty of the people he can learn many a useful lesson, which will more than counterbalance old-fashioned ways or defects in scenery.

Nobody can deny that the scenery in this part of the country is very poor, or rather there is none at all worthy of the name. Mountain and valley, hill and dale, there is none. The nearest approach to a hill is the artificial mound which is erected by the wealthy to vary the monotony of a flat lawn. The smooth level lawns of other countries are here at a discount. Neither is the scene cheered by the merry sound of running waters. "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." A man who loves the music of a running brook or a babbling rill, and the inspiration of a fine prospect, must close his eyes and dream of other days and other lands. He must imitate, to some extent, the bird-catchers whom he meets on his afternoon rambles. When these men capture a songster of the grove, they sear its eyelids with a hot iron; and when the wound heals, the lids adhere together, and the creature is blind to the misery of its present position and

SERVING A CUSTOMER.

to the narrow limits of its prison-house. Its song will be all the sweeter when it dreams of southern skies and summer woods, of free air and sunshine, and of its little ones, from which it has been so rudely snatched, and which it is doomed never to see again.

In the western part of Belgium there is no such thing as running water. There is water that moves, but the movement is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and it cannot be said to run except by a stretch of the imagination or through a strained compliment. There are no streams to turn mills, and the wind is used instead. The Dutch windmill is a familiar object both in Holland and Flanders. Its long arms mingle with the tall poplars wherever you look. The upper part is a square wooden structure which can be turned round so as to catch the wind; the lower part is circular and stationary and is made of brick. When working, the arms or wings are covered with canvas, and the amount of canvas spread varies with the strength of the motive power. When a stiff breeze is blowing and the mill is under full sail, the great arms fly at a terrific rate, and woe betide the man or beast that is hit by one of these. Many of the larger mills have a boiler attached, and they fall back on steam when the wind dies out. The neighbors bring their grain to be ground, and they pay for the work in money or meal. The principal cereals are wheat, rye, barley and oats. The last mentioned grain does not seem to thrive in this sandy soil.

APPLYING THE TEST.

ON THE WAY TO THE MARKET-PLACE.

The land, generally speaking, is so low that the water, even in summer, is only a few feet below the surface, and in winter covers large tracts of the country. Deep dikes or ditches filled with water are to be found at every turn, and divide the land into geometrical figures of various kinds. Their purpose is manifold. They do the work of fences, they drain the contiguous territory, and they were originally made to raise the level of the soil. They are cleaned periodically; the stuff taken from them is thrown upon the bank, and after it has become hard, it is used as a fertilizer. In some places these ditches serve as miniature canals, and the farmers use flat-bottomed boats to carry their manure from the stable to the field. When viewed from a distance the water is hidden, and all that one can see is a man propelling a heavy boat with a long pole through a ploughed field. The peasants are constantly cultivating and fertilizing their scanty acres. The liquid manure, which, in other countries, runs off as unprofitable water, is here preserved in cisterns under ground. It is then pumped into large casks and spread over the fields after the manner of a watering cart. Among this thrifty people, nothing is allowed to go waste.

As early as four in the morning you can see men and women in the fields digging or weeding, planting or reaping, as the case may be. Their working hours are so long that they have to eat five times a day. They take breakfast before going to work, have their forenoon luncheon at nine, dinner at twelve, another luncheon at four or thereabouts, and supper when they return home at night. Their fare is of the simplest, the coarsest kind. After their long day's work they go hobbling home in

A MERCIFUL DRIVER.

the evening with their wooden shoes, which look like canoes on a small scale. In the stillness of twilight the heavy tread of weary peasants shod in wood can be heard for many a rood around, tramping over the "Belgian blocks" of a country road. Here macadamized roads are very rare. The public thoroughfares are generally made of granite blocks such as pave the streets of modern cities. They are flanked with rows of tall poplars, which are trimmed annually for firewood. On each side of the road is a deep, wide ditch, which is filled with stagnant water, and which was dug out in order to raise the level of the causeway. Fast driving on these roads means incessant jolting, and hence is forbidden rather by natural than by human law. They are better for walking than for riding or driving. They are generally dry, even in winter, for the centre is sufficiently raised to cast the rain into either ditch.

A stroll along these country roads gives the stranger ample food for reflection, not to say amusement. The dog is extensively used as a beast of burden, and he is constantly forgetting his dignity as such, and allowing his canine instincts to get the better of him. He pulls until he is breathless and exhausted, and then when the driver gives the word to halt, he drops on the ground with a flop. Even when galloping at full speed he has his eyes about him to see what is going on. And when the milk wagons and vegetable carts meet in the market place, the air rings with the barking and howling of dogs. There are frequently two, and sometimes three dogs yoked abreast to a single vehicle. It is no uncommon sight to see an old

couple or a young couple seated in a fancy little cart, which is drawn by two dogs galloping to or from the market town. Some of these equipages are very pretty indeed, but the barking and the curiosity and the undignified ways generally of the dogs destroy all artistic effect for a stranger.

I have seen a dog yoked to an axle helping a horse to pull a load of grain. At a soft spot in the road, where his assistance might possibly be needed, he caught sight of a hen by the wayside. His curiosity being stronger than his sense of duty, he made a spring for the fowl. His traces brought him to earth just short of his object, and philosophically enough he turned round and began to pull again as if nothing had happened. The roving pedler uses dogs to draw his wares; and while he enters a house to make a bargain, ten to one but his team will have picked up a quarrel with the dogs of the neighborhood. The sudden howling obliges him to leave his sale unfinished, and rush out to restore peace and order. Nowhere is the dog a more constant companion of man than in Belgium. You find a dog and a man, like a pair of mules, haling a harrow in the field. If a man has to push an empty wheelbarrow, he must have a dog drawing in front, and the poor brute pulls both man and vehicle. Lately the legislature has passed laws intended to lessen any cruelty that may be exercised towards these dumb animals. Dogs below a certain size and age are not to be used at all as beasts of burden; and as to the others, they must be employed only within certain limits. But it seems as if the authorities might with more reason make regulations in the interests of humanity. For example, they could limit the age at which children may be put to certain kinds of hard work. I have seen a mother and three young ones pulling a canal boat, while the father stood at the helm smoking a cigar. No doubt he had had his turn, and he was now merely taking a much-needed rest. But the spectacle seems odd to one who has been accustomed to greater consideration for the weaker sex and for children especially.

"THE DUTCH WINDMILL IS A FAMILIAR OBJECT."

But why use the dog as a beast of burden instead of horses, or mules, or donkeys? Because, on the one hand, the work is usually light, and on the other there is very little grazing land in Belgium. If a man owns a few acres, he has every inch of that under

cultivation. Or at most, there is a patch of grass here and there, or a narrow strip at either end of the field. And on that he may manage to feed a cow. But how keep that cow from roving over the adjoining crops? The thing is done by a child with a slender rope attached to the beast's horns. Sometimes there are three cows fastened to the same rope, and all three grazing abreast, while a country maiden regulates the pace. In like manner the shepherd remains with his sheep all the time, in fair weather or foul, to keep them from falling into the water. The wealthier families

GROWN OLD IN HARNESS.

alone have horses. These are huge animals as a rule, and one seems strong enough to deal with a cart of any size or weight. The Belgian horse-cart is an awkward-looking thing set upon three wheels, such as you see in the accompanying cut.

From what I have said it is plain that the Belgian peasant is industrious in an extraordinary degree. He needs to be so, in order to eke out a tolerable living. The soil is poor and sandy to begin with, and the average farmer has very little of it at that. The country is so thickly populated that large farms are out of the question. He is sober, too, in spite of the fact that beer may be had for a song, and that almost every other house is a saloon, which goes by the name of "estaminet" or "bierhuis." It must be confessed, however, that a healthy man can drink a large amount of the ordinary Belgian beer without showing any signs of intoxication.

With regard to religion, there are two extremes among the people; they are either good Catholics or they are nothing at all, which means that they are socialists, with no respect for superiors, whether God or man. The difference between these two classes is quite clear, especially to a clergyman. The Catholic children, no matter what they may be doing at the time, always salute the priest most reverently, and then ask him for a pious picture. The offspring of socialism will throw stones after a cleric or insult him in other ways. They are too primitive and impolite to repress their prejudices. But on the whole, it does one good to have tarried among a people, who, for the most part, are thrifty, honest, and devout.

GUARDED.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

Dark clouds usurp the Sun's fair place,
And gloom has marred the summer day.
But Dearest, in thy happy face
Is sunlight for the darkest way.

Fierce waves beset the rocky shore,
And storms are raging on the land:
No terror hath the tempest roar,
I feel the pressure of thy hand.

Were storms of pain to blow across
The clear horizon of my sky,
The gain would still outweigh the loss,
Oh, Dearest Heart, if thou wert nigh!

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

TO SEE the stream of blackened grimy men who issued from the Adelaide Mills every night at six you would have no doubt at all that nearly everybody worked therein, and of course everybody knew old Gilpin. It was no wonder the men were black and grimy, that the hue of iron dust and touch of oily metals seemed ground into their very faces, for they lived all day in an atmosphere of flying dust that came from noisy grinding lathes, massive hammers, and revolving saws. There was always a roaring chaos in the foundry, blended with twisting belts and flying sparks that flew out in curving streams like a shower of meteors, over the heads which bent, so unheeding of them, to the work before. And this place of subdued thunders and flying dust was old Gilpin's domain. Old Gilpin was the superintendent—the presiding genius of it all! And many, had you asked them, would have said he matched the place supremely well, for he was not a lovable individual by any means. His worst enemy could scarce have called him that. A more crusty, snappy, snarling personage it would have been hard to find. The sunshine of life seemed to have shifted from his soul and now nothing but shadows dwelt there. He was more hard and unyielding than the iron about him, for that, after the twisting and turning and sawing and hammering, came out by some magic process in small polished articles of daily utility, while he grew but more warped and rusty.

He was a good supervisor, thought his employers, and truly his workmen were only too glad to do their work well in order to miss his ugly humor. All day long he promenaded up and down the long aisles of machinery, his hands behind his back, his keen eyes alert for anything that might afford him a chance to display his favorite pastime. No one ever attempted any pleasantry with him. He seemed to have an invisible something written on him which said "Hands off! I was never meant to be joked with."

It was Christmas Eve. Inside the foundry all was noise and dust as usual. Grimy faces looked at one another through the murk with just a little less stolidity—a little more of cheerfulness. The nearness of the great Day expanded the souls and the hearts of the workers. Christmas! It might bring some added joy—some unexpected comfort; there were possi-

bilities with it that it did no harm to think of and to hope for. Consequently some hearts beat to a happier music. Down the aisle strode old Gilpin, and as he approached the music grew very still. Eyes that had wandered from the wheels and belts before them grew quickly attentive again. Old Gilpin stopped. It was a frequent habit of his to pause suddenly beside a worker, and without questioning seem to express a dissatisfied criticism. But this workman turned toward him pleasantly.

"Looks like we'd have a big storm on," he said.

"No one said it didn't," snapped the other. "I don't know that you are paid to observe the weather."

"No sir, of course not, but—

"There you go again—snow storms—and excuses and dallying—Bah! Get to work, get to work!" he growled, turning away without more ado, while the workman turned to with a sudden bitterness in his soul that found vent in a muttered curse. "Because people a'int savage enough to be shot—like himself—he takes them for dogs. He'll go for Dillon now—see if he don't."

His eyes followed the superintendent as he stole craftily toward where Dillon stood for the moment pensively gazing out the murky begrimed windows. Outside it was almost dark. The streets shone up white for it was snowing, while a few lights gleamed here and there. Poor Dillon! It was easy for him to forget his work, easy to dream now—for he had much to dream about. He was thinking what an empty Christmas it was going to be for him. His wife had died some weeks before, leaving him a wee little girl almost a year old. Poor little Margaret seemed unwell, too, perhaps for want of the mother who would never caress her again. There was a neighbor who often came in to take charge of the little creature, but even so it wounded his heart when he was forced to leave it alone every morning. All his life seemed to have gone wrong. There seemed no purpose left to it any more—only pain that gnawed at his heart and made him rebellious. Therefore he gazed at the snow as it blew up against the window, with a strange, wistful longing in his heart. He would have liked to have taken his baby in his arms and lain down to sleep somewhere for ever.

"I'm tired—God knows I'm tired!" he thought. A physical and spiritual weakness oppressed him, and something strangely like tears came to his eyes, blurring the snow out. He forgot the rumbling about him, the flying dust, the stolid faces—even old Gilpin! But old Gilpin had not forgotten him; instead he stood silently watching a moment ere he spoke.

"Must find it mighty interesting counting the snow flakes, Dillon?" he said, smacking his lips as though he were partaking of a most savory dish. "Hanged if anyone works nowadays—without someone ever watching over them—"

Dillon started. His heart so full a moment before, contracted, seemed to exude an additional bitterness; his hand mechanically closed about the lever of his machine—still he remained mute, vouchsafing no reply.

"And still you go about howling hard times, and hard everything! You don't think it's anything to waste half an hour star gazing. Oh no!—that's your kind every time!"

"You know that's a lie," suddenly

retorted the other, his eyes lighting up with unwonted passion. This coming upon him in his sorrow of Gilpin with his ceaseless ill-humor, when his heart lay bruised with the memory of other things exasperated him to a degree he had seldom known before.

"That's a lie!" he repeated, "and no one knows it better than you. You go on whining about people wasting time—you! Would you keep them one minute if they did?"

Old Gilpin stared at him through the dust, speechless for a moment. Was this angry man Dillon whom he never remembered to have rebelled at anything before, and who defied him now almost with fierceness? His hands unclasped from behind his back as he asked himself the question, while his face twitched with a gathering rage. He forgot that a wounded thing will often turn more savagely than when it was sound and whole—instead he replied with that grim humor which became him well.

"Would I keep them one minute? No! Of course I wouldn't. That's why I won't keep you—do you hear me? any longer than I can help; and that's this minute!"

Dillon's hand had closed tightly about the lever of his machine at the beginning of this tirade, and before Gilpin ceased it was still. Perhaps the old man did not think the other would heed so readily; but Dillon was full of a strange recklessness that made him glad to do it. Without more ado he began putting on his coat and hat while Gilpin watched him as though he expected him to show some sense of regret. "You must be drunk!" he said, suddenly, his eyes gleaming vengefully.

Dillon turned quickly—so quickly that the older man drew back with a blanched face fearful he meant to strike him—then with a face grown strangely set, as though by a great effort he had reversed the passion within him he said, "—No, I'm not drunk. If I was I would kill you." He took his hat and strode quickly down the aisle, unheeding the faces that peered with an inquiring sympathy into his, while Gilpin watched him with a face that slowly took on its normal hue.

"If I was—I would kill you," he muttered as he turned away. "Ugh! I almost went too far that time."

Drawing his money at the office Dillon stepped out into the night. The air was filled with fine needle-like snow, but unmindful of it he took off his hat and let the cold particles fall on his bared head and brow; it seemed to relieve him, and feeling better he put on his hat and strode on through the snow. The storm had grown like the passion and pain in his own soul. He stumbled into drifts that came almost to his knees while pedestrians flitted by shadowy as ghosts bent on forbidden errands. Over all hung that silence which comes with a great snow storm, nothing audible but the sifting of the snow flakes and the breath of the wind. The lights in store windows were blurred and dim, as though the world like a ship were drifting slowly away. At last, in a thinly settled district, he came upon his own home. It was nearly a hundred feet from the nearest house, and as he neared it he saw it was dark. The kindly neighbor, too busy with her own cares on Christmas Eve had been unable to get over and make a light. Alas! how different this from a year ago when all had been warmth and aglow

with brightness. He stood for a moment outside in the snow, dreading to go in. But for little Margaret he would never have entered it again. Perhaps there was even no fire now. And there! he heard a plaintive cry, a child's sobbing. Quickly pushing open the door he entered. All was dark, except where a red glow showed from the stove. Thank Heaven, it was warm; and with a sense of gratitude for the neighborly care that had made this warmth possible he struck a light. Then striding over to the corner he picked up the little creature that had cried so plaintively.

"Poor little girl," he said tenderly. "We are both lonely tonight." He sat down by the fire. The baby's face seemed full of color, too much so he thought. He touched her cheek with his hand. It was hot! Perhaps she was ill. Just then the eyes opened very wide. How large and full they seemed. He bent over the little face and kissed it, but the baby only turned away and cried fretfully. "Little pet," he murmured, soothingly. "She never cried before when papa kissed her. Why does she now?" He held her out before him, dancing her up and down as he used to do, hoping vaguely that she might crow and laugh, and clap her hands as she had often done before. But she did nothing of the kind, emitting only that fretful little cry that seemed like the pleading of some poor wounded thing, because he could not fathom what it meant. A sudden fear crept into his heart. Would another year see him sitting in that dreary room alone! bereft of even this memory of his wife? He looked across the stove at the empty chair she had been wont to use. There it was—so eloquent in its emptiness. He looked at it with his whole soul in his eyes.

"If spirits come back she may be there now," he thought, "pitying we two in our loneliness," and stooping down he kissed the baby again in memory of her. It's face was hot no longer—it was cold! He started up almost wild with fear, but grew a trifle reassured when the little one began to cry again. That cry was most welcome now, and yet it surely must be ill he thought. If the kind neighbor would only drop in and reassure him, women knew so much about these things. He looked toward the door, but it only shook with the wind. Then the baby fell to crying again.

"Poor little Margaret," he murmured, rocking back and forth with her cheek pressed tightly against his own. "What is the matter with my little girl? Why does she cry, poor little girl?" Then as he sat there his fears grew upon him. To his anxious eyes it seemed the baby's face grew every moment more pallid—more marked with illness. At last he could stand it no longer. He forgot that he had not eaten any supper, that his hands were still grimy with the dust and oil of the foundry. He forgot all in his fears. Standing up, he placed the baby in the little crib in the corner. She cried fretfully, but he kissed her and tucked her in securely, then took his hat and strode towards the door. It would only take him a moment, he reflected, to go over to his neighbor's house, and, if possible, get her to come and pass her opinion. If she saw nothing to be alarmed about he would be satisfied. With a final look about the room he stepped hastily out, closing the door behind him.

Old Gilpin remained in the foundry that night long after the men had left. He never felt as much at home anywhere as here where the best part of his life had been spent. It gave him the greatest pleasure to wander down the empty aisles with their silent machines, and speculate and calculate to a nicety just what profit should accrue from each. He had wandered about to his thorough satisfaction, and now prepared to leave. Downstairs he nearly fell over the watchman who had been dozing near the door.

"Why! I thought you were gone home, sir," stammered he confusedly.

"Well—I'm not! Wouldn't be here if I was, would I?" he snapped, then without more ado stepped out into the street.

"My, but this is a storm," he muttered, as the wind almost turned him completely around in its fury. He had quite forgotten about it in the foundry, but now he was likely to remember it. The snow blew about in perfect clouds that hid buildings, and rendered visionary old familiar landmarks. Setting his teeth grimly he staggered on. How long he floundered about in the drifts was hard to say, but suddenly it dawned on him that he was not at all where he ought to be. The store on the corner that ought to be a drug store was a grocery, while about him were scattered a few humble dwellings that wore an unfamiliar air. He paused with a sudden sense of bewilderment.

"Where am I?" he muttered helplessly. "This never happened to me before—I haven't been drinking."

He turned about. Not a soul was there to make inquiries of; the snow and the wind beat about him in shrill unison. "Confound it—I can't be lost," he muttered angrily as he started on again. "The storm has made things look strange. I must be all right." But when he stumbled on and his surroundings grew the more unfamiliar, he paused again and looked about him. He was utterly lost now, in a deserted district devoid of habitation except directly ahead where gleamed a light.

"I'll get over there and find out where I am," he thought after a moment's hesitation. In a trice he was at the door where his knocks for admittance brought nothing but the plaintive cry of a child. He knocked again, then, getting no answer, without further ceremony tried the door. To his surprise it opened and he stepped inside.

"Humph! This is a nice way to find things—expect to get information—no one in—bad off as ever!" He walked over to the stove, and spread his hands for the grateful warmth. "Everything snug—kind of careless though—only just gone out I suppose—well! I'll wait till they come back."

At this juncture a plaintive cry came from the corner and something stirred there.

"A baby," he exclaimed, as his eye caught the crib. Now Gilpin had never been interested in babies, but under the circumstances he felt he could step over and look at it. It was gazing up at him with wide open eyes that might have meant surprise or dislike or anything else for all he knew; and then as he gazed upon it, it suddenly began to cry vigorously.

"Ba—ah! There you go—that settles it! I've probably scared it to death," he said dolefully, then perceiving that his coat was leaving a

trail of liquid snow behind him he thoughtfully drew it off and laid it on a chair. He walked over to the crib in the corner again.

"There! There!" he said soothingly, "don't cry so hard—maybe you've been there long enough and want to come out. Up she comes," and he lifted the child with an awkward attempt at a caress; then paced up and down the room swinging it to and fro; and observed with real gratification that the baby seemed quite content. After this he sat down before the stove, with a complacent air and stood the child on his knee.

"There!" he cried gruffly, for he could not lose his wonted manner all at once, even with the best intentions. "There! My young friend, whoever you are, I hope you like me—for I am free to confess I am beginning to like you. There! Tut! tut! tut!" as the baby's face wrinkled for another cry. "Don't start in at your bad habits again." As if heeding his words the child's face broke into a laugh, and it clapped its hands. Then old Gilpin danced it up and down to a queer old tune that for lack of words was nothing but "diddle dee diddle dee dum de dum, dum de diddle de dum de dee." Of course baby was delighted. She crowed and gurgled and in her pleasure even took hold of old Gilpin's nose, which was a privilege he had always reserved for himself alone. Nevertheless he really seemed to like it. One would have thought the house his own by the calm air of proprietorship he displayed, but then he was an obstinate old man who had always done much as he liked. He got up, put some coal on the fire, and sat down again. After a time baby grew quiet, and then imperceptibly his surroundings began to slip away. The warmth of the fire stole upon his senses like some deadening drug. The storm without—the room within, his purpose in being there—all were forgotten, and he slept.

And in his oblivion the door suddenly opened and a man, grimy and weary, stood there. John Dillon had come back alone. He had gone about half way to the neighbor's when he remembered he had not locked the door, but as he was very near the other house he thought better not to turn back. The neighbor was not in. He waited, then started off, and now here he was at his own house and there—was Gilpin! Asleep—with his baby coddled up in his arms! For a moment he gazed at them both, then strode quickly forward, which was how it came that Gilpin a moment later found himself looking up in half awakened fashion at his former workman! And then instinctively he did what in his more awakened state he might not have done—held forth his hand warningly, and said, in wonderfully softened tones for him, "There now—you might wake the baby."

Well? John Dillon went back to work as usual in the foundry after the holiday had passed. He will probably always work there, nor does he think harshly of old Gilpin. The sunshine has stolen back to the old man's heart again, and men speak and think better of him than they once did. And all because of one Christmas Eve!

CUCHULLIN AND HIS WAR STEEDS.

BY EDMUND LEAMY.

I.

CUCHULLIN ASSUMES ARMS.

In the illustrious company of Red Branch Knights that surrounded the throne of Conacher, King of Ulster, there was none so notable for achievements, as there was none who in the words of the old bar was so "greatly resplendent," as "The little dark brown man," Comelist of the men of Erin, "named Cuchullin. * Nor was there one more beloved of the King and of "the fifty Queens of Ulster" and of his peers and of the people, and none assuredly was so deserving of such great love. Ever since the day, when still a wayward boy he assumed arms, until the last fierce hour when on the fatal field of Murthemy he used his waning strength to bind himself to a pillar stone that he might die standing, he was ever "The battle prop of the valor and the torch of the chivalry of the Ultonians." Yet was he gentle as brave. In his heart was tenderness, and on his lips the words of kindness, and nought loved he so well as the fame that was to be won by the deeds of a true knight.

While he was with his uncle, the King, in the Palace of Emania, one of the youngest of the noble youths who were there seeking education at the hands of the Druids and of the warriors, he overheard the Chief Druid, Cathbad, say to one of his elder pupils, that if any stripling should assume arms on that day for the first time, his fame would transcend that of all others, but his life would be brief. Straightway Cuchullin betook himself to the palace of the King and craved a boon from him—the arms and the armature of a knight, and would not be gainsaid.

The King gave him two spears, a sword, and a shield from the armory in which hung the weapons for the corps of noble youths. The boy brandished and tested the weapons, and in the process broke them into splinters. All the other weapons in the armory were given to him and he made fragments of them all. Thereupon the King gave him his own two spears and sword and shield, and Cuchullin tested and found them good, and he pronounced them worthy of himself.

While he was testing the weapons, Cathbad, the Druid, came on the scene, and learned to his dismay that the boy was about to assume arms. He endeavored to dissuade him by the warning that if he assumed them on that day his life would be brief.

"Little care I," cried Cuchullin, "if I were but one day or one night in being, so long as after my death the history of myself and my doings may endure."

Then he asked for a chariot, and one after another of the seventeen chariots belonging to the corps of noble youths were brought forth, and he stepped into each and tested its strength in divers ways, and one after another he reduced them to fragments. Then the King bade his charioteer put the horses to the royal chariot. When this was done Cuchullin

(1) Macpherson represents Cuchullin as having lived some centuries later.

leaped into it, tested it, and it endured him, and he pronounced it worthy of him. Then he ordered the charioteer to drive over the plain of Emania, but the charioteer would fain unyoke the horses saying that Cuchullin had done enough for that day, but Cuchullin was determined to signalize his assumption of arms by heroic deeds, and he bade the charioteer drive straightway south into Mid-Erin, across the border of Ulster. When that evening Cuchullin returned to Emania, the heads of fierce warriors—enemies of the Province, whom he had slain—were spiked on his chariot, and over it fluttered white swans which he had brought down alive from their flight with his unerring sling, and by its side bounded red deer which he had outstripped in their course. And all men wondered at the prowess of the boy with the strength and valor of the mightiest hero in his arm. But the glory he had achieved that day was but as the first streak that heralds the coming morn. Thenceforward it broadened and brightened until it shone resplendent over the whole land of Erin, never to be eclipsed.

II.

CUCHULLIN FINDS THE HORSES.

But there was a gift in store for Cuchullin from the immortals, for he could claim kinship with the gods who dwell beneath the lakes and in the green, pleasant hills of Erin, and it chanced upon a day when he was wandering near the grey lake in Slieve Fuad he saw a steed, grey in color as the lake, come forth from its waters, and the steed began to browse on their margin. Cuchullin knew instinctively it was a gift for him from the people of the Sidhe. He approached the steed, seized him by his forelock, and brought his head almost to the ground. The surprised steed recovering himself snorted and reared, and there was a fierce struggle between them, but Cuchullin put his two hands round the steed's neck and they began a wrestling match which lasted until they had made a complete circuit of Erin, and then the horse knew that in Cuchullin he had found his destined master, and from that day forward till the day of the hero's death, "Liath Macha," or "the Grey of Macha," as he was called, was Cuchullin's faithful servant and friend.

It was after a similar struggle that Rustem, the great Persian hero, subdued his famous horse Rakush, who was also of immortal origin, but there is an epic grandeur in the description of the wrestling match of Cuchullin and his steed that is not in the Persian story.

But Cuchullin needed a yoke-fellow for the Grey of Macha, and in seeking for him the hero's steps were guided to the Dark Valley, far south in Munster, where he saw browsing a steed as black as night, equal in shape and size and symmetry to the grey, differing from him only in color. Him also he seized, and thenceforward were they yoked to Cuchullin's chariot, and on many a grim day, drawn by the Grey of Macha and Black Shanglan, its scythed wheels cut red lanes through the ranks of battle. But not always did Cuchullin mount the scythed chariot, nor was it always to the battle he was borne by the immortal steeds, and the bards show him to us, setting out in his festal array in his chariot, "which the host of the horses of the chariots of Ulster could not follow on account of its swiftness and speed" to woo the Lady Emer and to "show his beauty

to her." She was peerless in the land of Erin, and she alone he knew was a meet wife for him, and so it chanced that on a day when Emer and her maidens were sitting on "the bench of gathering" at the dun of her father, Forgall, hard by the Liffey's banks, they heard coming towards them "the clatter of horses' hoofs with the creaking of the chariot—the cracking of straps, the grating of the wheels, the rush of the hero, the clanking of weapons."

"Let one of you see," said Emer, "what that is coming towards us."

"Truly I see," said Fiall, Emer's sister, "two steeds alike in size, beauty, and fierceness, and speed, bounding side by side; spirited they are and powerful, pricking their ears; their manes long and curling, and with curling tails. At the right side of the pole is a grey horse, broad in the haunches, fierce, swift, wild; thundering he comes along taking small bounds with head erect and chest expanded. Beneath his four hard hoofs the firm and solid turf seems aflame. A flock of swift birds follows (i. e., the sods of turf cast up by the hoofs), and as he takes his course along a flash of breath darts from him, a blast of flaming sparks is poured from his curbed jaws.

"The other horse, jet black, his head firmly knit, his feet broad-hoofed and slender. Long and curly are his mane and tail. Down his broad forehead hung heavy curls of hair. Spirited and fiery he fiercely strides along, stamping firmly on the ground, beautiful he sweeps along as having outstepped the horses of the land; he bounds over the smooth, grey sward following the levels of the mid-glen where nothing obstructs his pace.

"I see a chariot of fine wood with wicker work moving on wheels of white bronze. A pole of white silver with a mounting of white bronze. Its frame very high, of sounding tin, rounded and firm. A strong carved yoke of gold, double firm plaited yellow reins, the shafts hard and straight as sword blades."*

III.

CUCHULLIN AND HIS CHARIOTEER.

"Within the chariot a dark, sad man, comeliest of the men of Erin. Around him a beautiful fine folded tunic fastened at its opening on his white breast with a brooch of inlaid gold, against which it heaves beating in full strokes. A shirt with a white hood interwoven with red flaming gold. Seven red dragon gems on the ground of either of his eyes. Two blue-white, blood-red cheeks that breathe forth sparks and flashes of fire. A ray of love burns in his look, and methinks a shower of pearls has fallen into his mouth. As black as the side of a black ruin each of his eyebrows. On his two thighs rests a golden-hilted sword and fastened to the upper frame of the chariot is a blood-red spear with a sharp, mettlesome blade on a shaft of wood well fitted to his hand. Over his shoulders a crimson shield with a rim of silver ornamented with figures of gold animals.

"Before him on that chariot is a charioteer, a very slender, tall, much freckled man; on his head is very curly bright red hair held by a fillet of

*These minute and felicitous descriptions, which are not unlike those of the Norse Sagas, which are composed under the influence of Celtic culture, is followed by the attempt by Forgall to paint the portraits of the occupants of the Chariot.

bronze upon his brow, which prevents the hair from falling over his face. On both sides of his face patins of gold confine the hair. A shoulder mantle about him with sleeves opening at the two elbows and in his hand a goad of red gold with which he guides the horses."

Meanwhile Cuchullin had come to the place where the maidens were. And he wished a blessing to them.

Emer lifted up her lovely face and recognized Cuchullin, and she said, "May God make smooth the path before you!"

"And you," he said, "may you be safe from every harm!"

And with these gentle speeches began the wooing of the Lady Emer. It was in sooth a case of love at first sight, but then and since the course of true love never did run smooth. There were stolen meetings and sad partings and a long absence while Cuchullin was completing his military education, under the Amazonian Queen Sacatach, whose name is still heard in that of the Isle of Skye, where was her military Academy as is Cuchullin's in the "thunder, smitten, jagged Cuchullin peaks of Skye." But there came a day when the grey of Macha and Black Shanglan were to bring the hero for the last time as wooer to the Lady Emer, for on that day, striking down all who strove to bar his path he bore her away in his flashing chariot, his own true love, his bonnie bride henceforth to be preëminent of the women of Erin. And who can doubt that her eyes rested fondly on the gallant steeds that outstripped the wind in their course, bearing her to the home of her lover and her lord? That the Grey of Macha knew and loved his beautiful high-spirited mistress shall be seen hereafter.

As might be expected, the Grey of Macha and Black Shanglan make frequent appearances in the saga, but the Grey of Macha is often mentioned alone, and as if there was a special bond between him and the hero. Some modern commentators of the Saga—notably Miss Eleanor Hull in her admirable critical introduction to the "Cuchullin Saga" which she has compiled and edited—profess to see in some of the more glowing descriptions of Cuchullin in special moments a justification for regarding him as an impersonation of the sun—that is, a sun hero, and some have suggested that the Grey and Black horses represent day and night. This suggestion, which calls to mind the beautiful lines:—

> The dapple-Grey Coursers of the morn,
> Beat out the light with their silver hoofs.

appears to be far-fetched.

The belief in water horses still lingers in many parts of Ireland, and is held by most of the old Irish-speaking people of the western seaboard. From time to time a favored mortal has been able to subdue one of them to his use, but the precaution was necessary that the horse should not be permitted before his time of service was up to see the lake or stream whence he had emerged, for the sight of it drew him irresistibly to it, and he plunged into it, often bearing the hapless rider with him, and we know that when the time came when Cuchullin was no more, the steeds that had served him faithfully returned to their respective lakes.

That the bards believed that Cuchullin was of divine origin must be admitted, and also that some of the descriptions of his glorious appearance at special moments seem to symbolize the sun in its noonday splendor, or at its gorgeous setting; none the less it

is as a hero of flesh and blood—with a true human heart throbbing with love and sympathy and tenderness and all noble and heroic emotions that he is ever present to the mind of the reader of the Saga. And so with the Liath Macha. Although he and the Black Shanglan are immortal steeds, like those of Achilles, the gallant Grey had almost a human heart within his breast, and we learn that he was capable of being wounded if only by a weapon forged by immortal hands.

It is, however, only on the fatal day when Cuchullin goes to battle for Ulster for the last time against the men of the four provinces of Erin that we fully realize the love which the Liath Macha had for the hero.

IV.

CUCHULLIN GOES TO BATTLE FOR THE LAST TIME.

All Ulster knew that the appointed hour when according to the Druid's prediction Cuchullin should fall was approaching. Evil omens had been witnessed and heard all over the province, and the hero himself, in accordance with prophecy, had heard the strains of "Aed of the golden harp"—the presage of death. Yet would the King and all the Queens of Ulla and even Cathbad, the Druid, fain persuade themselves that could they but keep back Cuchullin from the field of battle for a brief spell the hour would pass leaving him unharmed, and that he would continue to be for many a year, the prop and glory of Ulster. For two days they had succeeded in holding him back, and on the third, by their speeches and entreaties they had lured him to the deep valley, to which, so lonely and remote it was, no rumor from the outside world could come, and there the hours were to be whiled away with song and music and banquets, delights of all kinds, and Niamh of the golden hair, one of the loveliest of the Queens of Ulla, and for whom Cuchullin had a deep affection, exacted from him a promise that he would not leave the valley without her permission.

But it was vain to contend against fate. Amongst Cuchullin's foes were the misshapen daughters of a wizard whom he had slain and who were possessed of supernatural powers. They, by taking on themselves the form of foul birds had made a circuit of the province of Ulster, until at last, searching for Cuchullin, they hovered about the valley, and spied the Liath Macha and Black Shanglan browsing, and they knew that Cuchullin was within the palace in the valley. Other devices having failed, one of them, by taking on herself the shape of one of Niamh's serving women succeeded by strategem in bringing Niamh and all the other queens and women-folk out from the palace to a distant part of the valley, and then having by their spells thrown them into confusion and raised a bank of impenetrable fog that shut them from the palace, the wizard's daughter assumed the shape of Niamh of the golden hair, came to Cuchullin, who received her as the true Niamh, and not only relieved him from his promise not to quit the lonely glen, but urged him to go forth to battle for Ulster.

Eager for the fray as Cuchullin was—for he was reckless of the stroke of fate—his heart was smitten sore by the seeming fickleness of Niamh whom he had so loved and trusted, and going forth from the palace he ordered Laegh, his charioteer, to yoke the horses to the chariot and to set

his fighting gear in order within it. Laegh went about the task never with so heavy a heart as now, for well he knew it would be the last time. As he was won't to do, he shook the bridles at the horses, but they fled before him, the Liath Macha showing him obstinacy with restiveness. And Laegh saw in this another presage of evil. "O, my brave one," he said to the Grey, "seldom indeed before this day would ye not come to meet the bridle and to meet myself—and," he went on talking to Liath Macha of his merits and his fame. Yet the horse stayed not for Laegh, who coming to Cuchullin, told him this. Then Cuchullin reproached his steed, saying that he was not wont thus to deal with his master. Thereupon the Grey of Macha came and let big round tears of blood fall on Cuchullin's feet and suffered himself to be yoked.

The grief of the Grey of Macha at being thus chidden, resembles that which afflicted the heart of Rakush, the steed of the great Persian hero Rustem, when his master addressed harsh words to him, and in the classic writers many stories will be found of horses weeping through grief. Ethon, the war horse of Pallas, following in his funeral train, is described by Virgil as moving on weeping, the big tears coursing down his cheeks, and in the Iliad from the eyelids of the horses of Achilles, grieving for their charioteer who had been slain by Hector, the warm tears flowed to the earth. It will be observed that Black Shanglan betrayed no symptoms of grief, though he had shown a reluctance to be yoked to the chariot.

The chariot being ready, Cuchullin leaped into it, and although that instant the weapons which had been set in it fell clattering to its floor—another omen of misfortune—he started on the way he had to go. Many incidents of importance occurred before Cuchullin arrived where the enemy was drawn up in battle array, but they cannot be dealt with here. Terrible was his onslaught. "As many as there are of grains of sand in the sea, of stars in heaven, of dewdrops in May, of snow-flakes in winter, of hailstones in a storm, of leaves in a forest, of ears of corn in the plains of Bregia, of sods beneath the feet of the steeds of Erin on a summer day, so many halves of heads and halves of feet, so many red bones were scattered by him throughout the plain of Murthemney; it became grey with the brains of his enemies so fierce and furious was his onslaught."

V.

THE GREY OF MACHA IS WOUNDED.

At length Laegh, his charioteer, was slain. Cuchullin bade him farewell, saying that never since they had met had an ungentle word passed between them. Then he cried, "Today I shall be both warrior and charioteer," but ere long a spear pierced the side of the Grey of Macha. Cuchullin plucked out the spear and each of them bade the other "farewell." Thereupon the Grey of Macha, with half the yoke hanging from his neck, left him and sped off to the Grey Lake in Slieve Fuad, from which he had come. But Cuchullin with Black Shanglan only drove again through the host. At length a spear struck Cuchullin, and Black Shanglan, breaking the yoke, rushed off to the lake in the Dark Valley of Munster, and was seen no more.

Cuchullin with difficulty bound up his entrails, and, laboriously descend-

ing his chariot, dragged himself to a little lake that was close at hand, and drank from it and washed off his blood. Then he dragged himself to a pillar of stone that marked a mearing, and bound himself to it that he might die standing. His enemies crowded round him, yet none dare venture near him while he was still alive. Then faithful Grey of Macha, who, it would seem, had cured the wound by plunging into his native lake, returned to defend his master. And the Grey of Macha wrought three red onsets round him. And fifty fell by his teeth, and thirty by each of his hoofs. Hence the saying "not keener were the victorious course of the Grey of Macha after Cuchullin's slaughter." The combat of the Grey of Macha in defence of Cuchullin also recalls the episode in the Shah Nameh, where Rakush, the war horse of Rustem, defended the hero when sleeping, from the lion that had come to attack him. But the devotion of the Grey of Macha had not a like reward; he was only able to avenge, not to save his master. While standing against the pillar stone Cuchullin's soul passed from him. And a bird alighting upon his shoulder and remaining there undisturbed, was a token to his enemies that he was dead.

Then the champion Lugaid, advancing to the pillar stone, arranged Cuchullin's hair over his shoulders and cut off his head. And the sword fell from Cuchullin's hand and it smote off Lugaid's right hand. And they struck off Cuchullin's right hand in revenge for this. Then Lugaid and the hosts, carrying with them Cuchullin's head and his right hand, marched away.

VI.

THE GREY BEARS TIDINGS TO LADY EMER.

Meanwhile the hosts of Ulster were hurrying to attack their foes, and Conall the Victorious, driving forward in front of them, met the Grey of Macha streaming with blood, and he knew then that Cuchullin had been slain. Together he and the Grey of Macha sought Cuchullin's body. They saw the corpse at the pillar stone. Then went the Grey of Macha and laid his head on Cuchullin's breast. And Conall said, "A heavy care is that corpse to the Grey of Macha."

A comparison has been suggested between this episode and the beautiful story of the old white pack-horse of the Monastery of Iona that came to Columba and laid his head on the bosom of the Saint, as bowed with old age he rested by the roadside on the eve of his death, but there is a deeper pathos in the last sad embrace of the Grey of Macha. And there was another sad task to be performed before he sought his home beneath the waters of the Grey Lake.

Quitting the battle field he shaped his course for the palace of Emania, and came to where the Lady Emer sat outside on "the bench of gathering," as Cuchullin had seen her years before outside her father's dun, when first he came to woo her, and the faithful steed laid his head on Emer's lap, and then she knew that her own true loving lord was no more, and that the glory of Ulster was shrouded for ever.

NAMING THE BABY.

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

A birth was a matter of public moment to the small town of Smithfield. Alas, then, when a certain long-looked-for event had come to pass leaving only a girl baby! There was natural cessation of public interest, and manifest disappointment to a certain Smith family. Pardonable disappointment, for had the new arrival fulfilled expectations, a plain and tried cognomen had satisfied the town, including two grandpapas, and the new papa,—all natives, all named the same, and proud to perpetuate the male population of Smithfield in that name of John, plus Smith.

"Why not name baby Christiana, since she was born on Christmas day," suggested baby's papa.

"Name my baby so folks would think I named her after your cousin Christiana? Never," decided baby's mamma.

"Well! I'd like to help you," he declared, helplessly. Then, more hopefully,—"I think that Mary, the Blessed Virgin, bears such a part in the Christmas joy, that I—I think Mary would be the best name of all for our Christmas baby."

"I mean to have some name that is odd—to go with Smith," she returned seriously, and the young husband waited, patient and reverential.

His mother's name was Mary, but alas, baby possessed a maternal grandma whose name was Delia. Now everybody should know that the first Delia was a lady of Delos, and of high degree, but as unsympathetic relatives had been heard to assert that Delia was a substitute for Bridget, he marvelled at his own temerity in suggesting Mary since he knew Delia was tabooed. "There's a woman up to Boston who advertises baby naming as her occupation," ventured grandmamma Mary Smith, who had been an not uninterested listener. "All you need do is send twenty-five cents——"

"As if I could not name my own baby, even if it is a girl—," scoffed Mamma Smith, junior. "I have it!" she cried. "Don't you all remember that old headstone in Smithfield graveyard, inscribed: "Here lies Ginevieve Geraldine Jones, who lived first to be kindly, and then to be old? Now," she continued triumphantly, "No one could nickname Ginevieve Geraldine. No Christys, or Mollies, or Mames, for my baby."

The young husband made mild protest; another interested Smith had the boldness to impugn headstone spelling, but despite opposition the latest addition to the Smithfield Smiths promised to be labelled per headstone. On first hearing the name was impressive, but when forced by her own dictum to repeat the full appellative hour in and hour out to enquiring neighbors, it began to be, though she told it not, cumbersome finery even to mamma, the originator.

It came about when baby was some days old that the weakly young mother chanced to heed while grandma Smith

in the next room rocked the infant to and fro in her tireless arms.

Bye low little Ginny Jerry,
Bye low sweetheart, glad and merry,
Hush thee, hush thee, Ginny Jerry,
Ginny, Ginny Jerry!

Rhyme was a weakness with grandma, but never had nonsense so offended a listener's ears; notwithstanding, the young mother's disapproval smouldered, till the day of baby's baptism. That day of days, grandma had been busy and mysterious. The secret lay revealed when her daughter-in-law discovered a daintily embroidered coverlet outspread upon baby's tiny new crib. Happily the mother was alone in the room, for ever afterwards she flushed with shame in remembering that momentary frenzy possessing her when she discerned that grandma had not only outlined the four corners of the square, but the centre as well, with—Gin.—Ger.—Smith!

"How could I help it?" she queried at the frightened silence, when for the last time Gin.—Ger.—flashed in colors more vivid than any original from the glowing grate fire!

When some time later grandma tiptoed into the nursery, where her daughter-in-law lay on a lounge, she was greeted with unwonted mildness.

"I have been thinking, grandma," sweeping a quick glance over the tempered coals, and with a great dread that grandma would ask the cause of the smoky atmosphere; "I have been thinking that I cannot give my baby a better nor a sweeter name to carry through life than Mary—and—if you don't mind, I'll—well, I should like to hide that new blanket away—forever."

Being a wise old lady grandma accepted both fiats without comment, and within the hour had soothed her tiny charge with a rhyme which, to a mother's ears at least, was more euphonius than "Ginny Jerry!"

Shut thine eyes, my baby Mary,
Thou shalt ne'er be solitary;
Hush thee, hush thee, little fairy,
Baby, baby Mary.

The Children of the Kingdom.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

There are baby voices carolling, and baby eyes aglow,
And dimpled cheeks, whose tender flush the Christmas roses know;
O children of our weary earth, shout fearlessly and sing,
For He is come, the Jesus-Babe! Oh, hail Him Lord and King!

And we think of blessed Bethlehem, that night beneath the stars;—
O Mary Mother, melt our hearts, efface their stinging scars!
The waxen touch of Love Divine the Holy Child bestows:
Oh, bid His blessing fall on us, like rose-light on the snows!

Through all our earthly sorrowing His innocence can pass
And make a whiteness in our souls bright as the Sea of Glass,
Where, full aflame in emerald light, the Lamb for sinners slain,
Eternally reflected, shall forever live and reign.

There are baby angels carolling across that soundless sea;
Exultant, in a silver flood of light and holy glee,
In the everlasting Presence of the Christ they knew below,—
O tearless eyes! O wondrous peace,—which earth may never know!

For, here are crowns of briars; but immortal roses cling
To brows illumined by the light of endless worshipping.
We walk in sorrow-laden wilds; but oh, the lilied plains!
Their dewy glow, perpetual grace! O misty, golden rains!

Smile on our children here below, O Mary Mother dear!
O Virgin-born Redeemer, bless all their baby cheer!
Oh, clasp them ever close to Thee, and calm our wearied eyes!—
But ah, no tears for those who keep their Christmas in the skies!

Oh heaven, I think, must be alway
Quite like a First Communion Day,
With love so sweet and joy so strange,—
Only that heaven will never change!

— FABER.

MOUNT VERNON. FRONT VIEW OF MANSION.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT'S HOME.

MOUNT VERNON.

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH.

Millions of good Americans have visited Mount Vernon, and many more hope to look upon it before they die; for no tomb of ancient king can hold for us the interest that surrounds the home and last resting-place of Washington. It is true that, in this idol-shattering age, some have sought to dim his fame, but without success, for the children who have been taught to revere George Washington cling tenaciously to their ideal hero.

The private lives of many public men bear illy the searchlight of history. Their home-life becomes shriveled in proportion to public inflation. In reviewing the domestic life of Washington we are not doomed to disappointment. Indeed, we love him more, come closer to his great heart, in following his footsteps around his beloved home.

Let us turn imaginative pilgrims and picture the life of Washington on his Virginia plantation; swiftly passing from the first time he dismounted at its door to the day when his body was carried out of it by loving friends and neighbors.

When Major Lawrence Washington returned from his campaign with Admiral Vernon in the West Indies, he found that his attachment for an inherited estate on the Potomac grew

with his love for Anne Fairfax, daughter of William Fairfax, whose manor, "Belvoir," lay not far from that which Major Lawrence had christened Mount Vernon, in honor of his old chief.

When Mistress Anne gave her heart to his keeping, he set about improving the estate, and erected thereon a house of four rooms. Thither he brought his bride, and thither came his half-brother George, his junior by twenty-one years of age, became master of Mount Vernon.

The youth whose leisure moments were spent in dancing attendance on the belles of Fairfax County, and in riding to hounds and fishing in the productive Potomac, was soon called to more serious pursuits, and Mount Vernon had been his but a short time when he was deep in the dismal campaigns of the French and Indian war,

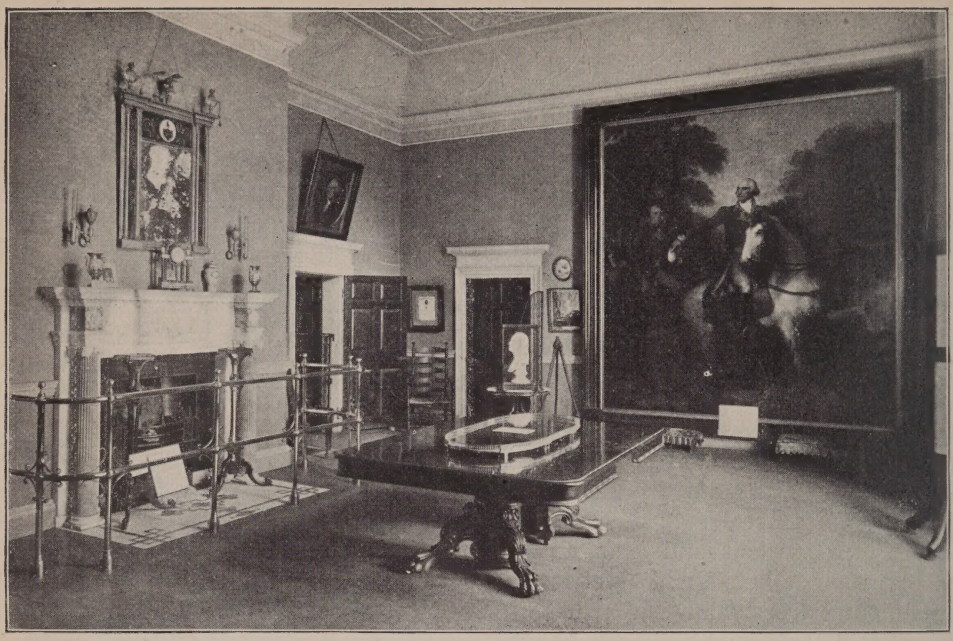
THE LIBRARY.

fourteen years, and in this small house hospitality as broad as all out-doors held sway until the Major died at the age of thirty-four, leaving behind him a widow and a little girl. To the latter he willed Mount Vernon, decreeing that, in event of her death, it should pass to his half-brother, George. As the child died shortly after the father, George Washington, then not yet tasting the bitterness of failure at first, and then the sweetness of his young fame as a brave and successful commander. The provincial colonel found himself a social favorite, feted and flattered throughout the colony, and it was not until the rich and charming widow of Parke Custis captured him that he turned his thoughts to making a home at Mount Vernon. When

Mrs. Washington came thither with her two children, hunting parties, dances and card parties made the old place gay once more, and save for the periodical visits to the courts at Annapolis and Williamsburg, where Washington represented the County of Fairfax, the life of the wealthy planter passed uninterrupted at his Potomac home. He purchased additional land and under his supervision the house of four rooms expanded into a considerable mansion; new slave quarters and commodious workshops, stables, etc., were erected; hedges and fences divided the vast estate into gardens and farms; with his own hands he planted a variety of ornamental trees, and succeeded in making the place look like a happy village. The Colonel's friends, watching the amount of time he spent on the place and counting the cost in coin of the realm, hinted that he would be wiser if he placed the time, labor and capital towards the improvement of his richer grounds in the Shenandoah Valley. The young planter received their advice complacently, and while admitting the force of their arguments, sought to make them understand that a man works nowhere so well as in the spot where his heart is—and the heart of Washington was at Mount Vernon. There he had come as a boy; there, as a youth, he had mingled with the Fairfaxes, Calverts, Hunters, Alexanders, Paynes and Wests, his good friends and neighbors, and there he desired to spend as a peaceful planter the days that were allotted to him.

Such strict attention did he pay to his farm that he was able to command the highest prices for his products at the Alexandria market, whither he

THE HALLWAY.



THE BANQUET HALL.

sent a goodly supply twice a week, much to the indignation of the aristocrats of Fairfax County, who considered this a most undignified proceeding in Colonel Washington, and raised their brows and their white hands when they learned that he made a great deal of money out of a "George Washington" brand of flour. Nevertheless, he never lost caste amongst them, and his madame rode in her chariot and four, with black postillions in gay livery, appearing as grand a dame as could be found in Virginia, while he, a king amongst hunters and a noted judge of horse flesh, looked decidedly handsome and aristocratic on his mounts, the names of which were as well known throughout the county as those of the same "blue bloods" who were shocked that Colonel Washington should trade in anything else than tobacco!

Those were palmy days before the Revolution, when the planter rode to the chase with the mellow tones of his hounds, Vulcan, Music, Truelove, Singer, Sweetlips and Truenose, ringing in his ears, but when the Revolution was at an end Washington rode no more to chase, his days as a hunter were over, though he always kept hounds for his guests who cared to follow sly Reynard through the low hills along the river.

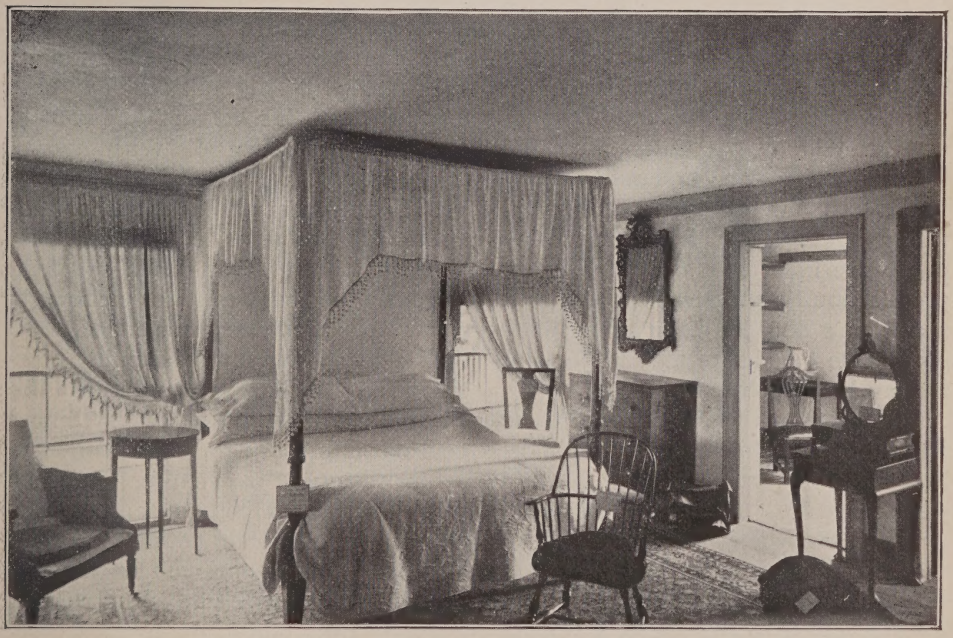
From the day when Washington rode away to command the American army in the struggle for independence until the close of the war he visited his beloved home but once, just before the battle of Yorktown. During the intervals which passed between her visits to Washington's headquarters, Mrs. Washington resided at Mount Vernon, superintending the household, while Bishop, who attached

himself to Washington on the death of his former master, Braddock, became overseer on the estate. Bishop, who would not breathe if he thought it was unmilitary, was a very exacting master, and the slaves feared him more than they did their rightful master. Every morning he stalked to the stables, shortly after the horses were groomed, and applied a clean linen rag to tl coat of each and every animal. If a single stain appeared on the white linen then some stable boy was sure to send cries of anguish on the calm air, for Bishop's punishment was sharp and swift.

But, for all Bishop's sternness, when Washington returned to Mount Vernon at the close of the Revolution, he found his presence was sorely needed. He saw at a glance what was done and what was undone, and again turned to building and planting with the same ardor with which he had planned his campaigns.

In April, 1789, Washington again left his Virginia home to serve his country—this time as President of the New United States. The people had chosen him, and as he and his gentle Martha set their faces towards New York they felt that they were leaving behind them a sweet peace that the new life could not give, for with the honors of being chief came many obligations which necessitated sacrifice of personal feelings. In regard to this, Mrs. Washington expressed herself in a letter to a friend, as follows:

"I had long since placed all prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyment of the fireside



WASHINGTON'S ROOM — WHERE HE DIED.

THE MUSIC ROOM.

at Mount Vernon. I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstance could possibly happen which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old in solitude and tranquillity. His feelings and my own were in perfect unison with our predilection for private life; yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his idea of duty in obeying the voice of his country."

The office of the President of these United States, while a high and honorable one, has accompanying trials and disadvantages. As the pioneer president, Washington had his share of vexatious questions to deal with, and no doubt he was a happy man when free to return to the life of a private citizen. His days had been full and now, at eventide, he trusted to sink into the last sleep at Mount Vernon.

From April, 1797, until the day before his death his life was one round of activity. George Washington Parke Custis has left us vivid pictures of the last days of his illustrious foster-father. He presents to us a fine old cavalier, sitting erect on a spirited steed, the personification of mellowed power, riding about unattended, letting down bars and fastening the gates himself, riding now at a pace to enable him to scrutinize everything, now dashing down the road to make up for lost time in chatting with his help; and, altogether, presenting the appearance of a plain country gentleman, with his homespun garments, broad-rimmed white hat, and a riding whip cut from one of the forest trees.

He was a hard-working man and

THE WEST PARLOR.

the essence of punctuality. In summer he was up before sunrise, in winter about seven o'clock. He spent an hour or so in his library and paid a short visit to the stables before coming into his light breakfast, which usually consisted of Indian cakes, honey and tea. After this meal, he rode about the estate, directing the laborers, examining fences and ditches, suggesting a change of crops here, an improvement in the gardens, a new setting of trees on the lawn, and evincing as much concern as though his daily bread depended on the good management of the place. Sometimes he traveled fifteen miles before a quarter to three, at which time he appeared at the door of his mansion and repaired to his room to dress for the three o'clock dinner.

Mount Vernon was never without a guest, and while the host took great pride in the meat that came from his farm and the fish and oysters out of the river flowing below his door, he seldom served what we would call an elaborate dinner. When the cloth was removed and the madeira brought out he invariably proposed the toast, "All our friends," and after spending a short time with his guests, repaired again to the library and they did not see him again until tea time, after which he sat with them until his regular retiring hour, ten o'clock.

His days were not all spent according to his inclinations, for then, as now, a great man belonged to the people. Visitors came and went, some with the claim of friendship, others who were merely "admirers." Once or twice he expressed annoyance because of these latter visitors, but they never knew it, for he gave them one and all a genuine Virginia welcome, never allowing them to be spoken to slightingly or to pass from

DINING ROOM.

Mount Vernon without refreshing their "inner man."

Every mail brought to him a stack of correspondence, much of it from the "admiring class," but to every letter he gave polite attention, replying to most of them with his own hand, rarely turning them over to Mr. Lear, his secretary. In response to the amazement expressed by a friend that he could write such lengthy letters and documents, besides superintending his farm and entertaining a host of visitors, Washington replied: "I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others are asleep."

Up to within twenty-four hours of his death, Washington was still the busy, methodical man. On the 13th of December, 1799, he busied himself around his plantation until noon, though the dreary rain and his sore throat warned him it was time to go indoors. After his dinner he worked on the plans for forming a military academy at West Point, and again after tea, repaired to the library to continue his work. The next day the great heart and busy brain were stilled forever.

The whole nation mourned, and Congress immediately passed a resolution that a marble monument be erected in the Capitol, then being built. Mrs. Washington gave her consent, with the understanding that she should rest beside him. The tomb was built in "the crypt" of the Capitol, but no decided steps were taken for the removal of the Washingtons to the Capitol, until 1831, when some vandals broke into the old tomb at Mount Vernon. Then Congress passed a resolution, providing for the removal of the bodies to the crypt on February 22nd, 1832. Then the Legislature of Virginia passed a resolution protesting

against the removal of Washington's body from Virginia soil. John Augustine Washington, then owner of Mount Vernon, upheld the Legislature, and it was decided to erect a new and stronger tomb farther back from the river, and remove thereto all the bodies in the old tomb.

In 1837, a Philadelphian, John Struthers, hewed two sarcophagi, each from a single block of marble, and presented them for the remains of Washington and his wife. On the General's is the name, Washington, with chiseled United States coat-of-arms and a draped flag. On his wife's the inscription reads: "Martha, consort of Washington. Died May 21st, 1801, aged 71 years." (The date should be 1802.) These sarcophagi are in the ante-chamebr of the vault, in view of all who come to honor the dust of Washington. Back of them repose the bodies of forty members of the Washington and Custis families. Over the arched gateway of the tomb a marble slab bears the inscription: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Near the tomb are monuments to the memory of Judge Bushrod Washington, John A. Washington, Mrs. Eleanor Parke Custis Lewis, and her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Conrad.

On Mrs. Washington's death, the estate, as decreed in Washington's will, went to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, who was a member of the United States Supreme Court. He kept the estate intact and entertained lavishly. His wife dying two days after him, the estate fell to his nephew, John Augustine Washington. When John Augustine made his will he made a codicil whereby the estate

WHERE MRS. WASHINGTON DIED.

MOUNT VERNON. REAR VIEW OF MANSION.

should be sold to the Government, in case Congress desired it. His third child, John Augustine Washington, came into the estate on coming of age, in 1841, and being without means to keep it up, in 1855 he announced that it was for sale. Congress took no steps towards its purchase, and there was danger of the historic estate passing into careless hands. At this crisis, Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, a patriotic woman from South Carolina, having visited Mount Vernon and learning the state of affairs, made a fervent appeal to the country at large, pleading that the home of the immortal patriot be kept sacred to his memory. Her cry echoed throughout the Union. Edward Everett gave lectures on Washington in all the large cities, and devoted the proceeds, thousands of dollars, to the cause. The school children's mites helped swell the fund, and from all points children of a larger growth—with hearts ever young in enthusiasm of Washington—vied with each other in ways and means to secure the necessary $200,000 for the purchase of Mount Vernon.

In 1858, Miss Cunningham organized the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. She was elected Regent and Vice Regents were appointed from the several states. The association had been chartered by the State of Virginia two years previous, with the proviso that, if from any cause the association should be dissolved, the estate should revert to the Commonwealth of Virginia.

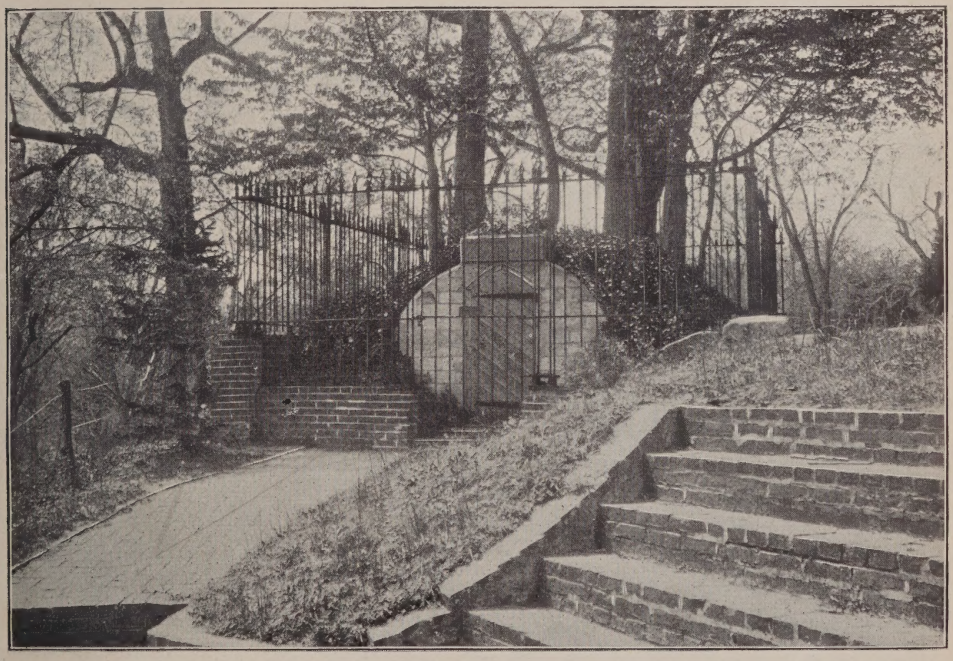
In 1860, Mount Vernon was turned over to the Association, in trust for the Nation. It was in bad repair, destitute of furniture, and, withal, sadly in need of an overhauling. Ad-

ditional funds were raised for this purpose, and the ladies set about the work of restoring the mansion to the aspect it bore in the time of Washington.

The restoration of the different rooms and quarters of the estate was assigned to the particular care of vice regents from the several states. It is therefore with state as well as national pride that visitors survey the results of the Association's work.

The main hall, restored by Alabama, contains the key of the Bastile, presented by Lafayette to Washington; facsimile of Lafayette's agreement to serve in the American army; three of Washington's swords, which he bequeathed to his nephews, with the injunction that they were "not to be unsheathed for the purpose of shedding blood, except in case of self defense or in defense of their Country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof";—a portrait of Admiral Vernon; map of Mount Vernon estate; portion of camp equipage, and wall pictures which hung in the hall during Washington's life time.

The East parlor, or music room, restored by Ohio, contains the harpsichord, imported from London as a bridal present from Washington to Nellie Custis. It was presented to the Association by Mrs. Robert E. Lee, in 1860. The flute on the harpsichord is of silver-mounted rosewood, and was the property of Washington. The guitar and music book belonged to his cousin, Mrs. Fauntleroy. In the cabinet are the following articles which belonged to Washington: Plan of



THE OLD TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

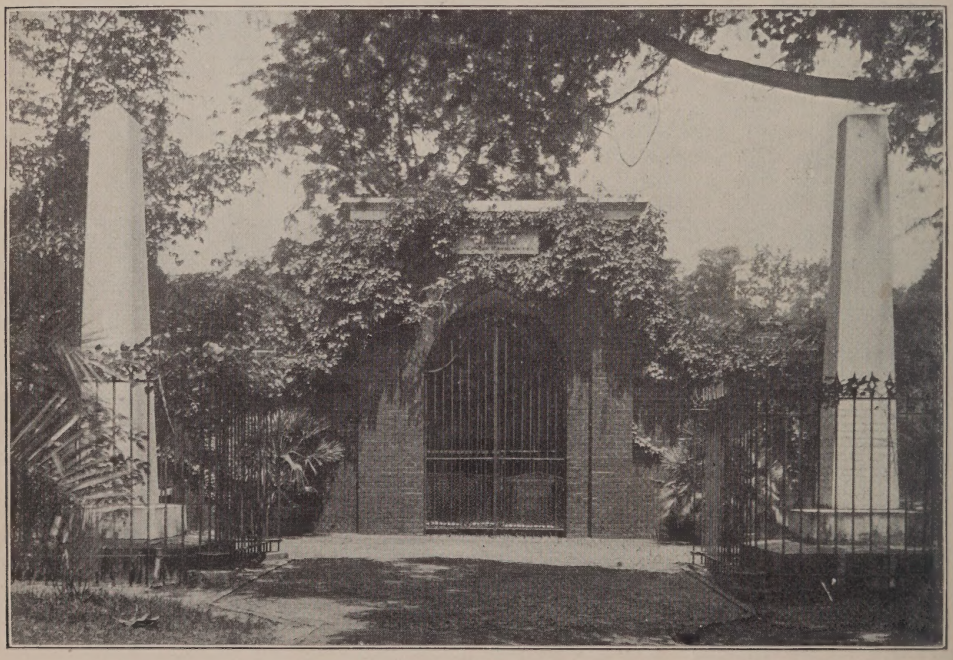
piazza tiles, spectacles, champagne glasses, preserve dish, steel camp fork, cans, Pallissy china figure, and a lock of his hair.

The West parlor, restored by Illinois, contains a portrait of Louis XVI, taken from the same plate as the one that that monarch presented to Washington; a carpet, made by order of the same monarch for Washington; a portrait of Admiral Vernon, presented by the original to Lawrence Washington; a globe and several chairs belonging to Washington, and window cornices and curtain bands from the days of the first owner of Mount Vernon.

In the library, restored by Massachusetts, we love to linger and dream where the great man worked. Here we find his case of books, his silver inkstand, with snuffers and tray; two chairs; a plot of Mount Vernon park, drawn by himself; a printed copy of his Farewell Address, with corrections in his own hand; a picture of the Great Falls of the Potomac, painted from a point selected by him; and Stuart's unfinished portraits of himself and his wife.

The family dining room, restored by South Carolina, contains Washington's sideboard; liquor case presented to him by Lord Fairfax; corner cupboard, with reproduction of the china set presented by the officers of the French fleet to Mrs. Washington, in 1792; bust of Washington with the jewel of Grand Master, and oil portraits of Generals Pickens, Marion, and Sumter, and Baron De Kalb; also a portrait of Miss Cunningham, of whom South Carolina has cause to be proud, as the originator of the plan of preserving Mount Vernon as a national possession.

The banquet hall, restored by New



WHERE WASHINGTON NOW LIES.

York, contains Peale's "Washington before Yorktown," with walnut frame made from a tree on the Robert Morris estate; on the large mahogany table, a plateau of mirrored glass and silver used by Washington on the occasions of state dinners; mantel of Carrara and Sienna marble, presented to Washington by Samuel Vaughan, of London; surveyor's tripod; model of the Bastile, and a sideboard containing many small relics of Washington and his wife.

The south bedroom, the one in which Washington died, has been restored by Virginia, and contains the bed in which he died; the chair on which Mrs. Washington laid the Bible she had been reading during his last moments; the haircloth chest bearing his initials and the date 1775; mahogany table, and several other articles.

After silently gazing into this room, the visitor passes up the narrow stairs to the room above it. Thither Mrs. Washington came on her husband's death, for it was the custom to leave the death chamber unoccupied for at least three years. She chose the one above it, a stuffy, garret room, whose dormer window afforded her a view of her husband's tomb. Here she died two years later. This room is in care of the vice regent from Wisconsin.

Other rooms and quarters, with their caretakers, are as follows: Spare chambers, Connecticut; Guest chambers, Delaware, Maine, District of Columbia, North Carolina and Minnesota; Mrs. Washington's sitting room, Georgia; Miss Custis's room, Maryland; West Virginia, Green room; Lafayette's room, New Jersey; River room, Pennsylvania; Servants' quarters, Kansas; Summer house and piazza, Louisiana; the wharf, California, and the old tomb by Michigan. The sun dial on the west lawn, to the rear of the mansion, replaces the one which stood on this spot during Washington's life time. On it is the Latin inscription signifying: "I record none but sunny hours." The present sun dial was presented by Rhode Island. The deer park in the shadow of the hill, established by Washington in 1785, was restored and restocked with funds contributed by Jay Gould.

It is safe to say that the estate will never belong to Virginia alone, no more than did Washington belong solely to the State that jealously claimed him as her child. However, we should be thankful to Virginia and John Augustine Washington for standing in the way of the removal of Washington's remains to that dreary hole in the Capitol at Washington; for its colossal grandeur could never impart to us the sensations we feel at Mount Vernon. There is something stealing across the Potomac that washes its shores; sighing in the soft swish of the lordly oaks, rising out of the green lawns; gliding over the old floors, and wandering through the meadows white with daisies and the fields yellow with waving grain—a something which brings us nearer to the Father of our Country, makes us understand, as we never understood before, his home heart, until we love his memory as we honor his deeds, which have moved the whole world.

Then, as we pause before his last shelter on the hillside, with the giant trees singing a soft requiem, and God's

sunshine pronouncing a benediction over the place, we feel the world does not hold many privileges greater than ours—to wander through Washington's home, to pay respect to his dust—we, Americans, children to whom Providence has given so great a father.

NOTE. — Through the courtesy of Superintendent Dodge of Mt. Vernon permission was given to take the photographs illustrating this article.

THE HEDGE SCHOOLMASTERS.

(Of the Penal Days.)

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

When the Night from Erin's hills shall lift, 'twere shame if we forget
One band of unsung heroes whom Freedom owes a debt.
When we brim high cups to brave ones then, their memory let us pledge
Who gathered their ragged classes behind a friendly hedge.

By stealth they met their pupils, far in glen's deep-hidden nook,
And taught them many a lesson was never in English book;
There was more than wordy logic shown to use in wise debate,
Nor was amo yet the only verb they gave to conjugate.

When hunted on the heathery hill, and through the shadowy wood,
They climbed the cliff, they dared the marsh, they stemmed the tumbling flood;
Their blanket was the clammy mist, their bed the wind-swept bent;
And in fitful sleep they dreamt the bay of bloodhounds on their scent.

Their lore was not the brightest, nor their store, mayhap, the best,
But they fostered love undying in each young Irish breast;
And through the dread, dread night, and long, that steeped our island then,
The lamps of hope and fires of faith were fed by these brave men.

The grass waves green above them; soft sleep is theirs for aye;
The hunt is over, and the cold; the hunger passed away.
O, hold them high and holy! and their memory proudly pledge,
Who gathered their ragged classes behind a friendly hedge.

'SLEDDIN!"

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

"Do the boys and girls of our cities today get as much fun out of their winter sport as did the boys and girls of several decades back?" is a query of the day.

One would need to be of middle age to discuss that topic with real intelligence, but almost any person who can remember back twenty years or so may submit some sort of an answer to the question.

In the country districts, where there is yet room to turn around, away from crowds and hustling traffic, it is likely that the boys and girls are going along pretty much the same now as ever, but in the city, where municipal regulations and the inevitable police to enforce them seem to be getting thicker and thicker, the rueful youth and maiden suffering under the official restriction are certain that things must have changed—that the good old days of which their fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts speak could not have been like these repressed periods of the present. To them the coming century has a slight savor of too much of mechanical recreation.

There was a time, and one does not need to be so very old to remember it, when it wasn't necessary to go long distances to find a vacant lot somewhat more expansive than the back area of an apartment house, on which to skate, and roads or streets whereon a boy might try his sled without risk of police escort to the nearest station. Those were the days of "double-runners" that were "built to carry and built to go" of the Flora Temples, Goldsmith Maids, Dexters, and Deerfoots, or whatever was the fastest-moving creature of the season.

It is not possible that the average city boy of the present day can get out of a double-runner the amount of fun that was the rightful inheritance of a lad in,—well, say in the seventies, not to go too far back. There are plenty of men today, fathers nearly all, and grandfathers some, who can well remember what a delightful privilege it was to have a voice in the government of a double-runner. Those were the days when winter clubs were formed around double-runners—captain, lieutenants, and what not in the way of officers—and when to own one, to own one outright, in one's own single person, was to be rarely distinguished in the crowd.

The double-runner then was pretty much the same as it is now, that is, so far as looks went. But it was more constantly in action in the older days. Though we may question whether the winters of the past were really so much severer than those of the present—they may or may not have been—but certainly those old winters brought more coasting weather along, and hence more chance for action through the medium of the double-runner and kindred vehicles for cold-weather diversion.

There were a dozen ways in which an ingenious boy might get hold of a double-runner. First and last he might go to a wheelwright and have one built, paying the money on the spot

or having his father send a check,—but of double-runners brought into being after that fashion we need speak no further. Such were to be had by that rare creature in city streets, the boy of indiscriminating, wealthy parents, and such, also, never did amount to anything. There was always something wrong about a thing of such aristocratic birth, something that did not fit in with the general scheme of the universe. They would not go, or they would not steer, or they broke down, or they jumped the coast, or something.

The real double-runner was built in one's cellar, on Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, or between school hours on other days, or, better yet, in those soulful hours of lantern light, 'twixt supper and bed-time, in the sub-areas between the wood-pile and the coal shed—between the shelves where the season's preserves were stored away and the fascinating locker where father kept his odds and ends. Here gathered those boys, who by virtue of contributions of vital materials were to be passengers on the trial trip of the new creation and on her governing board thereafter. The boy in whose cellar the clan assembled might honorably claim the leadership during those days and nights of construction, and around him clustered the "gang," to aid and abet in such ways as their experience might suggest or their leader's genius devise.

The main items in construction were two sleds of solid make. Then came a long plank, of hard wood preferably, later to be planed smooth, sandpapered, and varnished. This could be of a length to meet the judgment of the advisory board, after due regard had been taken of the sustaining powers of the sled foundations. A plank of two-inch stuff, of about twelve inches in width and sixteen feet in length, struck the average boy as pretty near the ideal thing. Such a plank would allow room for the steering wheel forward, the "pusher-off" behind, and a dozen or so tucked in between, provided they sat close. Blocks piled up between sled and plank gave a sufficient elevation for the passengers, while on either side a foot-board running from sled to sled added to the general comfort. Sleds, blocks and plank were held together by a long bolt at each end. The forward bolt might be carried up to furnish a spindle for the wheel by which the captain steered the machine. A double-runner built after this fashion, with tools borrowed for the purpose from a good-natured father or neighbor, with everybody eager to help or give advice, to flourish auger, hammer or plane, or handle the two-foot rule—a double-runner built so had within itself a soul and an energy to which no ready-made, bought machine might ever hope to aspire.

And then there was an after-celebration, when paints were mixed while the important question was being debated—should she be red, blue, green or yellow, or show a blending of all?—with the various colors first tested on the cellar-doors or the butter tubs, the better to judge of their vividness and consistency—and the after varnishing and lettering—the careful geometrical drawing of the name and the scroll trimmings thereof! There was about it all something of the joy that attends the birth and christening of a beautiful baby, without that misgiving for the after-life,—for let all men know this was to be a record-

breaker,—no less. There are revered cellars today that yet breathe forth that indescribably exquisite odor of paint, and varnish, and oils, and hidden away under cellar stairs are pine and oaken chips, all because of a stunning double-runner built there a generation ago.

It needs no very vivid imagination to see that, given an able double-runner, a congenial crowd, and a clear run-way of hand-packed snow on a down-slope, there generally was "something doing" on a frosty starlit night, or, more thrilling yet, a night when the moon was full and bright. The proper night and the proper crowd and a down-grade smooth and hard as ice, and no boy or girl born to live on earth could ask for more.

The great privilege, of course, was to steer the double-runner. Usually the principal owner appointed himself captain and steersman and to him went the chief glory and pleasure. He did not have to help draw it back up the grade again; there were lieutenants for that in plenty. He was the skipper who stood on watch. He was there to take charge and pilot in the great peril, and for him the labor of dragging and hauling was not.

Where several boys shared equally in the ownership—a common thing, where one brought the long plank one the steering sled, one the "driver" sled, one the wheel, bolts and blocks; another the cushions, varnish, and fancy trimmings—then was the glory of steering divided. Each owner took a trick in turn. Because of this many coasting parties came to disaster. Every boy is not born to steer deftly a big double-runner, no more than is every boy born to command an ocean liner. Too often a boy was allowed to pilot because of a share in ownership, when really he had not mastered the rudiments of the art,—knew not starboard from port, nor the curb-stone from the narrow, icy path of safety. Generally, however, such things settled themselves after a few up-sets. The pilot, being forward, became a sort of buffer when a collision was on, and almost any boy who had led the way through two or three calamities, who had run into a lamp-post, or bumped a dray, or piled the freight high on somebody's door-steps, was willing to quit until he should have more practice of a milder sort, until he had brought his steering up to the mark or become convinced by close observation from a seat further aft that he understood how the thing should be done.

In the days when double-runners were so popular in city streets the public used to complain that the act of crossing those streets on which heavy coasting was allowed was altogether too exciting for every-day occasions. There used to be a famous coast in Boston. It ran from the eastern slope of Dorchester Heights,—from the same historic battlements whereon Washington had planted his little siege guns and from which he watched the British sail out of Boston Harbor a hundred and twenty odd years ago —from this slope this coast shot down toward the low beach of the sea. Five wide blocks it spanned, a perilous path-way in crowded quarters. Venturesome pedestrians were picked up all along this famous route and thrown high in the air as if tossed out of a blanket. Light carriages were not infrequently caught in the narrow way and hurled to one side as if they were toy things. A heavy-built double-runner, with a freight of fifteen or sixteen plump boys and a

speed of thirty or forty miles an hour, was a real solid thing when met in full tilt head on—believe it, there was some momentum there. On this particular coast accidents became so numerous and serious—deaths were not too rare—that the authorities put special regulations in force there. Bridges were set up for pedestrians, and the drivers of vehicles had first to see that the coast was clear before attempting to cross, much as do trolley conductors now on a surface railroad crossing.

This coasting on double-runners did not begin to include all the fun to be had in that line. There were boys who preferred their own low-built single sleds to all the double-runners in the world. They figured that they were "in it" all the time. And any boy with a favorite clipper sled beneath him, tearing down the slope in the wake of a big "bob" or leading some rivals of his own weight and calibre, might well think so. He was doing his own steering and pushing together, but he was free and independent, and it was all his own skill and force that were counting. Parents will remember how their boy would come home after an afternoon's sledding with the toes of his boots worn out from steering the little clipper. They will also remember the copper plates devised by a beneficent genius to overcome just such wear and tear. The inventor of that copper toe reaped a well-deserved fortune.

The joys of winter did not end with coasting. There was the gentler fun of the girls who were given to sliding and skating. There will never be anything, or at least nobody now can imagine anything, that will take the place of the fun that was got out of those little hills down which the girls could shoot on the broad side of a wash-boiler or the head of a barrel. In regions more sedate than the slopes of vacant city lots—in the recesses of Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley—we hear that tall, beautiful creatures do something of that kind even in these days, only they use dust-pans in place of wash-boilers and barrel-heads, which, we are told, are hard to get hold of in girls' colleges.

Then there were the hard-working days of little Bobbie when he had to tow his little sister around on one of those high-standing, spindled, fairy-like structures that turned up in front like a miniature drosky of Russia, and were always painted some undecided tint, a pale pink, or lavender, or heliotrope, or some such indefinite esthetic sort of thing, and named after things that children were supposed to dream of, Fairy, Elve, Violet, Butterfly, Angel, and so forth. But that was hardly fun for Bobbie.

In a rougher line, boys had their snow-forts and their snow-fights. Skirmishes usually took place in the open street and were fought out with ammunition of snow-balls until the police, or outraged store-keepers with large plate windows to repair, put all combatants to route. The forts were generally built in vacant lots, although sometimes the large back-yard of a big dwelling served for the field of battle. A properly-constructed fort, one with high steep ramparts that had been well wet-down by plenty of water and allowed to freeze over night, made a difficult thing to storm successfully if the defenders were but half-valorous. These forts invariably possessed port-holes, round embrasures, that were never used, except possibly as peek-

holes through which to view the enemy's advance. No boy ever fired through them when he really had a mind to hit anybody, but they were according to all the tactics of scientific warfare and they looked fine.

There were also the "rallies" on the ice, when one section of a city set out to teach manners to another section. Thus when the south end took it into its head that the west end needed chastening there was no better way to their thinking than to assemble in force on the intervening frozen water and send out messages of defiance—usually pieces of brick hurled from powerful slings toward the nearest of the enemy. But such encounters bordered on the rowdy side and did not, generally, win sympathy for those who were hurt.

Then there was the exciting sport of "jumping tittelies." Of all the ways invented by restless youth to add to the speed of a winter's day this little game was probably the most successful. You picked out a stretch of shore, river, lake or ocean beach, where the ice was broken into cakes for a width of twenty, thirty, or forty feet out. These cakes might be as big as a barn-door or they might be as small as a family bible. The trick was to get from the shore to the solid ice field. You took a short run to gather speed, and danced from one to the other until you reached solid footing. The boy who could make a passage over very, very small pieces, where no one else would dare to follow, carried off the honors. There was no reward attached to a successful passage, but if you were exceedingly skilful and quick-witted you could make almost incredible trips and astound beholders without falling in. If you fell in, you might consider that you had lost, and endure with such philosophy as you could summon, the jeers of your companions while you were drying out by the drift-wood fire that was customary at these festivities.

There were many other ways by which the city boys and girls of the past found amusement in winter. There was the snow-ball rolling, where you started with a round little lump no bigger than an apple and finished up with a huge globe, so high that it could not be seen over, and so heavy that it could not be pushed further. There were the barge parties—those affairs where an immense boat-shaped thing mounted on runners was hired at the livery-stable and an excursion made into the country. Hay was tucked into the bottom of the barge that the feet might be kept properly warm. Arrived at some country house, an old farm-house with a big barn preferred, all hands disembarked. A rollicking dance after the old style barn fashion would be then in order. A hot supper, a substantial meal, no "coffee-party feed," was then served, and then—home again. Four, six, or eight horses towed the barge. And coming home so over the frozen snow under the light of the moon (full moons were as needful as the barge and the dance and the hot supper), travelling so, with all hands singing sentimentally and in ecstatic humor, it was really rather interesting.

Of the ice-yachting—the boys and girls of today doubtless have more knowledge than the young people of the past. For the fishing through the ice, the city boy had to see his cousin of the country where they know more about that sport than in a worldful of cities.

Some of these things have gone al-

most out of the city boy's life. Possibly, he is getting worthy things in exchange. There is the gymnasium, the swimming tank, the bowling alley, and all that for the cold weather season. Physicians and body-builders tell us that these things are of inestimable worth in the education of youth. Possibly these things are right. Certainly they are fine for the increase of muscle. But it takes more than muscle to make a whole man, and in the primitive, healthful winter sports of the boys that have passed or are passing into matured manhood there was much that went to develop more than mere muscle.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

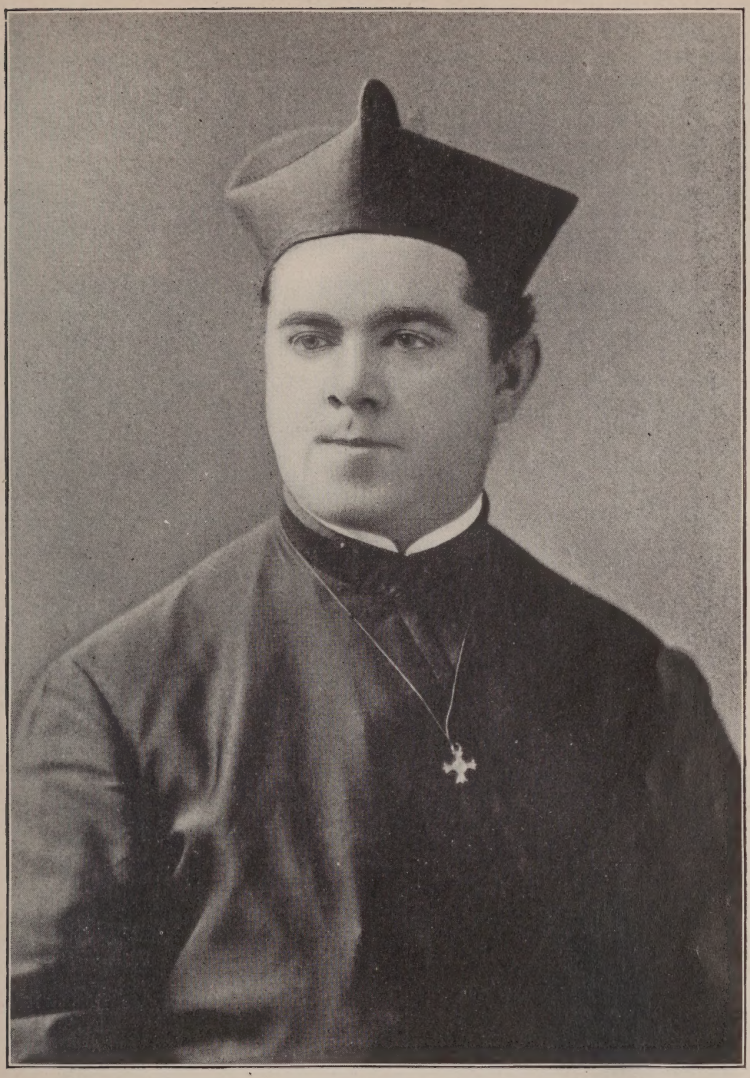
Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., was born in New York City, August 1st, 1852. The first school he attended was that of St. Vincent de Paul on West 23d street, where he remained for six months. He then entered the preparatory class at St. Francis Xavier's College, and made the complete academic and university course at that institution. In the graduating class he was prominent in mental philosophy, and carried away the medal for the Natural Sciences. Immediately after graduation he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault au Recollets, Canada, and from there went to England for his English and classical studies. A three years' course in mental philosophy was made in Louvain, and on his return to America he was placed by his superiors in the responsible position of professor of the young Jesuits. For two years he was at Manresa, West Park, on the Hudson, and then went to Georgetown to assume charge of the poetry class, which he taught with great success. In 1882, the necessity of a change of climate caused his removal to Boston College, where he was professor of poetry, and in his leisure hours applied himself to the study of languages. Perfectly familiar with French, he mastered Spanish, German, Italian, Portuguese and Flemish, and presently took up the study of the Slav languages. When he could read Russian, he turned his attention to the Cuneiform writings of the Babylonians. Besides Sanscrit, special studies were made in Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Ethiopic, Assyrian and Babylonian. He followed the course of Oriental languages and Cuneiform with Dr. Haupt at the Johns Hopkins University, and the course on Assyrian and Babylonian with Dr. Lyon at Harvard.

All this study prepared Father O'Conor for the publication of one of the most remarkable works ever published in America, the Cuneiform Inscription on the Babylonian Cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar, from the Temple of the Sun at Sippara. It was first published in the N. Y. Herald; it was published later with triple text,—Babylonian, Ancient and Modern Assyrian,—with spelling and translation. The publication of this volume was received with applause by the scientists of Europe in Leipzig, London, and Vienna, and was republished by the Oriental Review Hebraica in the United States. A duplicate cylinder verified the accuracy of Fr. O'Conor's first translation and stamped it as one of the linguistic achievements of the age. The cylinder was preserved in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, with the name of the translator attached.

At the close of his four years' course of theology at Woodstock, Father O'Conor was transferred to St. Lawrence church, New York, where his zeal, earnest preaching, simple character and sincere charity endeared him to all who came within his influence.

In 1891 he took the solemn vows of religion and entered with active zeal into the numerous duties of his sacred office. One instance of his energy in church work was the growth of the League of the Sacred Heart, under his direction, from a membership of 15,000 to 50,000.

During all these busy years of study and work, the devoted priest found time



REV. J. F. X. O'CONOR, S. J.

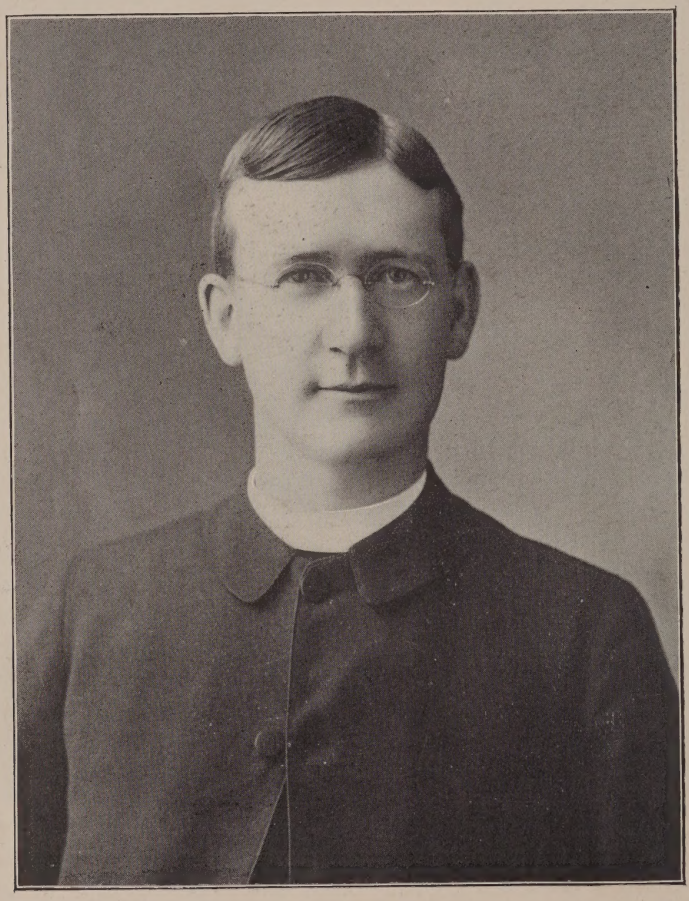
to deliver lectures on religious art and kindred subjects, and to produce a large number of erudite books. From February till May, 1898, he published three notable books, "Facts About Bookworms," highly commended by the London Times, Athenæum, Academy and Clique, and New York papers of standing, "Rhetoric and Oratory," and "Sacred Scenes and Mysteries." Previous publications were "Reading and the Mind," and the "Life of St. Aloysius." Since 1899 we have "Christ, the Man-God," the "Autobiography of St. Ignatius," and "Religion and the World."

A recent lecture on "Education in the City Schools of New York" attracted much attention as a clear, concise view of the work done and left undone in the New York schools.

Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S. T. L., of the Catholic University of America, presented himself Nov. 27th and 28th for the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology.

The presentation of a candidate for the doctorate is a very interesting ceremony, and upon this occasion was attended by many eminent theologians. Prominent professors from the various seminaries, with the University's faculty of theology, formed the Board of Examiners. Besides the seventy-five theses in theological science expounded by the young priest, a defence of his book, "The Dhamma of Gotama, the Bhudda and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ," was also among the requirements. Father Aiken conducted himself in a scholarly manner and won the plaudits of all the learned gentlemen who were present.

Dr. Aiken belongs to the archdiocese of Boston. He has already received the degrees of baccalaureate and licentiate of the University, where he has been an instructor of apologetics for the past three years.



REV. CHARLES F. AIKEN, S. T. L.

The poetic voice of D. A. McCarthy is not a new one in the literature of the day. His sweet singing has charmed the public ear for more than a decade, for Mr. McCarthy began wooing the muses when but a boy. His poems and prose writings have appeared in many of the leading publications of this country, and it may be truly said that whenever his name appears, the article or poem is sure to attract an interested constituen-

cy of readers. Mr. McCarthy may well be considered one of the most promising among the younger Catholic literati.

Born in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, Ireland, the young lad, after a thorough training by the Christian Brothers of his native town, came to this country in 1886, and settled in Boston. The intellectual environment of the modern Athens naturally developed the ing character. Mr. McCarthy, though yet youthful, has done noble work for his race and religion. He has been with the Sacred Heart Review since 1895, and is at present associate editor of that publication.

Mr. McCarthy's new book, "A Round of Rimes," just published, has been eagerly awaited, and its sweetness and strength fully satisfy all expectations.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

fine poetic sentiments in the Celtic mind, and before long Mr. McCarthy was ranking high among the literary workers of New England. A little later on his pen extended its influence until the remotest confines of his adopted country had been reached. He writes not only melodious verse, but his editorials and essays are always of a comprehensive and convinc-

"Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton,
Mary Carmichael and I"—

From the Mary Seaton referred to in the well-known couplet of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the one side, and of the sturdy American stock represented by Benjamin Rush on the other, is Anna Seaton Schmidt, rapidly winning an enviable place for herself as a writer and

speaker on art. Miss Schmidt's original hope was to be an artist herself, but her sight proved unequal to the strain. A prolonged residence abroad in the intimate companionship of Elizabeth Nourse, the well known figure painter, acquainted her with the most famous foreign artists and their works. Visiting all the galleries of Europe, she studied specially the paintings of the Old Masters. Inborn love of her work, and a peculiar gift of bringing vividly before her audiences that which has appealed so strongly to her own sensibilities, places Miss Schmidt in the front rank of those who speak before the public. It is religion in art that she feels most keenly and which she regards as the source and inspiration of the early Italian masters.

Miss Schmidt is a protege of Archbishop Keane, and those who have been privileged to hear her lecture will voice the opinion of His Grace, who speaks as follows of the young lady's ability:

"She is possessed of very remarkable gifts as an elocutionist, has travelled extensively and studied deeply, has taken right views of places and things, and has a winning way of presenting the best impressions concerning them. She views all things with the eyes of a devout Catholic and knows how to make them speak to Catholic hearts."

ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT.

FIDELITY.

BY JOSEPH P. LOUGHRY.

Thinkst thou that death our bonded souls doth sever
  Who calls thee now within his realms of gloom?
Idle the thought; thine image lives forever
  Within my heart, its walls thy memory's tomb.
The waking day shall find it there reposing,
  Where every sense doth homage pay aright;
The slumbrous night shall find mine eyes enclosing
  Thy likeness ever mirrored in my sight.

The day will pale, the night be turned to day,
Thus wilt thou dwell within my heart for aye.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD GOES WRONG.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

When all the world goes wrong, my dear,
  When all the world goes wrong,
When in the heart no hope there is
  And in the soul no song;
When every thought with grief is fraught,—
  Ah, then, I look and long
For love and cheer from thee, my dear,
  When all the world goes wrong!

When all the world goes right, my dear,
  When all the world goes right,
With every promise proving true
  And every prospect bright;
The gladsome gleams of golden dreams
  Are fairer in my sight,
If thou art near, to share, my dear,
  When all the world goes right!

But let the world go right or wrong,
  Thy hand and voice and kiss,
Can charm away, from day to day,
  My sadness into bliss,
With thee to share my joy and care,
  My toil, my smile, my song,
I will not fret, but freely let
  The world go right or wrong!

DAFFODIL'S ELEPHANT.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY S. M. O'MALLEY.

When Daffodil came from heaven into this world of political economy, the weather was particularly frigid and her mamma said Daffodil would die of cold feet for a certainty if the mercury continued tobogganing down the thermometer.

She was called Daffodil after the fluffy, yellow blossom, so-called, that opened in the east window the day the little girl came. The name suited too, she was such a summery girl, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, and fair to a turn.

On the first anniversary of her birth her one hundred and twenty-three blood relatives felt "duty bound" to send the new baby a present, so toothsome confections came pouring and scurrying across the surface of the globe from remote, obscure, and near post offices. Her papa had been a favorite in his day and her mamma a beauty; both were looked upon as the pick and pride of their respective families and consequently their child must have a little more attention than any other child.

On the Christmas after her third birthday these relatives determined that a new existence should open for Daffodil.

"Really," remarked prim Aunt Letitia, "the child is old enough to be reading. I daresay Fred and Mary will never think of her mind needing developing. I shall send her some pictorial histories and A. B. C. blocks, and other presents equally instructive."

Aunt Serena in New York determined on sending clothes. "If I don't send something they'll think I'm selfish, for they know pa is forehanded, but I won't spend a cent for foolishness, a nice cloak and hood, something real new, will be welcome to Mary, I know."

Uncle Tom sent a small bracelet and a tiny ring, William sent a necklace, Grandma crochetted a skirt and night blanket, while Grandpa donated a bank and five bright quarter dollars for the young diplomat.

"I'm about to buy a present for my brother's baby," said young Frank, as he wandered around the shops in New Orleans.

"Where does she live?" asked the clerk.

"In St. Louis."

"Then this will do beautifully, the weather there must be very severe at this season; this will be serviceable, elegant and valuable." Whereupon the young man bought a thick fur wrap to send in as his appreciation of her growing mind.

Boxes of wraps, bundles of dresses, banks and money, blocks and books, photographs and paintings, sewing outfits, satin scraps, all came tumbling along, but so far not the smallest nor cheapest toy.

"I wonder what cousin Amanda will send," mused Fred, a little smile lifting the corners of his mouth.

Mary commenced l a u g h i n g. "There's no telling. Last year she sent me eight loaves of bread that never reached me for two months, owing to an unexpected freshet and delayed trains, and the baby's gift was a ginger bread man and a five cent Mother Goose book."

Fred looked sober. "Cousin Man-

dy's heart is all right, but her dimes are scarce, sure. I can't forget how good she's been to me in the old days when I was a wild young fellow."

"Why does she stay out there with these people in that out-of-the-way place?" asked Mary as she matched her embroidery silks."

"Well, they have a large family and cousin is an expert with the needle, she does all their sewing and helps about everything, I've heard."

"And they're no real relation?"

"No blood-kin, some tie by a distant marriage, I don't know what, myself, but when uncle died, she was glad to get a home anywhere."

"Her brothers could have given her a home?"

"They did not, that's certain. Any of us could but we did not," for a minute, a regret came into his heart for the old maiden cousin, whose refined mind had influenced him in younger days.

"Me liked Muder Doose an' zinzy bed man," lisped Daffodil.

"Good for you," laughed Fred. "I'll bet you get another this year, too."

Mary, who had been looking very grave, began laughing and said: "I think Daffodil must send cousin Amanda a gift this time."

"That is a happy thought," said papa, gayly, "but study the possibilities, Mary, strike a medium, for an Xmas present would reach her about Easter."

Three days before Christmas, so many boxes and bundles had arrived at Daffodil's home that Mary declared she would hold a clearance sale to get rid of them. Daffodil remained happily ignorant of her importance, nor felt any undue curiosity over the contents of the boxes.

So far, not even the tiniest of remembering gifts had arrived from cousin Amanda.

. . . . . .

In an unknown village far away from any railroad, where a regular mail service was impossible, lived cousin Amanda. The family who cared for her were well-to-do, energetic and large of heart, but as different from her as day from night.

Work, work and not an idle second was the rule and the poor, little figure bent over her sewing or minded her baking loaves with the same feverish haste that characterized the people about her.

"I do want to send Fred's baby a present this Christmas," she said to her friend.

"Why of course," answered that bustling lady. "As soon as Minnie's dress is finished we will go up to Prairie City and look at things."

But the time dwindled away. When Minnie's dress was finished the weather frowned, roads became impassable, and the beginning of a long, dreary winter was at hand.

"No gettin' out to funerals and merry makin's," said the father of the family, as he stamped away the snow balls from his stout boot heels. "We're goin' to have a record breaker, onless sings fail. Well thanks to myself everything's in and provided for, I guess I can do like my friend, the bear, creep into a hole and sleep this spell away."

Cousin Amanda felt sad and weary; what could she make that would please her little Daffodown-dilly, as she called her. Indistinctly she felt ashamed of the ginger bread creation and the gaudy Mother Goose. She wanted to send something better.

The farmer started up from his dreaming over his dying pipe.

"By Hankers," he said loudly, "all is not in. I've got to put my money in the bank. Think I'd rest easy with that small fortune here; the girls would steal it if nobody else did. I'll just wrap up and start for Prairie City by daylight.

Cousin Amanda clasped her hands together and said eagerly, "I am so glad, for I want to buy a present."

"That you shall," said the man heartily, "what must I buy?"

"I want some white canton flannel, double faced," answered Cousin Amanda.

"Going to make something warm?" queried one of the girls.

"I am going to make some animals," smiled the old lady.

The girls went out laughing. "Isn't she queer?" they asked each other.

Bedtime came early in the winter on the farm, but she stayed up until twelve cutting out and sewing on the fluffy little bundles. She had had the patterns for years; they had been purchased to cut from for a church fair and a little smile gathered around the worker's lips as she remembered how the children liked these white animals years ago.

"Perhaps Daffodowndilly will, too," she murmured. Finally they were made and packed, a marvelous rabbit, an elephant, a pig and an impossible pony.

When express wagons were scurrying over the city late Christmas eve, a small box was tumbled into the hall at Fred and Mary's house.

"Cousin Amanda, at last," shouted Fred. "Dear old thing. I'll help eat your ginger-bread-man, little tot."

There was a Christmas tree, and as Fred untied the book a queer look came into his eyes.

"Mary, come here!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "the dear old flannel animals."

They recalled the fair and Cousin Amanda's effort.

"We will put them right in front," said Mary.

Finally when the tree was glittering with bracelets, rings, and rich in fine fabrics hanging from the boughs with the animals bravely showing in a good place, Daffodil was brought in to see it.

She stuck her tiny fists in her eyes and said crossly, "I don't want no tismus, I'se seepy."

"Look at baby's new cloak and ring," coaxed mamma. "No, I won't," said Miss Obstinate.

Just then she took a tiny peep and there stood the white elephant.

"Oh," cried Daffodil, "my eflin, my po' efflin, don't hang him to def."

The elephant came down, to be folded lovingly in the baby's arms.

"Baby's po' eflin," she crooned, with it held close to her cheek.

The next day a square envelope looking very important with a special delivery stamp and addressed to Miss Amanda Wilson, started on its journey to Taborsville. And not long after Cousin Amanda knelt down to thank God for just these silly little lines:

Dear Cousin Amanda:—

Will you come and live with us always? Mamma and papa want you to come and love me. Be sure and come before the Easter rabbit brings me any eggs. I send you a little Christmas gift from your loving little Daffodil.

The little Christmas gift was a fifty dollar check.

BOOK REVIEWS.

From the fathomless archives of the history of Southern Italy, Marion Crawford, in his "Rulers of the South," has drawn the story of twenty centuries of growth, beginning with the first Greek settlements down to the establishment of the House of Aragon on the Sicilian throne. The extensive research such an undertaking required is indicated incidentally in this paragraph from the introductory chapter, "The Earliest Time."

"The history of Sicily is confused by an enormous number of small details, and by such endless accounts of insignificant personages and of minor actions, that the main stream of interest is diverted into a thousand channels where no single rivulet has much strength or beauty left; and sometimes all the channels are quite dry. For Sicily has been the favorite ground of the specialist for a long time, and in the specialist's minute work the smallest detail may possess for him the very highest importance."

Taking up the successive dominations, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, and Spanish, by which Sicily and the South of Italy have sometimes prospered and sometimes suffered, Mr. Crawford draws from each points essential to a connected narrative of events, which he presents with that inimitable skill in word painting that has won for him a world wide reputation in the realm of letters. He intersperses historical facts with legends and traditions, and here and there sketches in the portraits of men and women, whose lives have all the charm and interest of a romance.

Prefacing his narration of events with certain necessary explanatory remarks on conditions in the south of Italy, he dwells in particular upon one remarkable difference between it and all other countries bordering on the Southern sea.

"It has never at any time been the independent arbitrator of Europe, or of civilization, and it has been held in succession by those powers that have ruled the rest, or most strongly influenced them, from very early times. . . . It has never been the source of an individual power that began in it, spread from it, and enveloped others. But if we ask for a great man whom we may call a Sicilian, we must ask what Sicilians were, and we shall receive different answers in different ages,—Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards and Italians have all been Sicilians at one time or another."

Both in Sicily and the mainland there are still villages where only Greek is spoken, and Italian is learned at school as a foreign language. In the Maltese islands, sixty miles south of Sicily, Arabic is the language spoken.

The Greeks, "the most faultlessly constructed human beings that ever lived," made memorable history, which Mr. Crawford reviews briefly and clearly, incidentally touching on their deeds of valor as navigators, their athletic skill, and physical beauty that gave inspiration to the poets of the time, and enriched posterity with some of the most beautiful masterpieces of verse that have ever been produced. Apropos of verse we find here that Simonides enjoys "the singular distinction of having first discovered that poetry is a marketable production of genius, for it is recorded that he was the first poet who not only received remuneration, but exacted payment for his verses, and he must therefore be looked upon as the direct literary ancestor of the modern author. Worldly, gifted, tactful, and extravagant, he used to say that his poetry filled two chests, the one with thanks and the other with gold, but that when in need he had always found the first empty."

The Roman period during which the power of Christianity "turned temples into churches, race-tracks into cemeteries, and theatres into places of public prayer"; the Gothic and Byzantine domination with the noble personality of Pope Gregory standing out in strong relief, exhibiting a rare combination of intellectual ability, judiciously directed energy, meekness, charity and dauntless courage; the Saracen era with its record of atrocious persecution of the Christians, a carnival of cruelty, due, Mr. Crawford asserts, to that "one form of passion which seems able to destroy permanently every good instinct of humanity—and that is mistaken religious zeal"; the Norman conquest, and the rise of Aragon as a power in the South, —all are passed in review, and each with compelling force holds the reader captive till the last page in the history has been read.

The chapter on the Mafia at the close gives much authoritative information relative to the organization of this society, its practices, influence over the people, effect on political conditions, etc.

The work is bound in two volumes of about 400 pages each, is profusely illus-

trated, and has an index and chronological table to each volume, thus simplifying the work of reference.

The Macmillan Company. New York. $6.00.

In "His First and Last Appearance," Father Finn has made his own first appearance as a writer of a first class story for girls. For, though Philip is put forward so prominently, it is the gentle, spiritual Isobel who gives character to the story, and so conducts the affairs of her little flock that the fortunate happenings ending in a most joyful reunion are all due to her wise management. The happy, helpful convent girls are well drawn pictures from life, and show that the author has not given all his time to the study of boy types. His conception of a real girl's character is admirable, combining firmness with gentleness and tact, and disclosing here and there the spiritual beauty of the pure young mind.

It is seldom indeed that one is privileged to read such a genuine Christmas book, full of the spirit of the holy season, and generously suggesting its material joys, even the tang of the evergreens coming to the reader, with the chiming of the bells, and the strains of the sweet, young voice singing the hymn of Noel.

This story of the four young Lachances and the many delightful acquaintances they make, hasn't a dull page, but carries the reader along with breathless interest from the moment Philip appears on the sidewalk to the closing scene in the church, when, surrounded by her new-found relatives, Isobel hears the words, " Veni, sponsa Christi": "Come, Thou Spouse of Christ," and with ineffable joy recognizes the voice of the Babe of Bethlehem.

The book is profusely illustrated with original drawings by Charles C. Svensden, whose artistic skill and intelligent interpretation of the text add not a little to the charm of this story, intended for juveniles, but which is also mighty good reading for grown folks who haven't forgotten what it means to be young.

Benziger Brothers. New York, $1.00.

"America's Economic Supremacy" is the title of a collection of essays by Brooks Adams, who, in his preface, thus explains the grouping of such seemingly dissimilar subjects under the heading given above.

"It is only with the last three years of this decade that the following essays deal. They have been written from time to time without conscious reference to each other, but I find on looking them over that they form, to some degree, a connected whole, and that they admit of being published in chronological order."

The essays are: "The Spanish War and the Equilibrium of the World," "The New Struggle for Life among Nations," "England's Decadence in the West Indies," "Natural Selection in Literature," and "Russia's Interest in China."

The statistical information given in these essays seems to have been carefully compiled, and there is much to interest the student of economics, American or otherwise. That Mr. Adams is not always apt in his illustrations is shown by the following excerpt from "Natural Selection in Literature":

"For example, the Middle Ages were essentially an imaginative epoch, and one of the effects of a vivid imagination was to foster a belief in miracles as a cure for disease. This belief occasioned a flow of fees to convents having relics reputed efficacious for obtaining supernatural relief, and these fees, by enriching religious houses, served to propagate the ecstatic mind, precisely as the abundance of medical fees, at present, serves to propagate the scientific mind."

The Macmillan Company. New York. $1.25.

Stephen Crane's Angel Child is a delightful acquaintance—at a distance. She is certainly the most prominent character in Whilomville Stories, not even excepting the redoubtable Jimmie Trescott, and as certainly deserves the distinction accorded her. She is always enjoyable, even when roasting turnips in the furnace, or beguiling the Margate twins into the barber's chair, from which they emerged shorn of their golden curls, their chief qualification for a place in the front row in Sunday School. Mr. Crane most adroitly states the attitude of American parents to their children when he describes the Angel child alighting from the train "respectfully attended by her parents."

The children of the neighborhood await her coming "in a state of pleased and shuddering expectancy." Nor are they doomed to disappointment. Ably seconded by the enamored Jimmie she leads them through myriad experiences, often ending in disaster and tears, but always accompanied by a spice of danger

or that guilty consciousness of wrongdoing that at times is an added incentive to naughtiness. No wonder that Jimmie felt himself favored in his relationship to the angelic Cora, entitling him to make the proud announcement—"My cousin is comin' tomorrow f'om New York."

Her departure for the same city is hailed with even greater pleasure by her adult acquaintances, particularly the tea party guests on whom "rolled in the solemn odor of burning turnips."

Occasionally the droll, quiet humor characterizing these stories gives place to a deeper feeling, and one recognizes almost a plea for the sensitive children that they may be spared unnecessary suffering, often ruthlessly inflicted. This is particularly noticeable in "Making an Orator." One can laugh heartily at sturdy Jimmie vainly trying to evade his turn on the platform, at the phlegmatic Trass boy, and blundering little Johnnie Tanner, who stumblingly arraigns "the Honorable Member for North Glenmorganshire," but who could smile at this graphic touch, depicting, it may be, a past experience: "Susie Timmens then went to the platform, and with a face as pale as death, whisperingly reiterated that she would be Queen of the May. The child represented there a perfect picture of unnecessary suffering. Her small lips were quite blue, and her eyes, opened wide, stared with a look of horror at nothing."

The illustrations by Peter Newell admirably accompany the text. "Whilomville Stories" is a book to read, to laugh over, and to make one forget present cares in memories of other days and other boys and girls, whose ways were not unlike those of the Angel Child and her mischief-loving set.

Harper & Brothers. New York. $1.50.

The translator of Sigurd Eckdal's Bride has rendered little service to cheerful literature. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary tale than is this romance of the north, with its snowdrifts, icy atmosphere, and rare gleams of sunshine. The descriptive touches are strong, bringing before one vividly the loneliness that deprived Fru Allmers of her reason and "killed the laughter on her lips." Not even the betrothal of Maren lends brightness to the gloom, for it is merely the prelude of greater misery and suffering, the incentive to murder.

Apart from the writer's dramatic skill in making the most of certain situations there is little in this book to induce the reader to follow Maren's checkered destiny and that of the guilty Svend.

Little, Brown & Company, Boston, Mass. $1.50.

"Home-Folks" is an attractive title, and in choosing it for his latest book of poems, James Whitcomb Riley displays another streak of that heart-genius which has kept him before the public as the poet of the home and of home-like people.

"Home-Folks—they're jis the same as kin—
All brung up, same as we have bin,
Without no overpowerin' sense
Of their oncommon consequence!"

In very happy vein is Mr. Riley when he sings the "Ballad With a Serious Conclusion," narrating the adventure that befell a boy whose father was a sailor:

"And he sailed the ocean o'er
For full five years ere yet agin
He reached his native shore."

This ballad is too good to give in parts; it must be read in full to gain the full effect. That the boy's opinion of his father differed from the ideal his mother had set up is humorously made known in the closing stanza when he affirms:

"I don't look like my father,
As you told me yesterday—
I know I don't—or father
Would have run the other way."

Another father of another type is deftly pictured in "Them Old Cheery Words," a poem with a Christmas message and visions of Christmas joys.

"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"
Pap 'u'd say, and snap his eyes. . . .
Row o' apples sputter'n here
Round the hearth, and me and 'Lize
Crackin' hicker'-nuts; and Warr'n
And Eldory parchin' corn;
And whole raft o' young folks here.
"Chris'mus comes but onc't a year!"

It is safe to say that the fortunate ones who have Love Lyrics and Child Rhymes in their poetry collection will not rest content until "Home Folks" has been installed there also.

The Bowen-Merrill Company. Indianapolis, Ind. $1.25.

A clever bit of sketching by Oliver Herford opens "The Dream Fox Story Book," by Mabel Osgood Wright. A small boy who was always "doing don'ts" is pictured with bedclothes drawn up to his chin, and his eyes wide open with surprise, as into his chamber comes an unusual visitor, a something that looked at first like a furry ball, but gradually developed in the moonlight into a fox, a chatty, active fellow who introduced himself with the words: "Listen, I am a dream fox."

What he had to say to Billy, and what Billy said to him, and the trips they took together through most unusual scenes, and the marvelous things that befell them will help many a young person through a delightful hour, or make even a wet day pass quickly.

The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

"Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed," by S. T. Smith; "The Mysterious Doorway," by Anna T. Sadlier; "Little Missy," by Mary T. Waggaman; and "The Queen's Page," by Katherine T. Hinkson, are interesting additions to the series of juvenile books brought out by Benziger Brothers.

The adventures of the school-boys who make up "Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed," their lessons, games, and home life, furnish material for a story that will hold the attention of young readers, as will also the fortunes of venturesome Miss Marjorie, who yielded to the temptation of passing through the mysterious doorway, and as a consequence caused much sorrow to her friends, and involved herself in a maze of difficulties, that, however, ended in a very pleasant way out. Mrs. Hinkson recounts in her inimitable way the exploits of the boy, who yearned to wear a sword, and the fortunes of Little Missy are also narrated in the most entertaining manner.

40 cents each.

"Confirmation" is the title of a useful pamphlet, edited by Rev. J. J. Nash, D.D., explaining in simple language suited to children the sacrament of Confirmation and how to prepare for it. The questions for teachers simplify their work and should render valuable assistance in conducting Sunday school classes.

Benziger Brothers, New York. $3.50 per hundred.

We have also received from Benziger Bros. the Centenary Edition of "Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament," edited by Rev. Eugene Grimm, and "The New Manual of the Sacred Heart." These books of devotion contain many prayers and pious exercises that will prove helpful, particularly to those who find it difficult to meditate without some such aid. They are durably bound, and printed in excellent type.

50 cents each.

Rev. Dr. Baart has given permanent form to two valuable papers, "The Tenure of Catholic Church Property in the United States," prepared for the International Scientific Congress held in Munich, and "Church and State in the United States."

The index of points taken up gives an idea of the many issues treated in "The Tenure of Catholic Church Property" and shows the value of the pamphlet as a reference on all matters relative to the holding of church property.

Fr. Pustet & Co. New York.

"Thoughts on Purgatory," by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly is a hand-book suitable not only for November, but for every month of the year. It is divided into two parts, the first presenting many holy and wholesome thoughts on Purgatory, an explanation of The Office of the Dead, and of the work undertaken by the Purgatorial Arch-Confraternity; and the second giving a number of special devotions for the souls in Purgatory.

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

The Murillo Book, the second of the series of art books published by D. H. McBride & Company of Chicago, shows a radical departure from the old methods of studying the masterpieces of art. Instead of giving pupils the history of the artist and detailed explanations of each picture, they are presented with a choice selection of the artist's best works, and after a careful study of the pictures, reading from each one the thought the artist had in mind, and comparing his method of expression with that of other artists or with that of authors, they are directed where to find information about the history and meaning of the pictures and the life of the artist. The whole work is made thus emphatic and useful when the pupil writes in his own words, in his Art Book, the story of the artist and his works.

Single copies, 15 cents. $10 per hundred.

QUESTION BOX.

Q. When and how did Christ institute the sacraments of baptism, confirmation and extreme unction?

A. Regarding the time and manner of the institution of these sacraments, the Holy Scriptures leave us without information. St. John the Baptist employed baptism in sign of penance, and the Jews were undoubtedly familiar with this sign in this symbolism. But our Lord instituted His baptism not as a sign of penance, but as a means of regeneration. He made it the manner of entrance into His Church, and included within it all the rights to which the child of God could lay claim. We have to look to tradition for whatever may be learned of the time of the institution of this sacrament. But first we are informed in the Holy Gospels that Christ is its author. He gave command to His Apostles: "Teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. xxviii, 19. This command would indicate that the Apostles were already familiar with the rite of baptism and its meaning. How long familiar? The Fathers and theologians of the church do not agree in their views. Yet, as baptism is the first sacrament received, it appears reasonable to conclude that the Apostles were baptized sometime before the Last Supper, before they received Communion. A very old tradition has it that our Lord baptized St. Peter, who in turn baptized St. Andrew; that St. Andrew baptized St. James and St. John, and they, the others.

As for baptism, so for confirmation and extreme unction. We find in the Scriptures and in tradition that these sacraments were in existence, were sensible signs conferring grace. Consequently, they must have had their institution from the will of our Lord, since of themselves these signs could not give grace, since only God could so endow them. But one point is to be noticed. Institution by Christ does not necessarily mean the performance of confirmation, or extreme unction by Himself. It means this, however, that the outward signs used by the Apostles as a sure and infallible means of giving grace were not of their choice or authority, but of the choice and authority of Christ Himself. Their use of such signs is sufficient evidence to us that they had their instructions from the Divine Master, who through them was to introduce into the world these saving means for the benefit of men till the end of time. Nor was it necessary that the Apostles should baptize, confirm or anoint during our Lord's sojourn on earth. When He had been taken from them, and when the Holy Spirit came upon them, they went forth to establish the church of Christ, communicating to men the truths and the means of grace which the Lord had delivered to them for their own sanctification and that of all.

Q. What is the difference between Greek and Roman Catholics?

A. The primary difference is in the denial by the Greeks of the Supremacy of the Pope at Rome. Consequently, the Greeks are schismatics, refusing obedience to the authority of Peter, whom Christ established as His Vicar, as Head of the Apostles, and whose successor in authority over the whole church is the Pope, the bishop of Rome, where St. Peter died. Another great difference is that while Roman Catholics believe in the Procession, as it is called, of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, the Greeks claim that the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity proceeds from the Father only.

Q. Why is water as well as wine put into the chalice before the consecration at the Mass? Do we not say that the priest changes bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ?

A. In St. John's Gospel, xix, 33, 34, we read: "But after they were come to Jesus, when they saw that He was already dead, they did not break His legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side, and immediately there came out blood and water." In memory of this water which flowed from the side of our Lord while still upon His cross after His death, and after the shedding of His blood for our redemption, the Church requires that the priest shall at the Offertory of the Mass add a few drops of water to the wine which is to be consecrated. But she allows only so little water that this is absorbed into the wine, becoming part of the wine, ceasing to be water, and in no way changing the wine.

Q. Did the crucifix always exist, and did the early Christians pay devotion to it?

A. The cross has always been in use among Christians, and has always been treated with reverence. St. Paul says: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ"; and Tertullian writes: "At every step and movement, when we go in or out, when

we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when lights are brought, when we go to bed, when we sit down, whatever it is which occupies us, we mark the forehead with the sign of the cross." The image of the cross was likewise in use among Christians. Constantine placed in the great hall of his palace a cross of gold with precious stones. To such an extent did Christians use the cross, that they were spoken of as being its worshippers. But the crucifix, or the image of Christ crucified and attached to the cross, was introduced later. In fact, it appears that the introduction of the crucifix does not antedate the 6th century.

The following is taken from the "Catholic Columbian":

THE PRIEST AND THE BALLOT.

It is a Scripture rule that clergymen, being soldiers of the Lord, and thus fulfilling higher functions, should not entangle themselves in worldly affairs, (2 Tim. ii. 4). However, many or most of the clergy live in the midst of the people, and hence are called *secular;* they have in this country, and in all English-speaking lands, care of churches, schools, hospitals, orphanages, and of church property in general. Hence they may think proper to vote for public officials, whose principles and conduct will more or less affect directly the temporal welfare of the church, and indirectly the spiritual. In fact custom is that all secular priests should vote.

There are many clergymen who live in communities such as Jesuits, Paulists, etc. These are supposed to be utterly disengaged from worldly affairs, and indeed are so practically, if we except the members in charge of the temporalities. Hence they will not think proper, as a regular thing, to cast a vote, knowing very well that there are quite enough worthy citizens who can and will attend to political affairs, and this without interfering with higher duties.

But it may injure the ministry of priests to vote. For they will vote on one side or the other, and are likely to offend or even shock those of their people who take the opposite side. Of course if one side is beyond doubt bad and dangerous, the priest does not mind what people think, but votes for "God and the Right." Ordinarily the parties are not so sharply divided, but the common people are strong partisans, and seem to think that their side is the church's also. I knew a pastor once who was known as a *Hard Shell,* while his flock to a man voted the *Soft Shell* ticket. "Father," said one of those simple-minded men, "isn't it hard that our priests should vote against us?" Another priest asked a *Hard Shell* "worker" for tickets. "Haint got none o' your tickets," was the reply; this simple man presuming that the priest must necessarily be a *Soft Shell.*

The priest, if he thinks proper to vote, takes care to identify himself with no party. "Right" is his only side. He votes for right even against his father and mother and brothers and sisters. He never wears or exhibits party badges, nor accepts any compliments from one party without being equally willing to take them from the opposite, and shows himself equally kind to every one without regard to political attachment. This is so important that it seems a sufficient reason for a priest's voting now this ticket, now that, where *right* is not concerned, or not voting at all.

I have spoken of Jesuits, Paulists, etc. I believe the former at least do not usually vote in our country, but in Belgium, for instance, they do, when their votes are needed for the *right*, that is when the interests of the church, the school, the poor, etc., demand that every vote be brought out.

Can nuns and sisters vote? They can and do when the same needs press, and the law allows. In England, which is far ahead of us in these matters, women vote for all public officials except members of Parliament; hence nuns can vote, and I have read of their doing so even on a question of local taxation affecting their convent schools.

Can priests run for office? The answer is the same. If *right* requires that they should, they can and must. Hence Cardinal Moran ran for membership of the late Constitutional Convention in Australia. Bishop Quinn in that same country announced himself as candidate for School Commissioner. In France, Germany, etc., bishops and priests are members of the legislature, while in England and our own country, many priests serve on School Boards.

All this is in accord with the Scriptural canon above referred to, for the clergy leave worldly affairs to laymen, and only enter this field when *right* requires them to do so, that is when the interests of God and the church are at stake, and there are no laymen capable of taking care of those interests.

EDWARD MCSWEENEY.

Mt. St. Mary's, Md., Oct. 27, 1900.

MISSION OF OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

BY M. J. HENRY.

Soon the nineteenth century will be gathered to its forefathers. The century, whose birth saw the de-population of Ireland still beholds, in its dying hours, the enforced emigration of the Irish people. During the past year about 23,000 Irish men and women left their native land and entered America by the Port of New York.

The blight of landlordism, the continued opposition of England to the development of the native Irish industries, the dread of enforced enlistment in the English army drove, during the past year, thousands of the youth of Ireland to America. The number of Irish immigrants who landed at this port alone exceeded the number at a corresponding period of last year by at least 2,000. As the number of Irish girls who land is usually larger than the number of Irish boys, we may, in the absence of precise figures, calculate that over 12,000 young women from Ireland reached our shores during the past twelve months.

"Good bye and God bless you, Asthore!" "May the Blessed Virgin be your guide, mavourneen!" Such are the pathetic parting words still heard at the railway stations in Ireland as the trains move out that bear the youth of Erin from their homes to the emigrant ships. Such scenes are witnessed daily in that hapless country. A large majority of these emigrants never travelled before; many have little or no idea of conditions of life in America. Few, indeed, who have not with them addresses of friends supplied by kindly neighbors, but whether these friends are in New York, Boston, Omaha or San Francisco—whether they are able or willing or fit to receive and provide for them, are matters that do not enter into their calculations. They know they are going to America and they know their friends are there, and with this knowledge they are content. It will not require a great deal of reasoning to reach the conclusion that these young, inexperienced, confiding emigrants have a very hard and perilous journey before them. In the case of Irish girls—for the first time away from the sacred environment of home, exposed for the first time to the wiles of a designing world—their youth and proverbial beauty heighten the moral dangers to which they are exposed. Until they reach Queenstown these 12,000 young women may be said to be comparatively safe, but once they step from the sacred soil of their native land and board the foreign-bound vessel, perils to body and soul confront them.

And here it is where the Providence of God is shown. Here is seen the evidence of the powerful influence of the Mother of God in response to the tearful appeals of Irish parents for the welfare of their exiled children. Let it be told for the greater honor and glory of God and to the credit of the Irish race that there is in New York an institution of charity called the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, whose object is to safeguard these immigrant girls. It extends the arms of its protecting influence even over the blue waters of the Atlantic, and these 12,000 young women have, during the past year, been saved from every danger until their friends were met or they were started in an honorable career in a strange land.

Who has not heard of Father Riordan or of the Immigrant Home founded by him near Castle Garden? His name and his Home have become by-words in two continents.

From the day the Home was founded until now it has been an invariable rule that no immigrant girl be charged for her support. Her stay at the Home has always been free of expense. The charitable contributions of the public have enabled the Directors of the Home to make ends meet without calling upon the often scanty means of its guests. Father Riordan's two successors, Father Kelly and Father Callaghan, have died since, but the holy work of the Mission goes on apace and upon the old lines.

The great majority of the immigrant girls come from the different counties of Ireland, but of the total, England contributed 23; Scotland, 10, while we had a few representatives from Wales, France, Germany, Australia and Buenos Ayres. Situations were found for 512 girls during the past year.

His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, on his recent visit to Rome, took with him a very beautiful album which he presented to the Holy Father. The album contained photographs and descriptions of the churches and institutions of charity erected in New York in recent years. It was meant to illustrate the wonderful growth of the Catholic population and of Catholic energy in the metropolis. Amongst the foremost of the charitable institutions thus brought to the attention of His Holiness was the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary. The establishment at the gateway of the New World of a Home for the protection of the Catholic immigrant seemed to afford particular pleasure to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Complimentary references from such high sources are the best endorsement of the Mission's work and should commend it to the charitable public as a worthy object of their generosity. It depends entirely on charity for support, receiving no aid whatever from the City, State or Federal governments. On each recurring October 1st (month of the Rosary), we bring our claims to the attention of the public and appeal for funds to carry on the good work in which we are engaged. Since the days of Father Riordan, the "Rosary Society" has been the chief source of the Mission's revenue. The "Rosary Society" works this wise: Cards of membership are sent to authorized Collectors in every State of the Union. The Collector's duty is to secure members for the Society. Membership costs only twenty-five cents. This entitles the member to a share in the merit of the good work accomplished by the Mission and to the benefit of the masses which are offered at the Home every week during the year for the living and the dead. We urge upon the old and new Collectors to work hard for the interests of the Home—a Home that has been such a blessing to the young exiles of our race.

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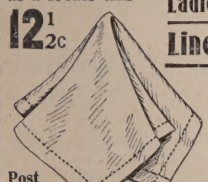

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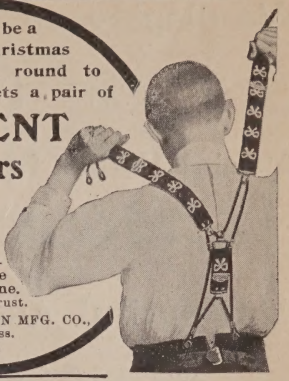

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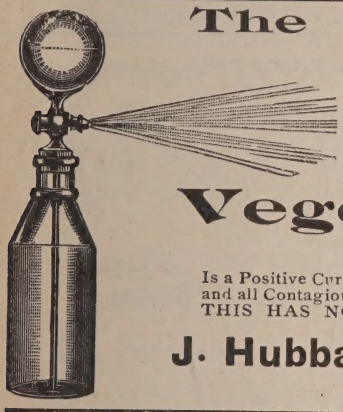

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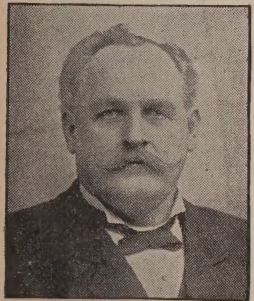

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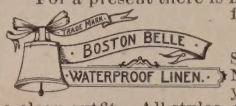

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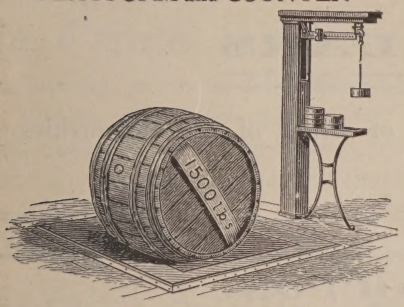

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